



KNIGHT'S
PENNY
MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1.

1846

LONDON: CHARLES KNIGHT & CO.

LUDGATE STREET.



326371

KNIGHT'S PENNY MAGAZINE.

IMAGINARY SCENES.

I. THE TOWN AND THE PEOPLE.

It was on the evening of Monday, the 28th of July, in the year 1712, that two middle-aged men came out of Will's Coffee-House, and slowly walked through the close lanes that led to the heart of the City. The one had a brisk and alert step, with an air of frank hilarity in his face, which was somewhat lighted up in the evening sun by the magnum of generous claret which he had been sharing with his friend. The other moved a little unsteadily, with a hesitating step, which was not improved by the wine he had taken; but a placid smile played on his features, and, in connexion with the dignified repose of his whole manner, gave assurance of the gentleman. As they passed along they encountered a bevy of newsvenders, known then as hawkers or Mercuries, who were bawling at the top of their lungs, "Here you have the last number of the *Observer*—the last number—no other number will ever be published, on account of the stamp." "Here you have the *Flying Post*, which will go on in spite of the stamp." "Here you have the *Spectator*, this day's *Spectator*, all writ by the greatest wits of the age." The more hilarious of the two friends twitched his companion's arm and whispered, "That's at any rate a comfort, Addison." "True fame, Steele," was the reply. Their onward course was to a small printing-office in Little Britain. They climbed the narrow staircase, and were in a close and dingy room, with two printing-presses and working spaces for four compositors. A grave man was reading at a desk, and he bowed reverently to the gallants in lace and ruffles, who thus honoured him by a visit to his dark den of letters.

"Why, Mr. Buckley," said Steele, "your narrow passages and close rooms remind me of the printer of Ben Jonson, who kept his press in a hollow tree. We are come to talk with you about this infernal Stamp: a red Stamp, they tell me 'tis to be, not black, like its father. Lillie is obstinate, and says our penny *Spectator* must be raised to twopence; and if so, where are our customers to come from?"

"I am for stopping," interposed Addison.

"Not so, sir; not so, I pray," ejaculated the frightened printer; "there isn't such a paper in Town, sir. Goes into the houses of the first of the quality; not a coffee-house without it. Not like your *Post-boys* and *Posts*, which are read by shopkeepers and handierasts."

"I should like to be read by shopkeepers and handierasts," said Steele.

"Oh dear, no, sir; quite impossible, sir. They must have coarse food; ghosts and murders. Delicate wit like Mr. Addison's, fine morality like Mr. Steele's, are for the Town, sir, not the populace."

"A nice distinction, truly," cried Addison; "Audience fit, though few."

"Few, sir? why, we print three thousand; and we shall print as many when the stamp doubles our price. Our customers will never stand upon a shilling a week.

And, besides, those who support the government will rejoice in the opportunity of paying the tax. I shouldn't wonder if the stamp doubled our sale."

"Very sanguine, Mr. Buckley."

"Sanguine, Sir? Who wouldn't be sanguine, when rare wits like you condescend to write for the Town. There is Doctor Swift, too, I hear, has been writing penny paper after penny paper. A fine hand, gentlemen! Are we to go back to our old ignorant days because of a red stamp? We must go on improving. Look at my printing-office, and see if *we* are not improved. Why, Sir Roger L'Estrange, when he set up the *Intelligencer* fifty years ago, gave notice that he would publish his one book a week, 'to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off.' And now I, gentlemen—Heaven forbid I should boast,—can print your *Spectator* off every day, and not even want the copy more than three days before the publication. Think of that, gentlemen, a half-sheet every day. A hundred years hence nobody will believe it."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Buckley, and we are all very grateful to you," said the laughing-eyed Essayist. "But, talking of a hundred years hence, who can say that our moral and mechanical improvements are to stop here? I can imagine a time when every handicraft in the country shall read; when the footman behind the carriage shall read; when the Irish chairman shall read; and when your *Intelligencer* shall hear of a great battle on the Wednesday morning, and have a full account of it published on the Thursday."

"That, Sir, with all submission, is actually impossible; and surely you are joking when you talk of the vulgar learning to read, and taking delight in reading. Reading will never go lower than our shopkeepers, I think."

"I wonder," said Addison, "what the people would read a hundred years hence, if they had the ability? They must have books especially suited to their capacities."

"They would read your 'Vision of Mirza,' and know something about your 'Sir Roger de Coverley.'"

"Come, come, Diccon, don't be sarcastic. I thought I was pitching my key low enough to suit our fops, and our courtiers, and our coffee-house loungers;—but to be relished by the rabble! A pinch of snuff, if you please."

"If I could see the day," said Steele, "when we had a nation of readers, and books could circulate rapidly through the whole country, I would leave the Town to mend its follies as it best might, and set up for a teacher of the People. We would make your press do ten times its present work then, Mr. Buckley."

"Ah, Sir, great men like you always have their dreams. I once knew a very clever man who fancied the mail would some time or other go to York in three days. Poor man, he was very nearly mad."

Addison whispered to his friend that the printer would number him amongst the Bedlam candidates if he propounded any more of his speculations; and then, drawing himself up with greater dignity, rejoiced the honest printer's heart by a memorable declaration:—"Come what may, we shall go on in spite of the Stamp. There, Mr. Buckley, is the copy for No. 445, Thursday, July 31, which announces our resolve. We will not be cashiered by Act of Parliament."

ON WRITING FOR THE PEOPLE.

WRITING for the people is either a very high thing or a very low thing, according to the conception formed of it. A low thing it is when the author, assuming a patronizing philanthropy, writes, as he says, *down* to the comprehension of his audience: a still lower thing it is when, adopting a base servility, he flatters the prejudices and fosters the blind passions of his audience. In the first case he treats grown men as if they were children; in the second, he treats human beings as if they were wild beasts, to be tamed and flattered rather than enlightened and elevated. We have a strong conviction that nothing can be too good for the people; that there is a larger body of readers for works of the highest class of literature and philosophy among the people than among the other classes. But this is a new development of social progress; it is a development which has taken place in the present generation.

Before proceeding farther, let us agree as to the meaning of words. Nothing like a strict definition for preventing confusion and misapprehension. What is meant by the word People? We answer that, in a literary sense, the people cannot simply mean the *populus*. Writing a book for the people is writing a popular book; and a popular book is contradistinguished from a professional book, inasmuch as it requires from the reader no *special* education; it only requires intelligence and ordinary culture. This special education, which the works not professedly popular assume in the reader, is of two kinds, *classical* and *mathematical*. We use these as types: mathematics being the basis of almost all scientific investigation, and the classics being the basis of almost all literary culture, the two may very well stand as representatives of the scientific and literary education.

Works written for professional people—and we include among them all who profess to follow a particular study—are not intelligible to the people, *i. e.* to all non-professional readers. The language used, the acquirements assumed, the very method of exposition, are barriers to the people. And here we may see that by the people cannot be meant merely the artisans and the shopkeepers; for the gentleman and the collegian are equally excluded from the circle of the initiated. No amount of literary culture will enable a man to comprehend a work of science written for scientific men. No amount of mathematical attainments will enable a man to comprehend a scientific work on physiology, unless he have previously studied anatomy. A work on physiology, therefore, which should be written for the people, would be addressed to the collegian as to the artisan—to the man of “liberal education” as to the man who is self-educated. The artisan and the gentleman are here on an equality.

The people are generally spoken of as the uneducated. We propose to simplify the question by calling them the *public not specially educated*. Education is only laying the basis. It is a preparation. A liberal education, which includes a knowledge of languages, dead and living, and of mathematics, forms the best *groundwork* for the appreciation of works of literature and science, because these works assume those attainments in the reader. But it is obvious that the knowledge is but a preparation, and that thousands content themselves therewith. These are the people, whatever may be their social position. They, no less than the artisan, need to be specially educated in a science, or in literature, before they can understand works not professedly popular. The only advantage the educated man has is, that if he and the uneducated man begin the study of a science at the same time, he has already accomplished the necessary preparation; he knows the alphabet and can spell, though he has not yet learned to read.

The circle of professional readers is necessarily small. Within that small circle, moreover, there are other circles. Thus among mathematicians, the majority cannot master Newton's 'Principia;' and Playfair used to declare that there were not six men in England capable of understanding Laplace's 'Celestial Mechanics.' It must always be so. There will be few who attain the summits, and those few must have works written only for them. But the people form an ever-widening circle.

In the early ages of the world knowledge was confined to the priests. They imparted it only to their own castes, because the people were unfitted to receive it. Even in democratic Athens the philosophers had two modes of instruction; one destined for the initiated, the other destined for the people. And the people there were similar to our *middle classes*. The working classes were slaves. SOCRATES was the first to bring knowledge into the market-place. He was the first to strip philosophy of its professional language, and to bring it home to the understandings of all men. LUTHER, by his translation of the Bible into the vernacular, gave the people a literature. The circle gradually widened. First, the priests were the sole cultivators of knowledge. Next, in Greece and Rome, the nobility and gentry cultivated it as an elegant distinction. Then, colleges and schools having multiplied, every well-born man was forced to make some slight pretension to cultivation. Now, cheap literature has so widened the circle, that all mankind can share in the "feast of reason."

The people, then, in a literary sense, may be regarded as comprising the whole mass of the intelligent public—all who are not *pecially* educated. We say, therefore, let your reader be artisan or nobleman, when you do not address the professional few, you are writing for the people. Write clearly, and avoid the language of the schools, then all men will understand you; but do not write *down* to any imaginary standard of dulness unless you are addressing children. Write out the conviction that is labouring within you; utter the thoughts that lie deepest in the language that is fittest; only do not assume that the reader is familiar with the language and distinctions of the schools; remember he is not one of the profession.

Such is the diffusion of knowledge, and such the activity of intelligences, that, even among the artisans, the gravest and greatest works of the gravest and greatest minds find eager students. We will not instance Shakspeare; we will content ourselves with Locke. Every Mechanics' Institute in the kingdom will prove how many readers there are for the 'Essay on Human Understanding.' If Plato had been translated in a readable style, he would have been popular. It is not sympathy, it is not intelligence which is deficient; it is simply education. The people are as those who have never learned a foreign language. The remedy is simple: *translate* what is in the foreign language into the vernacular; then all men will understand it: the screen which was before their eyes is removed, and they see.

If the people, the *populus*, be compared to those entirely ignorant of a foreign language; the educated, who are not the specially educated in science or literature, may be likened to that numerous class of persons who have been taught the language, but know so little of it that they can neither read nor write it with efficiency. To them also translation is necessary; for them also works should be popular. Their knowledge, such as it is, is no more than preparatory; they cannot master the works written for the professional.

We are coming to something like firm ground. Except in the higher branches of science and philosophy, the difficulty lies rather in the language than in the matter. The abstruseness does not arise from the ideas, but from the form in which they are

expressed. We are addressed in a foreign language, and do not comprehend what is said. Translation is the only remedy.

What translation is to literature, popular treatises should be to science. It is obvious that in both cases something must be lost in the process. The charm of style, the easy grace of negligence, the happy phrase, and the idiomatic turn of language can rarely be preserved in translation. The nicety of precision, and the brief suggestiveness of mathematical formulæ and technical terms, must be lost in the popular treatise. Granted; but in both cases a rough cast is thought worthy of purchase by those whose fortunes would never give them the original. Popular literature and popular science are not meant to replace or to do away with higher works, no more than the translation of a French work is meant to do away with the study of French. The superiority of the original no one disputes. The question is, Are those who have not learned French, and who have no time to learn it, to be, therefore, deprived of the benefit of the ideas which Frenchmen may put forth? In the same way we would ask, Are those who have never studied anatomy, and who have no time to study it, to be debarred from understanding the general laws of organized beings; are those who have no proficiency in mathematics never to learn the laws of astronomy?

Let there be anatomical works written for the profession; let there be astronomical works written for the scientific. We would not abate one jot of terminology, nor banish a single formula that was not mere ostentation. No person competent to form an opinion can dispute the utility of technical terms and algebraical formulæ.

But these are works for the specially educated. For the people—*i. e.* for all men not so educated—let there be works written with a steady conception of the important point: that although the *acquirements* of the reader are not to be assumed, the *intelligence* is; if he must not be supposed to understand a foreign language, he may be supposed to understand its meaning if translated.

The objections to most works of popular science is, that they are popular trash. They are trivial and false;—written by men who ought to be learners instead of teachers, who write “down” to the people, simply because they could not write up to scientific men. They make a virtue of their own defect; superficial, they declaim against pedantry and obscurity; ignorant of mathematics, they proclaim formulæ to be useless paraphernalia. Unable to write sense, they endeavour to be childish—and succeed.

That profound science and complete mastery of a subject can be combined with the simplest, clearest exposition, has been signally proved by Professor Airy’s treatise on ‘Gravitation,’ and by Dr. Arnott’s priceless ‘Elements of Physics.’ This latter book has been one of the most popular (in every sense) ever written. It has been translated into every language of Europe. It has been studied by men and women of all grades of intelligence. It has been often imitated; but not one of the imitations has ever made the least stand: they all wanted either that mastery of the subject, which alone can make a book live, or that power of exposition, clear without childishness, which alone can make a book attractive.

That there is no royal road to science is very true; no mastery is attained in any department without courageous effort. But there is a royal road to the understanding of the general laws of nature; and to make that road all popular treatises should attempt. Science is abstruse; nothing can make it intelligible at a glance.

But with regard to literature and philosophy, writing for the people is a much simpler matter. The author’s motto should be, not to assume acquirements, but only intelligence, in the reader. To assume that the reader should understand your Greek

and Latin quotations, or all your allusions to things classical and historical, is unwarrantable. Quote as much as you please—but always translate; illustrate as much as you can, but be plain, and avoid allusions which presume a classical education. Any other mode of writing down to the reader is insulting. The intelligence of the people is not so trivial as many of the pretended teachers assume. Nothing can be too good for the people; no literature can be too high for them. Clearness, which is perhaps the highest excellence of prose, is the only demand made by the people. It is the demand which all men should make. There are many who fancy that fine writing is difficult; but the fact is that no difficulty is greater than that of clearness, and only the great writers are clear. Pompous periods, involved sentences, shadowy epithets, ambiguous words, and obscure allusions are easy enough. Moreover, they throw a veil over vanity. By screening their meaning from the light of day, they prevent all men seeing how trivial that meaning is. Whereas the writer who labours to bring his meaning forth into the light must be conscious that it deserves inspection. In literature lustre is seldom without weight; and as Chesterfield says, “weight without lustre is lead.” Hence you will find, as a general rule, that the greatest writers are the clearest writers; and that the clearest writers are the clearest thinkers.

Politics, morals, and metaphysics are subjects which, inasmuch as they require continued effort of thought, may be called abstruse. Can abstruse subjects be fitted for the people? If by this question be meant, Can abstruse subjects be otherwise than abstruse? we answer, Certainly not. Those who are incapable of any continued effort of thought will be incapable of following any abstruse speculations. But to write for such persons would be idle. No one thinks of addressing them. If, however, by the above question be meant, Can abstruse subjects be so treated as only to require an ordinary effort of thought to be continued, in order that the subject should be intelligible? we answer, Yes. Hobbes, Locke, Adam Smith, and Paley are examples. They are profound thinkers, and clear writers; they are intelligible to all intelligent minds. And to show how vast is their superiority in these matters, we need only cite the name of the German philosopher, Kant, who, treating of the subject which Locke made so easy of comprehension (at a time when the philosophy of mind was in its infancy), failed not only in making himself intelligible to the people, but even to professed metaphysicians. The abstruseness here lay not in the subject, but in its treatment. This mode has become very generally adopted both in Germany and France. No man now thinks of writing on philosophy in a clear intelligible manner. The old scholastic forms, with a cumbrous paraphernalia of verbiage, darken the meaning. Instead of the effort of thought, which the subject itself demands, the reader is called upon for a twofold effort: first, to interpret the language, and afterwards to examine the ideas. The abstruse is made repulsive.

For those who do not pride themselves upon their unattractiveness, who will consent to labour for the enlightenment of mankind at large, and not simply for the gratification of a few, we would say, Endeavour to be intelligible. To be so, there is no need of keeping back abstruse ideas; the only requisite is, that the expression be not also abstruse. The deepest thinkers of modern times, Descartes, Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Reid (to mention only the philosophers), have been universally intelligible. As to the folly of writing down to the people, you will not heed it. The people resent the insult. If you are above them, draw them up to you; if you are on their level, cease the assumption of superiority.

We shall speak hereafter of the other part of our subject—the servility of the popular writer.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OLD Year, thou hast but an hour to stay,
 Another hour, Old Year;
 Shall we give that hour to feast and play,
 And then lay thee on thy bier,
 Or watch thy ending with holy fear?

Thou art hurrying away at thy wonted pace;
 Wilt thou not stop to die?
 Oh, stop, while we gaze upon thy face,
 And catch thy parting sigh,
 And whisper a last and a sad good-bye.

Wilt thou talk with me, Old Year, apart;
 I am growing old, like thee;
 I will show thee all my secret heart,
 And thou, my friend, shalt be free
 To rail as thou wilt at mankind and me.

We have walk'd together three hundred days
 And sixty-five—no more :
 Thou art leaving the earth and its miry ways
 For the sea without a shore :
 Speak out, for our journey is well nigh o'er.
 Thy son is coming, grey sire, full soon,
 With his budget of weal and woe ;
 Now honest Old Year, let me beg a boon :
 Instruct me, for thou dost know,
 What can make men happy, and keep them so.
 Not a word !—Look back from thy funeral car ;
 There is famine in thy rear,
 And the sound of slaughter is heard from far,
 And thy son is at hand, Old Year,
 With no healing balm for a sick world's care.
 He is gone—the crazy Old Year is gone ;
 In silence he has died.
 In silence the jocund young Year is born ;
 He is floating on Time's tide :
 Let us speak for a moment, New Year, aside.
 He will not stay.—He has work for his hand ;
 He must build and he must till,
 He must scurry about through sea and land,
 He must rear and he must kill,
 And affright the earth with his restless will.
 They are not *yet* prophets, Old Year or New !
 Great Spirit of the Past,
 Teacher of Nations, let me view
 Thy records dim and vast
 By God's pure light, and hold thy lessons fast.

THE ECONOMY OF BENEVOLENCE.

THE year 1846 opens with the prospect that the mysterious potato disease, the general deficiency of the harvest in these islands, and the legislative restrictions which have forbidden us to stretch forth our hands to purchase the surplus produce of other countries, will bring upon us a season of scarcity and of consequent high prices.

This impending evil frowns upon us at a period when there are many mitigating circumstances in our social condition. We speak with reference to the condition of the people of Great Britain. The social position of Ireland is so essentially different, that there is no proportion in the effects of scarcity upon the people of the two great British Islands. In Ireland scarcity is synonymous with famine ; in Great Britain it is severe privation. The people of Great Britain are not now suffering from insufficient employment and consequent low wages. Capital is abundant, and is creating new demands for labour in many public works. But nevertheless an insufficient supply of the staple food of the people will disturb the balance of wages and wants ; there will be suffering, complaint, perhaps outrage. To mitigate the suffering,

Benevolence will step in ; and Benevolence has been known to extend the suffering, instead of diminishing it. We desire, while there is time, to submit a few observations for the guidance of that beautiful principle “ which blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

Scarcity has always been a difficult evil to encounter. It was more difficult when our rulers were ignorant of the laws of demand and supply, and held that those who prevented famine by what they called “ ingrossing ”—that is, buying up food to sell at an advanced price, were culprits. It was less difficult when there was a population of five millions to be fed instead of twenty millions.

Twenty millions of mouths are now daily asking to be fed in England, Wales, and Scotland. Of this number the male persons, 20 years of age, amount to five millions. Of these males the occupiers and labourers in agriculture, taking the rate of the last census with a proportionate increase, amount to 1,400,000 ; persons engaged in commerce, trade, and manufacture, 2,300,000 ; capitalists and professional men, 300,000 ; labourers, not agricultural or manufacturing, 620,000 ; other males, 400,000 ; domestic servants, 180,000. The females may, in a great degree, be held to be directly dependent on the males, with the exception of female domestic servants, who amount to 1,000,000. It is evident from this statement that the great bulk of the people are those who live by the exercise of industry ; and again, that of these the great bulk are those who depend upon wages for the means of subsistence. We may fairly assume that four-fifths of the whole population depend upon wages.

It is a law as certain as the law of gravitation, that the rate of wages depends upon the supply of labour as compared with the demand. The people have it constantly proclaimed to them that every man has a right to a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, —and yet they see many unemployed, and more working at insufficient wages ; —and they are learning very fast, in spite of their instructors, that the labour-fund cannot be indefinitely increased in the proportion of the number of labourers who ask for labour, but depends upon the profitable return of capital expended in the creation of articles of exchange. The same instructors will tell them, in a season of scarcity, that the rate of wages should depend upon what the labourer can obtain in exchange for his wages. Let us see how this would work.

In a year of abundance a pound of bread costs three halfpence ; in a year of sufficiency it costs twopence ; in a year of scarcity, threepence and even fourpence. Assume that the heads of four million families earn, upon an average, twenty shillings weekly, and that one half of these earnings are spent upon food, in the average years of sufficiency. If in the time of scarcity the price of food rises fifty per cent.,—if the pound of bread costs threepence instead of twopence — the wages of twenty shillings a week will require to be raised to twenty-five shillings to enable the labourer to buy as much food for fifteen shillings as he could previously buy for ten. Where is the fund for this ? A season of scarcity, and especially a season of scarcity in which all countries share the evil, is a season which diminishes the capital of all mankind by the amount of the deficiency of produce. Where is the capital to come from which is to pay those wages which are to advance in proportion to the price of commodities ? The weekly wages of four million labourers would require five millions sterling, instead of four millions ; or a hundred and fifty-six millions a year instead of a hundred and four, if the natural laws of wages were to be suspended, to enable consumption to be untouched by scarcity.

But suppose that, by some wonderful effort on the part of the owners of capital, this extra fifty-two millions sterling could be found. Suppose the shareholders in the

118 newly enacted railways were to agree that wages should be raised in proportion to the price of subsistence, and were to bestow all the capital intended for these railways to enable other capitalists' labourers to enjoy a year's full consumption at a time of scarcity. Would this do? Unquestionably not. If the means of consumption remained the same to the great body of consumers, the prices of provisions would continue to rise from the scarcity price to the famine price. The pound of bread would with difficulty be bought for sixpence instead of threepence; and then the improvident consumption of the days of scarcity would bring the curse of pestilence, and famine, and universal destitution. The stocks would be exhausted.

An ill-regulated benevolence may, in a lesser degree, produce the same evils.

The first impulse of the benevolent man, who possesses the means of purchasing the necessaries of life, and has some superfluity, is to *give* to those who want. This impulse may do mischief in ordinary times: it is doubly dangerous in times of scarcity. In such times men come to feel the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving; and they form themselves into committees for the relief of local distress. They make the most praiseworthy efforts for reducing the price of provisions to those whose means of consumption are curtailed. They raise subscriptions. They become large wholesale purchasers, to enable them to make donations, or to sell at reduced rates. In such times of high prices, either the prices are artificially kept up, or there is an insufficient supply, of which price is the barometer. In either case the good which the benevolent committees do is not unmixed with a large portion of evil. Their purchases are large; they do not depend upon the state of the market; they do not wait for a favourable moment to purchase; they rush into the market with large funds to distribute a partial relief; and, as sure as water finds its level, prices are instantly raised upon the independent consumer. Take, for example, a manufacturing population of two thousand souls. The prices of provisions have risen fifty per cent.; wages have not risen and cannot rise in the same proportion. The well-meaning committee tries in a small degree to equalize the difference between wages and consumption by buying a hundred pounds' worth of bread, and selling the bread for eighty pounds. The loaves are eaten without the natural restraint that a time of scarcity demands; and the next week prices rise another ten per cent. The demand is increased at the very moment that it ought to be lessened. In a few weeks the funds of the committee are exhausted; and the two thousand men, women, and children, with insufficient wages, are thrown upon their own resources, with a market raised by the very efforts to relieve them. Then, in old times, used to follow the burning of corn-stacks, and the destruction of mills, and the hanging of forestallers in effigy, and the breaking of bakers' windows. We hope we are wiser now.

A time of scarcity must of necessity be a time of diminished demand for labour. There is less capital, at home and abroad, to pay the wages of labour. Those who cultivate the earth have less surplus produce left to exchange for the secondary articles of necessity—nothing for luxuries. Mankind are really poorer. The first duty of benevolence at such times is to see if employment can be created. But the extra funds for the creation of labour must be judiciously administered, or they will be worse than useless. In 1817 the staple trade of Tewkesbury, the manufacture of stockings, was greatly depressed for the want of a market for the large stocks on hand. The workmen were out of employ and starving. A public subscription was raised to give employment; and that employment was the manufacture of more stockings. If the stockings were added to the existing stock, the manufacture was so much waste; if they were sold, a new competition was set up to lessen still further

the regular means of finding employment to the stocking-makers. A judicious benevolence never interferes with the regular market for labour.

A minister of the crown, in a time of great commercial depression, some thirty years ago, said in the House of Commons that alms-giving to large parties of unemployed men was bad—which was true; that labour must be found; and that it was better to employ the labourers in digging a hole and filling it up again, than not to employ them. This hole-digging was the refuge of indolence. In a country like ours there is never any want of work to be done that will be useful to the capitalists. We are likely to suffer from scarcity. There are twenty million mouths to be fed in Great Britain in 1846; there will be an additional half million nearly in 1847. What is there to meet the extra-demand and the current demand, but to increase our own means of raising food; or to make such arrangements for receiving food from other countries, as will employ our increasing millions in providing manufactures in exchange; or sending our increasing population to colonies which have elbow-room;—or all three courses? We may increase our means of raising food to an absolute certainty, by better cultivation. Drainage, it is now well established, will repay the first outlay in four or five years, by increased produce. If a landowner has a solitary hundred pounds that he can rescue from useless expenditure, let him apply it to the drainage of a few of his acres;—and he will make a right step in the performance of his duty, by giving present employment, and averting future scarcity. There are landlords who might apply their thousands to the same profitable investment. There are many who do so.

It is the duty of the rich, even of the moderately rich,—who do not feel very pinchingly the difference between the sixpenny and the shilling loaf—to live in the most economical manner in times of scarcity. Their example is worth a great deal. As improvident expenditure raises prices, so does provident expenditure lower prices. Those who supply the rich with articles of food regulate their own consumption by their profits. If nothing is wasted in the rich man's house, the retailer's supply and consequent profits are diminished; and as a further consequence the rate of consumption is lessened in another large consuming class. The habit of economy descends. If the tradesman resolves to abate some of his ordinary indulgences of table expenditure, to live upon less,—and who cannot make such an abatement without injury, sometimes with great profit to his health and comfort?—his example goes a step lower, and the mechanic stints his meal with less repining. It comes to that, after all. There is no safety for the great bulk of the people but in their own self-denial. “They really keep the key of the public granary.”

When the people—the sixteen millions of wages-takers—are put upon self-denial, then indeed is there a pressure which nothing can mitigate but the spirit of Christian love. Benevolent man, think not thou dost much when thou givest a guinea to a soup-kitchen. The call upon thee is not so to be shuffled off. Thou knowest, indeed, and we know, that if the whole of us, who feed fully and sleep softly, were put upon short allowance in a year of scarcity, the saving would not do much to supply the wants of the sixteen millions. We cannot adequately relieve their wants, do what we will. But we can make the wants more endurable. We can cultivate the spirit of Brotherhood, which has been too long dead amongst us. We can cease to strive for class interests, which, however they may flourish for a season, cannot stand up against the half million of strangers that come amongst us every year, demanding that our first thought should be that they should be fed. It is time that we learnt the difference between charity and alms-giving. Cultivate Brotherhood, and we shall find out many practical remedies for scarcity and every other social evil.

THE OLDLIGHT JUDGMENTS.

[THE family of the Oldlights have been settled in England for many generations. They have always been a very dogmatical and somewhat prosy family—disputatious, but unreasoning—standing upon what they call facts, but by no means accurate in their use of them. They have been in the habit, for several centuries, of delivering the most absolute judgments upon all social questions, and many private ones. Abundant records have been preserved of these their “wise saws,” which we shall endeavour to condense into a brief recapitulation of their dogmas upon special subjects at certain periods. The reader must imagine that the Mr. Oldlight of a particular generation is delivering his oracles to a Mr. Newlight of the same age, who timidly ventures to present an opposite set of opinions; or he may fancy that the old gentleman is talking to himself, having a text before him,* for the exercise of his controversial talent. It has been his custom, when he has thus matured his opinions, to give them all due publicity; and he has been pretty successful in having numerous followers at every epoch. Their faith in these judgments has been sometimes thought a blind allegiance. He owes this to his strength of will, if not of understanding. When he has once fixed *his* text, he has always stuck by it through thick and thin, and this is one great cause of his long career of power and influence.]

MR. OLDLIGHT GIVES JUDGMENT ON TRADE: 1670.

“*There is an inseparable affinity between Land and Trade.*” No doubt. Very true. We are all brethren. We must support land and we must support trade. It will never do not to protect land; it will never do not to protect trade. “*They are Twins, and have always, and will ever, wax and wane together.*” Poor things; yes. “*It cannot be ill with Trade, but Land will fall; nor ill with Land, but Trade will feel it.*” We must protect them both. Twins? no doubt. But like other twins, they may be apt each to want too large a share of their father’s inheritance. They would cut each other’s throats if we did not hold their hands. Look at brother Land, and see what he is after. He wants a free exportation of wool. He has almost ruined brother Trade with his free exportation. He has been exporting and exporting, till the Dutch have set up to make cloth for themselves; and so have the French. How could they make cloth if they did not get our wool? They have got no wool; and if we sell them no wool, they must buy our cloth, or go naked. We must set our own poor to work; we must use our native commodities to our best advantage; we must have no foreign realms combing and carding and weaving our fleece. And now we shall prosper when it is felony to export wool. *There is as much wool run to foreign countries as was legally sold before the Act.* Is there? Yes, yes; hanging is the only cure for that; we shall soon cure that. *The Dutch give a better price for our wool than the English clothiers.* Do they? We shall see, if they shall plunder us after this fashion. Rob our poor people of their bread—the scoundrels. We’ll soon put a stop to that. “*They that can give the best price for a commodity shall never fail to have it by one means or another, notwithstanding the opposition of any laws, by sea or land; of such force, subtilty, and violence is the general course of trade.*” Who says that? Sir Josiah Child, is it? I hate your scribbling merchants. Give me good practical men. The landlords are at the

* This text, whether supposed to be written or spoken, we print in *Italics*.

bottom of all this mischief. They sell their wool to the factors, who carry it by night to Dover; and all for this filthy lucre of gain. Why can't they be content to sell their fleeces to our starving manufacturers, and not ruin their country? They are an ungrateful set! What a clamour have they been making about this wool trade; and quite forget what we have done for them about Irish cattle. We wouldn't let them be ruined by the fat beeves coming here to drive out our own neats that were cropping our pastures. This is what a just and wise ruler says to his people:—You of trade shall not be ruined by the land selling wool to foreigners;—there shall be no competition; you shall buy the wool at the lowest price. And then he turns round to the complaining grazier, and says,—the cloth-maker and his men shall not ruin you by buying meat cheap;—no Irish cattle or Scotch sheep shall come here to lower your prices. What a blessing is a wise government, that takes care of our commerce and navigation, of our land and our liberties, and holds the balance with a steady hand to make all opposing interests happy and contented! *The Irish and Scotch would take our broad-cloth in exchange for their beeves and sheep.* Would they? I should like to catch them at that. Poor beggarly knaves, they want our money. They would rob us of our gold. We know better than expect that Highlanders without breeches will buy our broad-cloth. *It would be better to let the land sell its wool at the dearest market?* Pooh! I should like to know how you make that out. I should like to know if we are all to be ruined, and have no clothes to wear, for the sake of hungry squires and their clodpoles. What do they know about government? *If they got a better price for their wool abroad, they would have more to spend upon manufactures at home.* A pretty joke. *If the cloth-makers, and the cloth-sellers, and all the people, could get their mutton and their beef cheaper by buying Irish cattle and Scotch sheep, they could afford to pay a better price for their wool, and wear more broad-cloths.* A lie, sir. They would ruin each other, if they were left alone. We must encourage the woollen manufacture—the glory of England; we must support those who give us bread and meat—the staff of life. I would support everybody against everybody else. What is government for, if not for that? If we were left to ourselves, we should ruin ourselves. We should grow no wool, and make no cloth, and the French and the Dutch would pour in their serges and their silks, and take away all our gold, and there would be an end of us. *It might be well if nations were less restricted in their trade.* You think so? A fine patriot, truly. For my part, I would take nothing from foreign countries that we can make or grow ourselves, at whatever low price they would sell us their goods; and I would compel them to buy everything that we grow and make, and which they cannot, therefore, make, at the highest price that our natural advantages could command. No wool sold, but all broad-cloth; no satins and taffetas bought from France, but all made from foreign raw silk, wound and twisted at home. This is the way for a nation to get rich and keep its gold. *The end of trade is to exchange our superfluities for the superfluities of the stranger, and so have more conveniences of life at our command.* A pack of stuff. The end of trade is to get all we can ourselves, and to keep the stranger from getting anything. *There would be no trade at all if this maxim were universal.* You are a fool.

ENIGMAS.

[It is our intention, in an early number, to give some account of the writings of the late WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Many of the best productions of this extraordinary young man appeared in periodical works of which the Editor of 'Knight's Penny Magazine' was the proprietor and conductor.* He rejoices to learn that there is a probability of Mr. Praed's Poems being published in a collected shape; and he will gladly afford every facility towards the accomplishment of so laudable an intention, by interposing no technical objection connected with his interest in the Copyright. In the meantime he may recommend this object, by presenting a few characteristic productions of Mr. Praed,—Enigmas,—simple enough as mere puzzles, but very unlike most puzzles in being imbued with a high poetical spirit.]



ENIGMA I.

ALAS! for that forgotten day
 When Chivalry was nourished,
 When none but friars learned to pray
 And beef and beauty flourished!
 And fraud in kings was held accurst,
 And falsehood sin was reckoned,
 And mighty chargers bore my first,
 And fat monks wore my second!

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
 And casque with flaunting feather,
 And earned my spurs in battle field,
 In winter and rough weather;
 And polished many a sonnet up
 To ladies' eyes and tresses,
 And learned to drain my father's cup,
 And loose my falcon's jesses:

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;
 The mongrel mob grows prouder;
 And everything is done by steam,
 And men are killed by powder;
 And now I feel my swift decay,
 And give unheeded orders,
 And rot in paltry state away,
 With sheriffs and recorders.

* 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' (1823-4), 'The Brazen Head' (1826), 'The London Magazine' (1828)

SHREDS OF THE PAST.

AMIDST some of the driest antiquarian reading we constantly turn up the most curious illustrations of past customs and manners. In the same way, in the liveliest fictions of the old dramatists and novelists we find distinct traces of by-gone things, which are not only amusing, but suggestive of useful thoughts. When we meet with such authentic records of what we were, the true question to ask is, Are we improved? It is our intention, without any formal examination of a particular subject, or any attempt even at chronological arrangement, to set down from time to time passages of this character. Some will be from common books, some from books not easily accessible; but we shall endeavour to select nothing that does not involve some interest beyond the fact of its referring to what is old and obsolete. We are no lovers of antique things simply because they are dusty and worm-eaten.

BRUTALITY OF THE RABBLE.

In the summer of 1754, Henry Fielding, the great author of 'Tom Jones,' left England, never to return, having been ordered by physicians to Lisbon for recovery of his broken health. He has written a most graphic Journal of this voyage, full of striking pictures of our social condition ninety years ago. We first select the account of his embarkation at Rotherhithe:—

"To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat, a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burthen, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

"This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. In this condition I ran the gauntlet (so I think I may justly call it) through

rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of *paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery*. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation."

It is some satisfaction to contrast Fielding, insulted in his misery by the lowest of the rabble, with Scott, under circumstances equally calculated to call forth the sympathy of man for man. The great author of Waverley was lying in hopeless illness at the St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, in the summer of 1832. That the affliction of the most popular writer of his age should call forth every sentiment of respect from the high and the refined, was of course to be expected; but it is well to know that refinement had gone deeper into the native soil than those of Fielding's day might have thought probable. Mr. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' writes, "Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him, as if there was but one deathbed in London,

‘Do you know, Sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?’”

WILLS.

THE last wills of our ancestors used invariably to begin, “In the name of God,” &c. It was remarked as a novelty, that the will of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who died in 1744, had not the usual preface. In a very interesting book by the Rev. Sir John Cullum, ‘the History and Antiquities of Hawsted,’ published in 1784, we have the following remarks:—“The thanking the Almighty for the blessing of a sound understanding, when a man was about to perform one of the most serious acts of his life, was surely not an ill-timed gratitude. Not less proper seems to have been the commendation of the soul to those powers who were supposed to be the guardians and patrons of human happiness, when a deed was to be executed, which was to take effect immediately upon the separation of that soul from the body; an event of the utmost importance to man, and which generally was likely soon to take place. It seems as if we now thought that these were the effusions of an excessive devotion. Even a bishop [Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury] can now make his will without mentioning the name of God in it; while, by a strange perverseness, a treaty of peace between two belligerent powers, which they and all the world know is nothing but a rope of sand, begins, ‘In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity.’”

PEWS.

In the pages of the agreeable local historian just cited, we find the following remarks on a subject which has excited a good deal of controversy in our immediate day:—“There are some pews for the principal inhabitants towards the east end [of Hawsted church] in the neighbourhood of the pulpit. The rest of the seats are probably coeval with the church, being regular benches, all alike, with a low backboard to each. Pews, that so much deform our Protestant churches, were not common till the beginning of the last century; but, however uniform and undistinguished the ancient seats were, and however peculiarly improper subjects to excite any of the ungentle passions, they were very early the causes of contentions, which the synod of Exeter endeavoured to obviate, in 1287, by declaring, that all persons, except noblemen and patrons, when they came

to church to say their prayers, might do it in what place they pleased. Early in the last century, there seem to have been some disputes about the seats in this church; for, from a decaying paper, some years ago in the church chest, it appeared, that Richard Pead, Reg’rar’us, directed an instrument to the churchwardens, charging and commanding them to place the inhabitants in such seats in the church as they should think proper, according to their estates, degrees, and callings; but their power was not to extend to seats belonging to houses of note and worship. Returns were to be made of those that were refractory: dated 11 December, 1623. ‘Is there any strife or contention about seats in the church?’ is still an article of official inquiry.”

THE LANDLORD’S SHEEP-FOLD.

“When lords of manors granted parcels of lands to their dependents, they often reserved to themselves the exclusive privilege of having a sheep-fold; so that the little tenants could not fold their own sheep on their own lands, but were obliged to let them be folded with those of the lord, or pay a fine. This was enriching the lord’s domains; but a most cruel impoverishment of the lands of his villains”—(*Cullum’s Hawsted.*) *Query.* Which is the most cruel impoverishment of the lands of the tenant,—the lord’s sheep-fold, or the lord’s game-preserve?

DESTRUCTION OF THE MONASTIC LIBRARIES.

John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who was nevertheless a furious enemy of the Roman Catholics, has the following curious picture of the detestable plunder of the monasteries by the headlong Reformers. This was written in 1549: “Covetousness was at that time so busy about private commodity, that public wealth in that most necessary, and of respect, was not anywhere regarded. A number of them, which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library books, some to serve their jakes, some to scour the candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocer and soap-seller; and some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but, at times, whole ships full; yea, the universities of this realm are not at all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is that belly which seeketh to be fed with so ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know (says he) a merchantman (which shall at this time be

nameless) that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken! 'This stuff hath he occupied instead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come: a prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred by all men which loved their nation as they should do. Yea, what may bring our realm to more shame and rebuke, than to have it noised abroad that we are despisers of learning? I shall judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither the Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age; this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities.'

THE ABBOT OF READING.

"King Henry VIII., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) wilfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this king Henry); on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. Well fare thy heart, quoth the abbot; and here in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds, on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef, as you do. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken. The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private

lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence."—(*Fuller's Church History.*)

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Whatever we may have read of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the barons and esquires of the feudal times in England, there were causes in operation in the fifteenth century which rendered the possessors of large estates not altogether the most enviable members of the community. During an earlier period, when a great landowner was surrounded with a vast body of retainers, and his castle was encompassed with tillers of the soil, who duly poured into his granaries and stalls the means of supplying food to a craving household, his supplemental luxuries of clothing and of furniture were sometimes obtained by barter with the people of the towns, not unfrequently won by the strong hand, and in all cases preserved with the most careful economy from generation to generation. But as manufactures increased, so there grew up with them a largely increasing body of dealers, who made a profit by conducting the exchanges with the two classes of producers; but this state of things was concurrent with another, in which tenants paid their landlord rent in money, instead of pouring into his stores the somewhat irregular portions of beef and corn which the lord was wont to demand. It thus came to pass that the great landowner grew to be as dependent as the merchant and the artisan upon a supply of money for the due provision of his wants. The private records of the 15th century abundantly show that there was constant difficulty, even in the most flourishing families, to obtain a proper supply of the medium of exchange; and thus the landed aristocracy were not seldom subjected to the most painful of shifts and compromises, to be enabled to carry on the daily support of their wasteful retainers with decency, if not with ostentation. We open *The Plumpton Correspondence* of the year 1469, and there we find the steward of Sir

William Plumpton, Seneschal and Master Forester of the Honour and Forest, and Constable of the Castle of Knaresborough, writing unto his worshipful master, "I am not in store at this time of money for to get your harvest with; . . . letting you wit also I have been in the Peak, and there I cannot get no money of Harry Fulgiam, nor of John of Tor, nor no other that owes you; . . . letting you wit that I was on St. Lawrence day at Melton with forty of your sheep to sell, and could sell none of them,

but if [unless] I would have sold twenty of the best of them for thirteen pence a-piece, and therefore I sold none;—letting you wit that I sent unto you with William Plumpton and with William Marley 6*l.*, and also 25*s.* which was borrowed of Bryan Smith, which I must pay again, and therefore I am not purveyed of money for to get your harvest with." The suffering landlords of modern times may find some consolation in looking back upon the embarrassments of their forefathers.

EXPENDITURE OF WAR.

IN the last three war-years, 1813, 1814, and 1815, the sums expended for the service of the army, navy, and ordnance of Great Britain amounted to 197,647,315*l.* This expenditure was so much national capital destroyed. A few contractors might indeed have been enriched by enormous profits at a period of great jobbing and corruption; but there is nothing now left to show for this outlay. The money was spent in victualling troops; in paying extravagant prices for provisions in foreign countries; in waste of the *materiel* of war; and, above all, in the waste of human life. We are not touching the question—whether the cause of this expenditure was, or was not, an unavoidable necessity. We only desire to show that it was in the very nature of the necessity that this destruction of the nation's capital should have taken place.

Now, a sum nearly amounting to two hundred millions sounds to every one as representing a very large amount of property. But still the figures convey only a vague idea, unless we can fix in our minds some notion of what two hundred millions will purchase, of things essentially different from artillery, and powder, and "food for powder."

The war expenditure of the first of these years, 1813, was 71,316,435*l.*

There are forty-seven RAILWAYS *completed* in Great Britain up to the present time, and these have cost 70,680,877*l.* These, then, offer a very fair contrast with the war expenditure of one year, the year 1813. Against the *nil* of capital in hand of that war expenditure we have to set the actual property created by the railway expenditure. The lines laid down exceed two thousand miles. Those lines are covered with stations, workshops, dwelling-houses for officers, bridges, viaducts. They furnish profitable employment for thousands of men; they return a reasonable and in some cases a very high interest for the capital employed. They have brought the village and the town into close communication. They have imparted a new value to all commodities by lessening the cost and increasing the rapidity of transit. They have equalized prices throughout the land. They have rendered the interchange of labour more easy. They have made the country richer and its people more intelligent.

In the last two war-years of 1814, 1815, the amount expended upon the army, navy, and ordnance services was 126,330,880*l.* As was the case with the war expenditure of 1813, nothing of national property is left to represent this outlay, if we except a few sheer-hulks at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Sheerness, and some old cannon in the arsenal of Woolwich.

According to the last population returns, there were built in England and Wales,

in the ten years from 1831 to 1841, half a million of new houses. Many of these were first and second class houses, a larger number third class, and a still larger number cottages. But we cannot estimate the average price of a house at less than 250*l*. This would give a total sum expended for the additional and improved house-accommodation of the people, of one hundred and twenty-five millions. The houses are left to us. Look at the increase of comfort, the provision for an increasing population, the profitable labour employed in making the provision, and the permanent income which the house-builders receive, and doubt not that the hundred and twenty-five millions were well laid out. Look at the parallel war expenditure of 1814, 1815, and see if it has left any traces but debt.

Thus, then, for the cost of the army, navy, and ordnance in the last three years of war, we could have completed two thousand miles of railroads and built half a million of houses.

The war expenditure, as is well known, was supported partly by annual taxation, partly by loans, for which we are still taxed. The loans represented the accumulated capital not engaged in commercial and manufacturing industry, which was seeking investment in Government Stock. The money lent to the government in the last two war-years of 1814, 1815, beyond the amount of debt redeemed, was 54,805,410*l*. We have heard a great deal of the ruin that is to ensue from the vast amount of new railway enterprise. Without reference to the mere projects of 1845, which would appear upon the face of them to be carried far beyond the point of a safe investment of capital, it appears that the new railways in course of construction in Great Britain, and for which acts of parliament have been obtained, are estimated to cost 51,359,325*l*. These railways are in number 118, and they are to extend over 3543 miles. Thus, then, the capital seeking investment in new railways which have received the legislative sanction, is not equal to the capital lent to government to spend in the two years of peril and difficulty, 1814 and 1815. Let it not be forgotten that the people will have all the advantages of the railways without any tax—the shareholders alone will bear the risk. The war loans of 1814-15 cost the people to this day more than two millions in actual taxation; and what is there to show for this continued burthen? The railroads of 1845 will enrich the nation and cost the people nothing.

Perhaps this question of taxation is, after all, the point which will most strike the mind as the gauge of the difference between war and peace. In 1815, the last war-year, the amount paid into the Exchequer as the produce of taxation was seventy-two millions, and the excess of expenditure over income was twenty millions. In 1845, the thirtieth peace-year, the amount paid into the Exchequer as the produce of taxation was fifty-three millions; and the excess of income over expenditure was three millions and a half. We thus see that the war taxation, independent of the debt pushed off from the then existing tax-payers, exceeded the peace taxation by nearly 50 per cent. But if we consider the increase of population during these thirty years, we shall come to a much stronger illustration of the difference of expenditure. In 1815 the population of the United Kingdom may be taken at nineteen millions, which would give an amount of taxation for each individual of 3*l*. 15*s*. 9*d*. per annum. In 1845 the population may be taken at twenty-nine millions, which would give an annual amount of taxation for each individual of 1*l*. 16*s*. 6*d*. If twenty-nine millions of persons have each 1*l*. 19*s*. 3*d*. less to pay in taxation, there is an aggregate fund remaining to them for the increase of their comforts—for consumption, or for accumulation—of 56,912,500*l*. They have a great balance in hand ready to expend upon

new enterprises, which are to create new profits. If the taxation of each individual had continued upon the scale of 1815, we should have had very few great public works. Certainly a million depositors would not have had twenty-five millions in savings' banks.

We cannot doubt that with a peace of thirty years, and a consequently reduced taxation, the private capital of the country has very greatly increased. That the public capital has increased, we have only to look at our docks, harbours, canals, sewers, water-works, gas-works, railways, roads, bridges, churches, hospitals, prisons, and schools. In 1815 the annual value of real property in England and Wales, under the Property Tax returns, was fifty-two millions: in 1842 it was returned at eighty-four millions. The profits of trade in 1815, in England and Wales, were assessed at thirty-five millions; in 1842 they are estimated at sixty millions. This is the increase of peace.

These facts ought to make us all pause before we talk lightly of going to war. At the same time they ought to teach other nations, who talk more glibly of war than we do, that the sinews of war are not departed from us.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

[First printed in 1602.]

Oh happy golden age!
Not for* that rivers ran
With streams of milk and honey
dropt from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free, without
fees;
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flowering spring,
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually
did smile;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores or wars or
wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty
sound,
Call'd HONOUR, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without
ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefs imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights;
Nor were his hard laws known to
freeborn hearts;
But golden laws, like these,
Which Nature wrote—THAT'S
LAWFUL WHICH DOTH PLEASE.

* For is throughout used as because.

THE IRON AGE.

[For the close of 1845.]

Oh glorious Iron Age!
Not for that earth now yields
Treasures more precious than Potosi's gold;
Not that the time-taught sage
With iron sceptre wields
A power more vast than Titan's sons of old;
Not for no storm can hold
The steam-ship on her way;
Nor adverse rivers' beds,
Nor mighty mountains' heads,
To earth's all-binding railroad proudly say
Here come not—he asserts his reign,
And clouds and thunder sweep the subject plain.

But for that coward's name,
That raises not the wind,
That usurer's idol, that poor thing of pawn,
Called PRUDENCE, which to shame
And discount first consign'd
Legions of schemes that held account in scorn,
Was not of fear then born:
Nor yet was heard his moan
Amidst the bubble play
Of premium ever gay;
Nor did his stern laws then the brokers own,
But iron laws, to fill the chest
With golden heaps—THAT'S LAWFUL WHICH PAYS
BEST.

Then amongst flowers and
springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers, without conflict, without
flame;
And nymphs and shepherds sing,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses
with the same,
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom
seen:
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves con-
sorting were.

HONOUR! thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,
Denying water to the amorous
thirst:
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on them-
selves revers'd:
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs incase,
Late spread unto the wind:
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to
their pace:
Oh! Honour, it is thou
That mak'st that stealth which love
doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But, thou fierce lord of nature and
of love,
The qualifier of kings,
What dost thou here with us
That are below thy power, shut
from above?
Go; and from us remove!
Trouble the mighty's sleep;
Let us, neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy
ages keep!
Let's love! this life of ours
Can make no truce with time, that
all devours.
Let's love! the sun doth set and
rise again;
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal
night.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Then amidst reams of puff,
Scrawling on countless maps,
Directors sat, the Fates that held the shears,
[shares?]
And made esquires enough
Of poor untitled chaps,
And lick'd the shoes of aldermen and peers,
For these were Fortune's seers.
And then the premium rose,
And then the timid bought,
And bold ones set at nought
The day of pay, the distant day of woes;
And oft, with merry cheer,
The gullers and the gulls consorting were.

PRUDENCE! thou first did'st crush
The mightiest scheme to par,
Denying increase to the rotten seed:
Thou mad'st the holders rush
Frantic to sell—they see, from far,
The bailiff eager for the hour of need:
Thou hast consign'd indeed
Visions of joy and power
To spectre shapes of woe:
Thy victims dearly know
The tinsel dross from Danaë's golden shower.
Oh Prudence, it is thou
That hold'st thy leaden wand above them now.

It is thy work that kills
Our work that went so well.
But thou, proud lord of banks, queller of kites,
Thou can'st not drain *our* tills;—
For us, there is no hell
But that black depth from which we took our
flights.
Go, seek the giddy heights
Where rail-kings rock to sleep;
Let us whom they call base
Put off our bubble face,
And once more safely to our hovels creep.
Let's gamble still:—a little go
Will serve us now—a halfpenny toss or so:—
Let's gamble still—blind hookey, seven's the main.
We thought the richest sweets of life to sip—
Come honest *browns*—a long farewell to scrip.

JOHN STAG.



John Wilkes.

[THE CARICATURIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WE derive the name *caricature*, and probably the thing itself, from the Italians. *Caricare* is to load ;—a *caricature* is a loaded, overcharged representation. Addison describes caricatures as burlesque pictures, “ where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person.” This is the excellence of the modern school of caricature. What Addison says, in addition, describes a school that has long since passed : “ The distinguishing likeness is given in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the *most odious monster*.” In this low style of art the English caricatures of the early part of the seventeenth century are simply disgusting. They possess no wit ; they furnish no accurate conception of the peculiarities of the person caricatured. They are for the most part brutal endeavours to make eminent persons, and especially those in power, look as fiendish and unhuman as comports with a slight general resemblance. But for more than half a century we have had a higher school of caricaturists—those who have given us the most faithful portraits of distinguished men as they presented themselves in common life—not in their state-acting dresses—often in some absurd situation in which they never could be found—but for the most part with a truth, on the ludicrous side, which is not seldom wanting in those who undertake to present them in their grave historical aspect. It appears to us that, while we necessarily leave to others the somewhat invidious task of taking the caricaturist's view of our great contemporaries, we may with some profit show how their predecessors in statesmanship, or in literature, were presented for the amusement of a people who have always claimed the privilege of laughing at their rulers and instructors. At any rate we shall gratify no malice, and perpetuate no virulence, by this little series. We confine ourselves to portrait caricatures ; partly because we could not adequately exhibit an elaborate composition in our miniature size ; and partly because the humour of many of the best of these productions—the best, we mean, for the ludicrous fidelity of their portraits—is mainly forgotten, and could not be explained without much needless circumlocution.

PORTRAIT I. JOHN WILKES. BY HOGARTH.

HOGARTH was not a caricaturist in the ordinary sense of the word. His reputation is founded upon the entire truth of his pictures. He is the greatest of satirists,—and that character excludes the burlesque. His fops and his blackguards are copies of real life. But Hogarth was, in a few instances, a caricaturist, in the common acceptation. On one occasion he stepped down from his lofty height, to take up an everyday instrument of assault ;—he was pelted in return, and the mud stuck.

In 1762 Hogarth, then sixty-five years of age, went out of his usual safe course of satirizing general vices and follies, to attack the chief opponents of the ministry, in a caricature called ‘ The Times.’ Wilkes, who had been on friendly terms with Hogarth, resented this ; and in No. 17 of ‘ The North Briton,’ belaboured the painter as a greedy, vain, envious, and treacherous hanger-on of a corrupt court. Wilkes, as all the readers of English history know, was arrested, under a general warrant, as the writer of No. 45 of ‘ The North Briton ;’ and the constitutional question of the legality of such a warrant was then first decided in favour of the great principles of liberty. Wilkes was a man that caricature could scarcely render more remarkable in his appearance ; it was difficult to *overcharge* his features. Accordingly, when he

was brought a second time from the Tower to Westminster Hall, to be set free by Chief Justice Pratt, Hogarth made a sketch of him in the Court of Common Pleas. Samuel Ireland says, "It was drawn in black-lead; and marked in, afterwards, at his own house, in pen and ink. When he had made an engraving from the drawing, he threw it into the fire; and it would have been instantly destroyed, had not Mrs. Lewis eagerly rescued it from the flames." This looks like a "compunctious visiting of nature" in the great painter. It did not go far enough. The print came out, and thousands were sold. Then began the satirist to feel what sharpness there is in such stings. Churchill, the friend of Wilkes, wrote his famous 'Epistle to Hogarth,' and Hogarth had his revenge in painting Churchill as a bear with a club and a pot of porter. Wilkes, in his later years, used to observe that "he was every day growing more and more like his portrait by Hogarth."

Wilkes was the most extraordinary demagogue that England has produced. He belonged to his age, which was one of low private morals and much political profligacy. Steeped to the very lips in the grossest pollutions,—an unprincipled sensualist,—a man of notoriously blasted character,—he moved about in what is called *the best* society, and passed his latter days in affluence, surrounded by all the *respectabilities* which belonged to his station as an Alderman and Chamberlain of London. He earned the first position by his wit and accomplishments; to the second he was raised by his unexampled popularity, and by the real good that he had accomplished by a long course of courageous resistance to the Ministry and the House of Commons, compelling the one to bow before the verdict which gave him satisfaction for his illegal arrest, and the other to rescind its own resolutions for his repeated expulsion. Regarded at this distance of time, impudence and courage seem to have been his chief qualifications for his office of mob-leader. The day is past in England when such a man could do much. Earnestness and sincerity, not mere adroitness and violence, are necessary now to make a tribune of the people. In one respect Wilkes contrasts advantageously with later demagogues—he was not essentially a blackguard.

OLD AUTHORS AND OLD BOOKS.

"For out of the old fields, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn from year to year;
And out of old books, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

CHAUCER.

JOHN SKELTON.

THE name of Skelton occupies in many respects a remarkable place in our literature. His rank as a poet is not among the first, but it is a very forward one. And he has other claims on our regard. The nature of his writings led him to treat of popular manners, of which he has left us some lively pictures sketched with the free hand of an original and a keen observer, and which are especially valuable as belonging to a period midway between Chaucer and Shakspeare. A bold popular satirist, he was thoroughly imbued with the prejudices of his time; and if he does not go beyond his time, he clearly reflects it. He was not an imitator. There is a sturdy self-reliance about all he does that is very characteristic, and which imparts a striking individuality

to his writings. In his personal satire, his daring rises almost to heroism : as when he attacked Wolsey in the height of his glory and his power, when, with "their hearts in their hose,"

" Our barons *were* so bold
Into a mouse-hole they wolde
Run away and creep ;
Like a many * of sheep,
Dare not look out at dur (door)
For dread that the mastiff cur,
For dread that the butcher's dog
Would worry them like an hog."

Such a writer must not be overlooked by one who would judge of that age ; but he also deserves regard for the share which he had in imparting fixity to our language, which, at the close of the fifteenth century, was in an exceedingly unsettled state. Chaucer had done much towards determining its character, but he had not found a worthy successor. Printing had scarcely been practised long enough in England to make its influence in this respect felt. Our first printer, in the preface to a book called 'The Book of Eneydos compiled by Virgil,' which he translated from the French, and published in 1490, complains at some length of this "diversity and change of language," which, he says, as "now used, varieth far from that which was used when he was born ;" and of the difficulty which he felt in determining whether to employ the more common, or clerkly terms ; "and thus between plain, rude, and curious, *he* stood abashed." However, he adds :—"Forasmuch as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labour therein, nor read it, but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman ; therefore, in mean between both, he had reduced and translated this said book into our English as shall be understanden, by God's grace, according to his copy." This was not exactly Skelton's idea. He wanted to find as many readers as he could, and so, in l'Envoy to one of his "little books," he tells it to

" Take no despair,
Though I you wrate
After this rate
In English letter ;
So much the better
Welcome shall ye
To some men be."

When Caxton wrote the preface from which we have quoted, Skelton was about thirty years old, and had attained some celebrity ; for we find the old printer, after his frank fashion, addressing him in it by name ; and, with the modesty so natural to him, requesting him to amend what he may see amiss in his work. "I pray master John Skelton, late created poet laureat in the University of Oxenford, to oversee and correct this said book ; and to address and expound whereas shall be found faulty to them that shall require it. For him I known for sufficient to expound and English every difficulty that is therein. For he hath late translated the Epistles of Tully, and the book of Diodorus Siculus [Both these are mentioned by Skelton in his 'Garland of Laurel ;' they are now lost], and divers other works out of Latin into English, not in rude and old language, but in polished and ornate terms craftily, as he that hath read Virgil, Ovid, Tully, and all the other noble poets and orators to me unknown."

* A flock.

Skelton was, as Caxton says, a learned man, and his learning enabled him to write in polished and ornate terms skilfully. Erasmus, a far better judge in this matter than Caxton, called him a few years later the light and ornament of British literature. But he was something more than learned; he was thoroughly master of his own tongue; conversant in the ordinary colloquial use of it, as well among the meaner as the higher classes of society, he found it to be a serviceable and flexible instrument; and although he enlarged his vocabulary by the free introduction of words drawn from the Latin language, he employs them so as not to interfere with the idiom of his own language. His poetry is frequently too elliptical, frequently obscure; but his diction is of a genuine English character, and comparatively little antiquated; much more, in fact, like what the English now is than that of many of his successors.

There is one objection frequently brought against his works to which it is necessary to allude. He has been called a drunken reveller, and his poetry charged with unusual grossness. It has, in fact, been common with many, since Pope termed him "beastly Skelton,"* to speak of him in a strain of insolent vulgarity that only proves the ignorance of those who employ it. Like some other of our more eminent writers, he is most decried by those who know least of him. It would be useless to say that he is not coarse, because many coarse passages might readily be adduced from his writings; but we do say that he is very much less so than many other writers who bear a good reputation. From the writers of every succeeding age almost down to our own might some be selected very much worse than he. We are very far from defending him where he has erred in this respect; but we say that, looking at the character of the times and the nature of his writings, this is a charge which ought scarcely to have been brought against him. In Pope it would be rather surprising, were he not so careless in his literary censures; but he having said it, its repetition is not remarkable. A very large share of the abuse that has been lavished so freely upon him perhaps had reference to certain 'Merrie Tales of Skelton,' as a book that might without much exaggeration be called "beastly" is entitled, of which, however, he is innocent, it having been concocted long after his decease. That he does not deserve the character he has received we say without any hesitation; at the same time we do not desire to point him out for general reading. He is not a poet for all time, like Shakspeare and Milton, but for his own time; and now lives only for those who wish to become as intimately acquainted as possible with that generation, or for the student of the history of our language and literature. Our object here is to give a general notion of him, and we are mistaken if even the brief survey our space will allow us to make will not be found of interest. Once for all, we may remark that our quotations are taken from the edition of his works published in 1843 by the Rev. A. Dyce, and illustrated by him with a fullness of knowledge and a discrimination that leave nothing to be desired.

Whether Skelton was a native of Cumberland or Norfolk is uncertain; the latter county appears, however, to have the fairest claim to him. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1460. Little is known of his early life: it has been generally stated that he was educated at Oxford; but as he mentions Cambridge as the *Alma parens*, whose *quondam alumnus* he was, it is clear that he must have belonged to that university, though he probably afterwards went for a while to the other, as

* "Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote."

was then, and long after, not unusual. At what period he commenced his career as a poet it is, as Mr. Dyce remarks, impossible to determine. He wrote an elegy on the death of Edward IV., which occurred in 1483; and in 1489 he produced another upon the Earl of Northumberland, who had been slain during a popular insurrection in Northumberland. By 1490 we know, from the passage already quoted from Caxton, that he had distinguished himself as a translator in prose of some of the Latin classics, and that he had been "late created poet laureat in the university of Oxford." The title of poet laureat did not then signify the same as is now understood by the term. It was not an office, but simply a "degree in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, anciently taken at our universities, particularly at Oxford; on which occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate, who was afterwards usually styled *poeta laureatus*." (Warton.) At a later period he received some office about the king which entitled him to wear a peculiar dress: at the end of many of his poems he styles himself poet laureat and king's orator. The dress appears to have been green and white, and to have had embroidered on it the word Calliope, as we learn from his own account of it in his poems 'Against Garnesche,' and in his 'Calliope.' In 1498 he took holy orders, and probably about the same time he was appointed tutor to the Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII., a sufficient evidence of the eminence he had then attained. He had before this received honorary distinctions from the universities of Cambridge and of Louvain. What influence his teaching may have had upon his youthful charge can only be a matter of conjecture, and one astounding guess has been made of late. Miss Strickland, in her 'Lives of the Queens of England' (vol. iv. p. 104), says:—"It is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry in some department of his education. *How probable it is that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil's grossest crimes!*" But, as Mr. Dyce remarks in quoting this passage, "When ladies attempt to write history, they sometimes say odd things;" we will, therefore, as it is only a guess, let it pass. As Hooker has it, "A man that did mean to prove that he speaketh would surely have taken the measure of his words shorter." We have every reason to believe that Skelton was a careful tutor; he appears to have been the general director of Henry's early education, and he was not thought to have been unsuccessful in it. Erasmus complimented Henry upon his tutor, whom he speaks of as a highly cultivated scholar and an excellent divine: he himself says:—

"That the Duke of Yorkis creauncer* when Skelton was,
Now Henry the Eighth, King of England,
A treatise he devised, and brought it to pass,
Called *Speculum Principis*, to bear in his hand
Therein to read, and to understand
All the demeanour of princely estate,
To be our king of God preordinate."—*Garland of Laurel*.

All his writings up to this time appear to have been of a serious cast. When his connection with the court ceased is unknown, as is also the exact time of his entering upon his rectory of Diss, in Norfolk; but he resided there as early as 1504. He was for a while suspended from his ministry by Bishop Nix, of infamous memory. Antony à Wood's account of it is characteristic:—"Having been guilty of certain crimes (*as most poets are*), at least not agreeable to his coat, he fell under the heavy censure of

* Tutor.

Richard Nykke, bishop of Norwich, his diocesan : especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans in his writings." Skelton had bitterly lashed the vices of these men, and it is probable that they incited the bishop against him ; but the ostensible cause of his punishment was, according to Bale, his contemporary, his connection with a woman, whom he had secretly married, and by whom he had several children. This was of course a serious offence against the canons of his church, to which he had vowed obedience ; but it is probable that he had imbibed some of the free notions on this subject promulgated by the reformers : he was not unacquainted with their opinions, which he strongly condemns ; but he might have tenaciously clung to the doctrines of his church, while he doubted the justness of its canons. He is said to have declared on his death-bed that he conscientiously regarded her as his wife, but had been deterred by his cowardliness from publicly avowing his marriage. It was probably after his removal to Diss that he commenced those more remarkable writings upon which his fame depends, and some of which we shall notice hereafter. His satire, first directed against the clergy generally, was afterwards with more earnestness concentrated upon Wolsey, and drew upon him the vengeance of that powerful enemy. Skelton fled from the officers sent to arrest him to the Sanctuary of Westminster, where Abbot Islip, who had long been his friend, received and protected him. Here he remained till his death, which occurred on June 21st, 1529, some years after he sought refuge in it.

After carefully examining what has been written about him, we are constrained to declare that we see no sufficient evidence of his having been immoral in character. What Wood may say is of little value, from his having lived long afterwards, and from his singular readiness to believe and repeat any charges made against such as he suspected of imagination or who had been guilty of poetry. And others who wrote about his time are of no more value. It is certain that somehow Skelton's name had become traditionally associated with a number of stupid and equivocal jests (as that of Shakspeare had also), and that many stories were commonly repeated little creditable to him. But of their truth there is no evidence. He retained the friendship of Islip till his death, and there is proof enough in his verses that he had that of many others whose friendship it was honourable to possess. In reality, almost nothing is positively known either way ; and his verses, fairly considered, are far from inducing a low estimate of his character.

We should indeed be inclined from his writings to look upon him as a fair sample of a country gentleman of that day ; full of a rough and hearty gaiety, a little apt to let his mirth, always unrestrained, become at times boisterous, and even to verge upon buffoonery : when opposed, not slow to quarrel, and in his enmity given to rail at, and even unduly to cry down his adversary. Always ready to censure what was amiss in state, or church, or public manners, he was not inclined to allow others to do so too. He was a patriot after the old fashion. The French he hated ; the Scotch he hated ; and what Englishman did not then ? Were they not our natural enemies ? And while grave chroniclers of that day may talk of the " fantastical Frenchmen " or " beggarly Scots " without censure, we may let pass without graver rebuke than a quiet smile the somewhat angrier expressions of national prejudice in a professed satirist.

A PLEASING CONTRAST.

IN some of the British colonies the encouragement which is now afforded to education might be usefully copied by the mother country. In the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, out of an estimated revenue for 1846 of 178,500*l.*, the sum of 7700*l.* is set apart for the purposes of education. If a similar proportion of the revenue of the United Kingdom were devoted to education, the sum would amount to 2,500,000*l.* The government at the Cape is active in supporting good schools on a plan which Sir John Herschel suggested during his residence at Cape Town a few years ago. There are twenty-one "first-class government schools," in five of which the salary of the master is 200*l.* a-year; in three the salary is 150*l.*; in nine, from 100*l.* to 130*l.*; and in four the salary is under 100*l.* There are twenty-three "government schools" of the second class, and grants are made to thirty-three other schools, which are chiefly supported by various religious denominations. A normal school and an infant model school are established at Cape Town. The South African College, an institution for superior instruction, is aided by a grant of 400*l.* In order that the school system may be preserved in an efficient state, there is an inspector-general of schools, with a salary of 500*l.*, and allowances for travelling expenses, &c. We have received private accounts from Cape Town, which state that the results of the improved system of education are already highly gratifying. The asperities which once existed between the colonists of Dutch and English origin are fast wearing out. The Dutch colonists of the old school would not have allowed the younger branches of their families to read English books, but this is no longer the case. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for this information writes for a supply of the 'Rules for the Formation of Book-Clubs,' which were circulated with the early numbers of 'Knight's Weekly Volume.' At Cape Town there are now nine printing-offices, seven book-sellers' shops, and there are seven newspapers regularly published. Let us contrast this with the state of things in the same colony rather more than twenty years ago. At the time of which we speak (February, 1823), the governor endeavoured to prevent the establishment of a newspaper by the late Mr. T. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn, and it was not published until permission was obtained from the Colonial Office at home. Former attempts to establish a newspaper had been quashed without ceremony. Mr. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn conducted their journal with scrupulous care. They avoided mere party politics, and shunned topics on which they felt strongly, but which were likely to excite violent controversy. They were aware that a free press was obnoxious to the governor; but four months elapsed before the slightest complaint could be openly urged against its conductors. The governor, however, having been compelled to prosecute a desperate adventurer for libel, became anxious to prevent the case being reported; and the fiscal, an official now happily extinct, was instructed to assume the censorship of the press. This was a species of tyranny to which neither Mr. Pringle, Mr. Fairbairn, nor Mr. Greig, the printer of the paper, could submit, and the newspaper was in consequence immediately discontinued. The governor next issued a warrant for sealing up Mr. Greig's press, and he was required by the same authority to leave the colony within a month. Mr. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn were also the conductors of a monthly magazine as well as a newspaper; and the fiscal sent for the former of these gentlemen, and required from him a "pledge" that nothing "obnoxious or offensive to government" should be inserted. He was pressed in vain to show by what law he assumed the right of restricting the legal privileges of the press; and as it was quite impossible even to conjecture what

might be deemed "obnoxious" by the government, and as the right of censorship could not be recognised by the conductors of the magazine, its publication was discontinued. This was not exactly the object of the authorities. They, or rather the governor, wished a press still to exist, but deprived of all freedom. Mr. Pringle was, therefore, sent for by the governor and soundly rated, in the hope of intimidating him; and as this process was not successful, coaxing was tried; but neither threats nor cajolery had the desired effect, and, as already stated, the magazine was discontinued. Next, a school which Mr. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn conducted, and which had been very successful, was destroyed by the personal influence of the governor. The scholars were withdrawn one by one from fear of offending a man who was armed with almost despotic authority. The same gentlemen had also been active in promoting the formation of a literary and scientific society, and several of the most eminent of the government officials had co-operated with them. The conduct of existing governments, or the politics of the day, and the question of slavery, were to have been prohibited as topics of discussion. The society would have confined its attention to natural history, horticulture, agriculture, and other scientific subjects; but the establishment of a school or a literary and scientific institution were offences when the same parties had also been instrumental in establishing a free press; and Mr. Pringle and his friends were summoned before the fiscal, and charged with holding "illegal meetings." A proclamation was read to them which had been issued in 1800, during the first occupation of the colony, and which was directed against Jacobin Clubs; and the projectors of the literary and scientific society were told that this proclamation would be put in force against them if they ventured to hold further meetings! Mr. Pringle describes the state of things which ensued as the Cape "Reign of Terror." "A frightful system of espionage pervaded every circle of society and rendered perilous even the confidence of the domestic hearth. . . . Mutual confidence was shaken; distrust, apprehension, and gloom everywhere prevailed; and men, according to their several characters and circumstances, were perturbed by angry excitement or prostrated by slavish fear." Now, which system was best calculated to ensure the well-being and happiness of the community? The one in which the right of men to express their opinions through a free press was arbitrarily destroyed, a useful school was broken up by official tyranny, and a liberal institution for extending knowledge and creating a taste for literature and science was suppressed, or the system which now exists, when exactly the opposite policy is pursued? It is unnecessary to reply to such a question.

SHAKSPERIANA.

PISTOL AND BARDOLPH.

It appears from an old MS. in the British Museum, that amongst canoniers serving in Normandy in 1435, were

W^m. Pistail

R. Bardolf.

Were these common English names, or did these identical canoniers transmit a traditional fame, good or bad, to the time of Shakspeare, in song or story?

NOT AMURATH AN AMURATH SUCCEEDS.

Amurath is generally supposed to be Murad, and no Murad ever did succeed another. The successor of Murad Ist, who died in

1596, was Mohammed, who put to death all his brothers; and it has been thought that Shakspeare makes his Henry V. allude to this circumstance. A gentleman well acquainted with Turkish history and literature has pointed out to us that Amurath, in Greek *Αμυρπας*, is *Emeer*, the Greek *υ* being pronounced as *ee*. In old books the Sultan is sometimes called "the Amyrath;" and the style of Mohammed II. in the Greek version of his treaty with the Genoese of Galata is, "I, the great Effendi and great *Emeer* (*Αμυρπας*), and son of Mourad Bey" (*Μουρατ*). We thus find Amurath in the same sentence as distinct from Murad.



Klaus Avenstaken.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD SEA-KINGS.

From the German of E. M. Arndt.

IN the country of Westphalia, not far from the town of Minden, where there are many brave countrymen, many long years ago there lived a bailiff in Dimmelshusen, named Peter Avenstaken, a man patient and mild in manners and behaviour, and on that account well renowned and beloved by friends and neighbours. But he was of great and gigantic body, and of such

immense strength, that he was known far and wide as the strong Peter, so that the people kept a hundred yards away from him when he was angry; for when angry he was angry indeed, and could then, usually, do nothing in moderation. This bailiff of Dimmelshusen had a favourite by-word, which he often used, and which in his family and kindred was very old; for honest villagers are accustomed to adhere to certain words, sayings, and proverbs, as noblemen to their banners and shields, and to feel a pride in their age. This word was *thorough*, and after this word, because he had it so oft in his mouth, many people called him also Peter Thorough, which he used to take very pleasantly. There was also a superstition connected with the word, which for centuries had continued in the family of the Avenstakens. They believed, namely, that the one of their children which first uttered this word would be the ablest and most fortunate, and the parents therefore listened and attended to this very early. This word had its origin in an old adventure which had happened to the founder of their race, who had first settled near Minden. He was a journeyman shoemaker, named Klaus, born at Corbaeh in Waldeck. One day as he, on his travels, with one of his companions, was going through the great wood along the Weser to Minden, a raging wolf came upon him. His companion tarried not the onset, but ran and clambered into a tree; but Klaus remained firm with foot and eye, grasped his stick, and waited for the wolf; and as he came on, drove the stick into his open jaws so powerfully that it went right through the animal, and he was stretched out dead before him. His companion now rejoined him, but Klaus eudgelled him away as a cowardly and pitiful fellow, and proceeded with two colliers, who had also seen the adventure, on his way through the wood, and passed the night at the next village. He had flayed the wolf, and bore this splendid sign of victory upon his stick, in order to sell it to a furrier in the next town. When Klaus had arrived in the village inn, the colliers related his combat with the wolf, and all the peasants, and labourers, and maidens ran together in

order to see the young shoemaker who had killed the wolf with his stick, as King David had slain Goliath with a little stone. And they wondered much, for the youth did not look so powerful, though he was very strong; and they would also see and feel the stick, though the girls touched it not without terror. It was, indeed, merely a common thorn-stick which a baker in Corbach had given to the young Klaus on his setting out on his travels, the point being somewhat burned, because the baker had occasionally used it to stir the coals in his oven. So much the more was he praised by the people, and they were also pleased with the bold answer which he gave to the bailiff who inquired how he managed to conquer the wolf—whether he had done it with the stick alone, or had not had the assistance of his shoemaker's awl? For Klaus answered him shortly:—"Mr. Bailiff, with a little courage one may manage well enough, and thus has this oven-stake gone thorough the wolf, and not even inquired whether there was a thoroughfare." The bailiff felt offended, and grumbled, but the others kept him silent; for Klaus had won all their good opinions by his free, manly bearing, and particularly those of the handsome young women, who vied with each other in bringing him apples, nuts, and cakes, and later in the evening, when the dancing began in the village beer-house, would themselves have invited him to dance; and had they not been ashamed to do so before all the people, some would have had much pleasure in caressing and kissing him. This, however, did not happen, and Klaus himself was very shy, for this was his first journey, and, indeed, the first time that he had been away from home.

The following morning, as soon as the sun rose, Klaus took his stick and his wolf-skin, and came to Minden, and found work with a master, and remained there. Yet it was fortunate for him that he had called at the village inn with the colliers, for a young and handsome farmer's daughter had become so enamoured of him, that day and night she saw and dreamt of nothing but the young journeyman shoemaker Klaus, so that through

love she began to pine away, and could not live without him. Her parents sought to dissuade her from this; but love, when it is honest and real, is, as is said, the most incurable of all diseases. They were forced, therefore, if they would preserve their daughter, to accede to her wishes, and went themselves to Minden to search for Klaus of Corbach, whom every one already knew from his adventure with the wolf; and they brought the brave young man to their daughter, who was their only child, that he might take her for his wife, and save her from death. Klaus needed but little entreaty, for the young and handsome girl had charmed him; and he removed to the village, laid aside awl and hammer, took to the plough and spade, and lived like an honest farmer, and after some years became bailiff in the place of him who had murmured at his reply. From his stiek all the world called him Klaus Avenstaken.* He himself still used the word that others adopted from him, *thorough*; for they used to say of him, "Thorough, says Klaus Avenstaken;" and his grandchildren and great-grandchildren continued it after him, considering it as a good word that indicated courage and prosperity.

To Peter of Dimmelshusen his wife, Margaret Tibbeke, had already borne many sons and daughters; and she had often proposed to her husband that he should have one of his sons baptized with the name of the great man of the family—Klaus; but he had always refused, and given other names to the boys. Now it happened that another son was born, and this one Peter violently insisted on having called Klaus. Margaret contended against this, for she and the rest of the family desired its name to be John, because it had come into the world on St. John's eve. She also said, while she looked at the infant in the cradle, "See, husband, how mild and quiet the little one looks; that will never in this world become a Klaus, to fight with a wolf." But Peter answered, "Kickle-caekle, even for that reason shall he be called Klaus; the pious have been ever the truest heroes, and those who look like iron-eaters can often

not bite a straw in two." In short, neither begging nor praying, nor howling nor scolding, was of any use to Margaret. Peter was this time immovable, and said, "Even because he has been born on St. John's eve, on so great a festival, he shall be called Klaus, and I will bet that he will become an able man." With these words he took his cap from the wall, and set it somewhat on one side on his head, as was his custom when angry, and went out, without heeding the cries of his wife and the aunts and the godmothers behind him. And the priest must baptize the child Klaus.

And the little Klaus did credit to his name: he took the breast undauntedly, and seemed to relish it highly; cut his first tooth in the second month, and in the fourth month had already six teeth, and enjoyed with them all sorts of victuals and drink; before the ninth month could stand on his feet, and looked boldly to heaven. Then Peter, his father, took him by the arms, smiled with inward pleasure, and holding him towards his wife, said, "See, Margaret, what a Klaus!" Margaret, however, half wickedly and half good-naturedly, replied, "Your Klaus is not yet over all his dangers: I still wish he had been called John." Peter set the child down again upon the floor, looked vexed, and went silently and crabbedly out of the house. Such little quarrels about the boy often happened between the pair, who otherwise loved each other sincerely. These quarrels however had no ill effect on little Klaus, who grew rapidly, was broad across the shoulders and the chest, and could throw in wrestling every boy of his age, or even those a year older.

Thus in eating and drinking, sleeping and playing, he became five years old. His father now placed him in spring and summer to herd the geese, and in the winter sent him to school, to learn to pray, and his A B C. In his seventh year he advanced him to be swineherd; and in his ninth year he had to look after the oxen and horses. All these offices he filled steadily and cleverly, so that his father was much pleased. The only cause of complaint arose from the bruises which he administered to the neighbours' chil-

* Avenstaken is a provincialism for oven-stick—ofen-stock.

dren; his mother often lamented over the many torn breeches and jackets which he brought home; no, not always brought home, but which he sometimes left hanging on the trees and thorn-bushes; and she also appealed sometimes to the higher authority of his father as judge, when he had beaten his elder brothers black and blue; for when angry he could thrash any boy, even though four or five years older than himself. Peter commonly rejoiced when compelled to ascend his judicial chair on such high penal cases. The end of the matter was almost always that the complainants, and Margaret their advocate, were nonsuited on account of insufficiency of evidence and want of witnesses. Well satisfied, Peter then said: "I know I have in my boyhood done the same; has Klaus ever begun the quarrel? are not the others always the provokers? It serves them right if Klaus has thrashed them well. It is well that he can thrash them, for they will thus no longer take pleasure in teasing him." And he then usually took Klaus, and caressed him, and recommended him to be peaceable. But this was indeed scarcely necessary, for Klaus was one of the most quiet and friendly of youths, who would do no harm to any creature, and with the weaker and smaller boys would joke readily, but when irritated he certainly used the power of his arm without much moderation.

Not so well, however, did it succeed with Klaus before the desk of the school-master as behind the geese, swine, and oxen. He had little taste or talent for learning, and in four years had scarcely learnt to read, for what he acquired in the winter he completely forgot in the summer in the fields and woods; so that his brothers and the other children in the school were far more praised than he: yet he was a favourite with the old school-master, who praised him for his orderliness, obedience, and piety. This, at home, gave rise to many little differences between his parents, for Peter, who loved him above all his other children, though he would never acknowledge it, often took him aside and helped him with his lesson. But even this would not do; Margaret called him her thick-skull, and Peter could not deny it; he must hear it and be

silent; nay, he must suffer George, and Joachim, and Christopher his brothers, and Thrine and Theresa his sisters, to be praised as more clever and prudent children. Then she would sometimes add, almost a little spitefully—she was otherwise a kind-hearted woman—"Peter, we shall see what you will make of your Klaus; I wish he had been called John, he would have been very different." This set all the fat in the fire; Peter took his cap, walked out into the yard or the stable, where he could breathe more freely and collect himself; and when he had recovered his temper, and came back again, he would grumble out, "Klaus will yet be the best of them." Klaus also gave another favourable sign of himself, on which his father built many castles: since his fourth year the boy had always cried out "thorough" as soon as he became angry, or began to be violent or outrageous, particularly when he doubled his fists for fighting. None of Peter's other children did this, though all had heard the word often enough from the father's mouth; and Peter experienced the pleasure, before Klaus was nine years old, of hearing him called by all the village, old and young, Klaus Thorough, and the people of Dimmels-husen again cried, "Thorough, says Klaus Avenstaken."

Klaus had arrived at the age of twelve, was uncommonly big and strong for his age, stood upright and firm on his legs, had a large head and broad forehead, with long hanging flaxen hair, under which looked out a pair of laughing blue eyes. Many folks said he was a handsome youth. Peter his father said he was the handsomest boy in the village, but his mother thought him awkward and too fat; and that his brothers were much handsomer. Then came the thirteenth autumn of his life; and in the following November Klaus vanished suddenly from the parental house through a wonderful occurrence, which I will now relate.

Peter had hired a new servant, who came on the first of November. He was named John Valentine, and was an elderly man of about fifty. This servant was not long in the house before he contracted a close friendship with the boys, and par-

ticularly with Klaus; for Valentine knew many fables, histories, and tales, and all sorts of old long-unheard-of stories, and related them in the evening after work to the children; and he soon became so celebrated for his clever stories, that even the children of the neighbours came in crowds to Peter's house in order to hear them. This happened mostly on Saturday and Sunday evenings, when Valentine had time to relate them. The children brought with them apples and nuts and other nice things to Valentine, and then the company sat in a corner and feasted and narrated. The chief peculiarity observable was, that of all the children none retained the stories so well or repeated them so vividly as Klaus, so that Peter often listened to him with delight, and simpered smilingly to his wife, "Do you hear, Margaret? do you hear how Klaus, the sharp fellow, can tell the stories?" But she treated it coldly, and said, "Ah, a Klaus he is and a Klaus he will continue—a right tale-telling Klaus, but he will never be a bailiff, for he cannot even write." Thus spoke the parents about Klaus, each in their own way; but they did not notice that a great alteration was taking place in Klaus, and that Valentine had made him much less lively and merry at heart; for the tales so possessed the boy that he saw and heard, thought and dreamt, of nothing but witches and wizards, dragons and giants, enchanted princesses and magic castles.

Thus matters proceeded with Valentine and his little auditors till the approach of the holy festival of Christmas, when the long evenings and the many holidays gave opportunities for mirth and tales,—when all the world, on account of the birth of the sweet child Jesus, gave themselves up to feasting and joy, and friend with friend, and neighbour with neighbour, lived merrily. Valentine had reserved his best stories for this joyous time; he had then, as people say, opened his mouse-chest to the children, who, with their parents, had well remembered him in their presents. But of all the histories which he narrated, they were most pleased with that of the Pancake Hill and the Glass Hill, of which he used to sing the following melodious verses:—

Who can tell me where the Pancake Hill
stands,
With good roast beef well larded,
With sugar and marchpane filled to your
hands,
And bushels of dollars long guarded?

Crystalline Hill, Crystalline Hill,
When dost thou open?
Dwarf full of play, dwarf full of skill,
When dost thou waken?

When the clock midnight tolls,
When the thief lurking prowls,
Then do I open.

When the cock has crow'd twice at night,
And the moon is at its height,
Then do I waken.

This tale pleased so much, that they would have it repeated for four or five days at least, and always with fresh embellishments, especially because Valentine knew that the two hills lay in the great forest in the neighbourhood, and he particularly described and represented to the boys, who often herded their cattle there, the oak and the beech which stood upon their tops. "By day," he added, "these hills are indeed not to be seen as they actually are, for then they look like any other hills; but at midnight they appear as they really are, the one of the clearest and most transparent glass, where the moon and stars shine through to the very bottom; and the other like the most splendid pancake, so splendid as never yet a pancake has been fried; the story goes," and then he winked knowingly, and said with a subdued voice, "that he who gets into the Pancake Hill will become a great king, and he who jumps into the Crystalline Hill will bring home sacks full of hard dollars, golden cups, and silver dishes; but who has the courage to do this? Such people are not born every day."

The words—"but who has the courage to do this?" gave, as is usual among boys, opportunity for much raillery, and they jeered, bantered, and taunted each other about it, and for some weeks was heard re-echoed at the conclusion of every story, "but who has the courage to do this?" and some little rogues said tauntingly, "Klaus Thorough has the courage." Klaus then doubled up his fingers, and would certainly have used them had his

father not been present, for Peter severely punished the boys who quarrelled in his presence. In the meantime this phrase and the joking went on, as well as the words "Klaus Thorough has the courage;" till at length it became unbearable to the boy, and he thought to himself it is too bad to suppose that I have not the courage. So one evening, when they were again goading and taunting him, he exclaimed angrily—"Yes, Klaus Thorough has the courage, if you dare go with him and see: you can choose which you will, but I shall take the Pancake Hill wherein the great king sits, where the great beech stands; and I will ascend first if you will follow?" They felt ashamed, and all cried out, "Yes, yes; we will go with you;" for it was then broad daylight, and they thought they had a superfluity of courage, and indeed had at that time. So they went on joking the whole day and evening, and Valentine, and Peter, and Margaret, and the servants and the maids, who had heard it, laughed at them, for they did not imagine they were in earnest. The boys, however, were only the more strengthened in their resolution, and the bold Klaus kept them to their word while he painted every thing in the brightest colours, how merrily they should live there, and with what treasures and magnificence they should return home.

It had now become late in the evening, and the church clock struck ten. Then Klaus cried, "Quick, comrades, come on! It is now time; we have more than two miles to the wood." And his companions went out with him, his three brothers and five other boys, all in their Sunday clothes, with white wands in their hands; for with white hazel wands must one go armed against spirits. The old folks looked and laughed after them, and Valentine laughed the loudest, for all thought, "They will discover no mountain, but soon be back again."

The boys proceeded rapidly across the fields, Klaus running before them all, so ardent was his desire; and they croaked, and cackled, and shouted, as crows croak when driven from their trees, or fowls cackle when set to flight. All remained firm in their resolution and were full of courage till they could see the trees of the wood, when almost all became

quiet. But when they came into the wood, and heard the high trees rustle and the distant waterfall roar, they stood still, and Klaus went on alone. When he saw the others did not follow, he bade them come on, but they heeded him not, but one said this, another that, and none would proceed. He then called them a pack of cowardly dastards, cried deridingly, "Klaus Thorough has the courage," and then rushed vehemently through the bushes right up the mountain: they, on the contrary, fled back over the fields to their homes, and with steps as quick as if they had had a ghost at their heels.

And Klaus ran quickly on his way through many crooked paths which he knew, now up, now down, till he saw the beech nodding on the highest peak of the forest. Then was he also brought to a stand-still, and his courage also began to fail, especially as he heard four church clocks in the distance just then strike twelve. But as he was a brave boy he repeated to himself what his father had often told him, "A man must never depart from a resolution that he had made in a more cheerful hour, nor when he came to act, set himself like a hare on its hinder feet;" and Klaus hallooed "thorough" till the wood re-echoed, and rushed up the mountain. Thus he came at length to the spot where he had seen the beech standing, but it was no longer there, but there reeked and shone the beautiful Pancake Hill in the moonshine. Klaus hesitated not long, shut both his eyes, raised himself upon his toes with both feet, and boldly ventured the leap, crying "Thorough, says Klaus Avenstaken!"

And the leap did not fail him; he slid softly into the mountain, and sank down gently and slowly as though in a carriage, or as one would deposit eggs in a sack. And it seemed to him that he had pleasantly swung down or been rocked down, and that he fell asleep, and had wonderful dreams, wherein his old friend Jack Valentine appeared, and smiled on him well pleased and friendly.

When he awoke it was twilight around him, but he felt that he lay in a soft bed, upon pillows softer than his mother had ever given him, and this pleased him exceedingly; but he felt hungry, and that pleased him not. It then began to grow

lighter, and he thought and considered of what had happened yesterday and the previous days, and said, "Here then I must actually be in the Pancake Hill; I will see whether Valentine has deceived me." And he rubbed his eyes, and it became still lighter around him, but there fell only a dim light from above. And his eyes rejoiced, and his heart rejoiced even more, for of what was he aware? That he was actually in the Pancake Hill, and that Valentine had not fabled; for he was now in a room wherein was a bed, a table, and a chair, almost as in his father's house, only neater and finer. The room was splendidly ornamented and decorated. There were the walls hung with roast geese, and ducks, and fowls, and snipes, and partridges, and quails, and fieldfares, as with the most beautiful tapestry in the most motley variety; and with hares, and deers, and roes in crowds, and the finest dishes and plates and knives and forks hung by them: that was one side. The other was ornamented with cakes, and confectionery, and marchpane, and with the most costly fruits,—peaches, apricots, oranges, grapes, apples, pears, plums, nuts, and whatever tongue or tooth could wish for their enjoyment to taste or bite. On the two narrower ends of the room stood trees in blossom, and trees full of fruit, and under the trees fountains discharged themselves: at the one end was a fountain of milk and another of water, and at the other end were fountains of beer and wine. Klaus troubled himself little about two of them, namely, the beer and water, but used only those of the milk and wine. The whole room was a wonder, but the greatest wonder of all was, that everything he devoured, and every pear and grape he swallowed, was immediately reproduced on the spot whence it had been taken, and that the fountains were never exhausted. Indeed I believe a whole army of horse and foot might have eaten and drank for a thousand years in the Pancake Hill, and not have eaten every thing.

And our Klaus ate and drank like a man,—nay he ate and drank immoderately, yet it did not disagree with him. It always happened, however, that immediately after eating and drinking he fell asleep, so that one might almost say he did nothing else than eat, drink, and sleep. He waked up

about five times a day, and every time he ate and drank; but at night he always slept from the evening to the morning without ever waking. But as this was now his life, and his dim chamber reminded him of nothing that he had done or seen upon earth, the past faded almost wholly from his memory. Only of his father, Peter, he thought sometimes, and of the trusty Valentine, and of the kind old schoolmaster; but these thoughts seemed to him only as dreams. Yet he held firmly to the sacred and holy things and customs to which he had been used, so that ever before he ate he crossed himself, folded his hands, and prayed. But he only knew one prayer, which was not very long, and ran thus—

Fear God,
Dear child,
God the Lord
Sees and knows
Every thing.

This prayer he continually repeated very devoutly. His sleeping hours by day, as well as by night when he lay in bed, were a continual dream; and certainly a very pleasant and cheerful dream, in which all the old tales and stories of Valentine blossomed again wonderfully, and produced a thousand other tales and stories, in which he ever bore a part, and did monstrous deeds, slew dragons and giants, burst open iron and adamantine gates, released princesses, and at length became king.

Klaus led in this manner, without knowing what occurred, a very pleasant and cheerful life in his Pancake Hill. But there always appeared to him in his dreams some one who related or represented to him these stories. This was not Valentine, but his deceased grandmother, whom, in his early childhood, he had seen in his father's house. She seemed to stand at his head, or to kneel before him, to pray over him, and then to relate the stories. This in his later years he often described with deep emotion, and believed, when anything good occurred to him, that he had to thank the quiet prayers of this pious and blessed spirit, who had turned to good the error through which he had jumped down into the mountain.

Five years thus passed as a day, and he had become a strong and able youth; though of this he was not aware, for he had no one with whom to compare himself, nor was there a looking-glass to inform him of it. The five years were completed, and Klaus had eaten down even to the border of the hill, and would again fall upon the earth. That his destiny might be fulfilled, he sank into a deep sleep, and dreamt a more remarkable dream than he had yet had. The kind old woman, namely, who continually sat by him, narrated stories, and looked like his grandmother, seemed to him very melancholy, and behaved as if she were taking leave of him; indeed she said she was. And it seemed to him as if she very fervently, and with many tears, prayed over him, took him out of bed, and washed him as one would wash a little child, till he became as white as a swan; and as if she then dressed him in a white shirt, a handsome new coat, new shoes and stockings, and then vanished. She also seemed to feel very melancholy at heart. But this was in reality no dream, for in it he had been thoroughly washed, newly clothed from head to foot, and in the apparent dream fallen out of the hill. Of this he had not been aware, but had slept through all these wonderful occurrences.

As Klaus Avenstaken is now to appear again in the world, I must tell how it had gone in his father's house during the five years he had lived in the Pancake Hill. Since his disappearance nothing uncommon had happened. They all, thank God, yet lived—the old folks, and his brothers and sisters; and his midnight journey to the Pancake Hill had been actually the only remarkable event that the family had experienced in so long a time. There had been a long mourning for him, particularly in the heart of his father, which however he did not suffer to be perceived, even by the honest old Valentine, whom for this event, in consequence of his stories, the mother often reproached. From him all joy had departed from that moment, and no tale ever again fell from his lips; and the old man, who formerly was so blithe and cheerful, became almost mute or morose. He would indeed have left the house and

the service, but Peter had magnanimously prevented him, and said, that “as Valentine had participated in our great calamity, he shall have his bit of bread with us even to his life's end.” Of Klaus, beyond this, almost nothing more was said, or only in light whispers: most folks, and even his poor mother, thought the wicked spirits had carried him off, and that the boy would never be seen again in this life. Only Valentine and Peter sometimes spoke between themselves of the boy whom they had both so loved, and silently entertained the hope that he would yet again return. They both believed also in the tale which they had so readily narrated or listened to. And lo! their hope deceived them not, for Klaus actually arrived. I must now relate how this happened.

As wonders always occur in the most wonderful manner, so it happened that Klaus fell out of the Pancake Hill exactly at the spot where he had sunk into it. Now this could only be because the Pancake Hill had turned upside down, or that the world had turned with him. One of the two must have happened, and on that account it was a wonder; for a wonder is what a man well knows, but which no one can comprehend. In short, when Klaus awoke he lay no longer in his soft bed, but upon the green grass, and saw the well-known beech again, and the lofty hill on which he had so often driven his herd, and the whole forest and fields below him, and the villages and their church-towers came upon him like old acquaintances. The five years he had passed in the Pancake Hill were to him like a dream, and it appeared to him no otherwise than as if he had only spent one night between the evening when his brothers and companions ran away from him, and this morning when the larks awakened him with their songs. It was, however, a beautiful spring-day when he had eaten through the hill and fell again into the world.

Klaus did not lie long yawning on the grass, but arose, and ran quickly through the wood and over the fields to his father's house. And he found, when he entered the kitchen, his parents, his brothers and sisters, and Valentine, all standing around the table, just folding their hands in prayer,

for they were about to breakfast. Thus he entered among them. But he had become so tall and handsome, nearly half a head taller than Peter, who was himself no little man, and had on such beautiful new clothes, that they all looked at him, and bowed, for they thought he was a stranger. He, however, fell upon the necks of his father and his mother, his brothers and sisters, and embraced and kissed them, and said, "I am Klaus, come back again from the Pancake Hill." And he also embraced heartily the old Valentine, his very dear friend. And they recognised him again by many tokens, and were astonished and rejoiced that he had become so tall and comely.

But as soon as the first amazement was passed, all desired to know what had happened to him in the five years and three months he had been away, and all the villagers were called in to see Klaus Avenstaken, and their first words were ever, "Now, dear Klaus, tell us what happened, and what took place in the Pancake Hill." But he hardly knew how to tell them much, for everything came out darkly, like dreams or ghost stories; so that some gazed at him with staring eyes, as if all was not right with him, or that he was possessed with evil spirits; others here and there whispered, "Klaus is lying: he ran away from his parents, and has now come back, and the sly rascal has invented the whole story to cover his fault." But the majority had faith in the adventure, and found great pleasure in the narration how his chamber was ornamented with roast meats, cakes, and fruit, and how the milk stream and the wine stream continually flowed; and they believed it the rather because they saw from his strong and beautiful limbs, his rosy cheeks, his sparkling eyes, that he had not starved during the time. His mother, however, was the first who impatiently inquired after the sacks of dollars, and whether he had brought any away. When he answered that Valentine must have been mistaken in this part of the story, for of gold or silver he had seen no sample in the Pancake Hill, she shook her head, and thought he might just as well have remained at home for the five years, and increased the gains of the family, and eaten at their table, for what the

better was he for having eaten pheasants and snipes and swallowed costly wines? Without money, she could not imagine that a man could become a king, as the simple Valentine had fabled; for Valentine at every opportunity was subject to her inuendoes. And now if I must tell the truth, matters went thus: the first day the people of the village were out of their senses about Klaus, and almost stormed Peter's house; the first week they wondered much; the first month they talked much about him; and after a year the story was nearly forgotten by the most of them. Those who yet spoke of the story were the young girls, for they liked Klaus beyond measure; and where they dared speak, they said, almost unanimously, "Klaus Avenstaken is indeed the handsomest youth in the village."

Klaus was now in his eighteenth year, and found himself again in the world to do as well as he could. He set himself vigorously to his labour, for which he had bones and muscles, and assisted his father to plough and to sow, to break stones and to hew wood, to mow grass and to reap corn, and did all his work quietly and orderly, and as much as any other three. His father loved him dearly, and the old Valentine was proud of him. Even his mother was pleased with his handsome face and figure: what mother and woman could be otherwise? and often smiled when her neighbour gossips praised him on account of his beauty. But on the whole she was still unsatisfied, and thought him too quiet and simple, and not so clever and promising as her other children. And certainly Klaus did not talk much. He had indeed become even more silent than he had been as a boy. In the five years also which he had passed in the hill, he had learnt nothing, but, on the contrary, forgotten all he had brought from school, so that he knew nothing more than his single short prayer. Yet after all his mother could reproach him with nothing; he was obedient and humble, went diligently to church with other Christians, kept every Sunday and holiday decently and piously, and acquired the love of every one, and a good character. The only thing for which he was blamed, and justly, was, that he was often away from home in the evenings and

nights. From this he could not refrain, particularly on Sundays and holidays; for as soon as the sun went down he would walk out into the fields and woods, often visiting the hill where he had met with his adventure, sitting under the green beech, and dreaming over again the pleasant dreams of the Pancake Hill, and commonly returning home more silent and more abstracted than when he had gone out. If Margaret did not always scold him for this, yet she made Peter suffer for it whenever he praised Klaus. She would then murmur half aside, "Ah, what is your Klaus indeed? what has his hill journey profited him? He has not become richer, and certainly not wiser; our bread and bacon might have made him as strong as he is, and he might have earned us some money. He has come back again the same bashful silent blockhead as when he left. Your Klaus remains Klaus." Such speeches Peter had often to listen to and swallow as he could. He could only fret, and dared not offer a word in reply, yet in his heart he thought very differently; and he and Valentine never relinquished the belief that Klaus would yet become a right worthy man.

Thus passed another year and a half, and Klaus became yet stronger on his legs and in his shoulders, and if possible even more handsome, and completed his twentieth year. Then Klaus began to ponder how he should extricate himself from his peasant life, and aspire to the high honour to which God had decreed him.

He had gone with his father to the wood to fell timber, when they were attacked by four rangers of the earl to whom the estate belonged; but the wood where Peter and Klaus had been working was not the wood of the earl, but the common property of the village of Dimmelshusen. They disputed much and long with each other: at length the rangers attempted to bind the old man, and Klaus also. Then his anger was roused, and he cried with a loud voice, "Thorough," and laid about with his axe, till he had struck all four down, and no signs of life remained in them. He and his father, however, were not believed, but it was said that he had violently attacked the rangers and killed them; and the earl sent several hundred

men to Dimmelshusen with lances and staves to arrest Klaus and conduct him to prison. Klaus did not fly, nor resist them, but suffered himself to be taken quietly, for he said to himself, "One should obey and subject one's self to the magistracy, and God can yet bring justice and innocence to light."

When he arrived at the town where the earl dwelt, they took him and fettered his hands and feet like a criminal, and threw him into a dark dungeon where neither sun nor moon could be seen, tried him, and condemned him to death as one who had broken the land's peace and committed a violent murder. The earl, who was exceedingly irritated at the death of his rangers, immediately ordered a new gallows to be erected before the gate of the town, fifty feet high, on which Klaus Avenstaken was to be hung; and many thousands from all quarters assembled on the day of the execution, for the fame of Klaus had spread widely on account of his strength and beauty, and they had also again recalled the tale of the Pancake Hill, which they related with many exaggerations. The youth and beauty of Klaus excited much sympathy among all the spectators, particularly among the females, and when he was led under the gallows, and the priest with the cross in his hand stood near him, and addressed him, and sang psalms, and the hangman prepared the ladder and the cord, a beautiful young woman, who had pressed through the crowd, cried so loud that all the people could hear her, and Klaus also: "O, if he would but serve these officers and this hangman as Samson did the Philistines, and burst his bands!" Then the story he had heard at school of Samson occurred to Klaus, and he thought—"Thou mayst at least try whether such is God's will." And he gathered himself up and strung his nerves, and cried angrily "Thorough," and the iron chains burst as though they had been reeds; and he attacked the officers and the hangman and all the people, knocking them down right and left with his powerful fists: but the mob huzzaed, and shouted, "Thorough, Klaus!" and Klaus ran like a stag over the fields into the wood, and though they pursued him with horse and foot they could not overtake him.

When Klaus had reached the wood where there were no open paths, he ran no longer, but proceeded cautiously, and quietly heard his hunters and pursuers raging around him. He had already broken a good tough knotty branch from an oak, and prepared it, and thought—"Let them only come, ten or twenty of them, I care not if God is not against me." They shouted, and bustled, and wandered about the wood, with horses and dogs, but none lighted upon him, and he went on his way till night came on: he then sought shelter with a charcoal-burner. The next day he proceeded again, till he came upon the plain that lies between the Weser and the Elbe and the sea, and he thought to himself—"Here I must be more careful, or I may be surrounded." Therefore he withdrew into by-ways, through woods and morasses, harbouring chiefly with lonely people, with herdsmen, charcoal-burners, and millers, in the wood. At length with the dawning of the fifth day he for the first time in his life descried the sea, and astonished at the power and splendour of the sight, he fell upon his face and prayed, and thanked God for the help hitherto afforded. But he did not yet know what the sea was to make of him.

Klaus had arrived at the Elbe, not far from where it falls into the sea and where it is very broad, and proceeded along the strand to a ship which he saw lying in the distance. It was then low water, and the beach very flat. He, however, knew nothing of ebb and flood, for what do people know of the sea who have always lived in the mountains and woods? He therefore wandered for some hours by the stream, lost in thought, and perceived not the rise of the river. But the flood came in, and rose so rapidly that in a short time he was surrounded with water, which ascended as high as his middle. He then called as loud as he could to the ship, which was now not far off, and supported himself on a long pole, which he seized as it floated towards him. But the ship which he desired to reach lay off full twenty feet from the shore. Klaus therefore took his pole, sprang up, and jumped suddenly down into the ship. The sailors, who were below in the cabin, were affrighted at the noise made by his

feet, and ran upon deck, for it had sounded to them as if the ship had been struck by a thunderbolt. They were much surprised at seeing a large and stately man standing there, and inquired whether he came as friend or foe, as heathen or Christian. When he had assured them that he was both a friend and a Christian, they all shook him heartily by the hand, soon brought him a great cup of mead, and bade him drink; and he drank, and each of them drank in turn after him, and this was the sign of peace and brotherhood.

There were at least fifty men in the ship, strong, large-limbed fellows, of wild and rough looks. Klaus had never seen such in his country, and might have easily taken them for robbers and infidels, if the sign of the cross had not been cut on the mast, and the flag fashioned also in that shape. They were certainly Christians, but they were not the less robbers. This they avowed quite unreservedly, after he had told them a part of his history, and in what a Samson-like manner he had escaped the gallows. They had at first looked on him suspiciously, as if they did not trust him, but their wild countenances became ever more friendly the farther he proceeded with his tale. And when he had ended, one of them, who seemed the chief, and was indeed their captain, stepped towards him, shook him by the hand, embraced him, and said, "Welcome, Klaus! such are the men we want; henceforth thou shalt be our brother for life and death, and share honour and booty with us." And the captain then told him they were Friesland men from the islands and coasts, and lived mostly on the prey afforded by the sea and the heathen lands, but Christians they suffered to pass unmolested. When Klaus was assured of this, he agreed to their proposal, and consented to join them, although he thought they seemed rather a bad set.

They continued at anchor full ten days on the bank of the river, because the wind blew from the west, and Klaus quickly learnt how to handle the tackling, the rudder, and the sails, for he was active and willing. He was also now armed after the pirate fashion, though they did not call themselves pirates, but mariners or

sea-kings, and Klaus soon stood fully equipped as a sea-king. He wore, when fully armed, a chain hauberk, an iron helmet, and a round shield with bosses, and bore in his right hand a sharp battle-axe, with a short broad sword on his left side. Spears or javelins to throw, and poles to strike or push with, lay around, that every one might use as they best could when attacked by an enemy. They had also quantities of powerful steel bows and arrows, and these Klaus knew how to manage well, for he had often gone hunting with his father during the last few years.

On the tenth day the storm from the west had blown over, and there arose a fresh breeze from the south-east; then they hoisted the sails and let the ship run out to the blue sea, and steered toward the isles of the Pagans. There was many a hot fight at sea and on the coasts, and many a Pagan ship was boarded, and the men were slain like mad dogs or taken prisoners, and they returned home with rich gold and silver, and sold the booty and the prisoners. And Klaus had already acquired a name upon the sea, for when the combat began he cried "Thorough" with so powerful a voice, that the enemy immediately lost courage, while that of his friends increased, so that they almost always obtained an easy victory. And it came to pass that the best seamen left their ships and entered themselves with the captain of the "Thorough," for thus the seamen had named their ship, so that within six months of the time that Klaus had jumped on board, instead of fifty combatants he had upwards of five hundred, and he grew in honour, power, and riches, as is not to be described.

It cannot be said that this wild and variable life particularly pleased Klaus, but he made himself content. The freshness of the sea and the bold spirit that roared and blew around it suited his youth well, and active courageous deeds invigorated his body and soul; while to fight and subdue the Pagans he thought no sin, particularly as they, like wicked and blood-thirsty robbers, fell upon and plundered the isles and coasts of the Christians, carrying away the men, and selling them as slaves in distant exile, attacking and de-

stroying also every Christian ship, wherever they were the strongest. Against such he thought he was fighting in a good cause. Before long also Klaus became himself the captain of the "Thorough."

In the second year of his sea-faring they had sailed from the west, high towards the north, and on the fortieth day of their voyage, after undergoing many a hard struggle with storm and foe, landed upon a little Pagan island inhabited by a few hundred people, who dwelt in miserable huts, and it seemed lived upon the sea-birds and fish. When they landed these people approached them peaceably and as friends, bringing broiled fish in dishes, and proffered them the mead-can, but not a single one bore any weapon. The captain, however, directed the attack to be sounded, and ordered his crew with roaring laughter to hew down the men, and do what they would with the women. They prepared themselves, but the poor people fled with loud outcries to their huts. As the crew were now about to fall on them in obedience to their captain, Klaus sprung suddenly before them, flourished his battle-axe, and cried "Halt!" At the same time he uncovered his head to the captain, and begged and implored that he would not load himself with such heavy guilt, nor order such an unholy and unchristianlike deed against unarmed men and women, for though they were Pagans, and knew nothing of the living God and the Saviour, nor of redemption, they were yet worse heathens who would execute such an act. The captain, however, would not listen to him, became furious, and ordered the others to take and bind Klaus as a mutineer. But Klaus rested himself upon his battle-axe, looked angrily around him, and said, "Who dares?" and they stood, but not one ventured. The captain ordered them a second time, when there arose a murmur among the crew, and some stepped forward as if they would lay hands upon Klaus. But he was now inspired by his anger and his strength, and sprang with his uplifted axe to the captain, who interposed his sword in vain; and he split his skull in two, crying, "Thou art paid, and hast thy deserved reward; let him who is a Christian come

to me." More than the half went over to him, but the remainder were enraged at the slaughter of their captain, and seized their weapons as though they would revenge his death. But Klaus again cried "Thorough," and they stood as if struck by lightning. Then he exhorted them to peace with the others, and explained that the captain's orders were inhuman and unchristian; that Christians should be patient, mild, and compassionate, and not stain their hands with innocent blood, even if it were heathen blood; for God was the father and creator even of Pagans. And the tears ran down the rough cheeks of the iron men as they listened to these words, and they said, "The captain has fallen through God and by thee," and cried unanimously, "Klaus, thou shalt be our captain." He consented, and became chief of more than two hundred men.

It soon appeared that they had acted wisely. Klaus had never approved of nor participated in the wild and rude life which had hitherto prevailed among them, though he had been forced to endure it in the others, but such an act of cruelty had as yet never taken place as that which the captain had commanded against the poor unarmed creatures on the Pagan island. When he became captain himself, he instituted a just, strict, and Christian discipline, and expelled without compunction every one from the ship who would not conform to it. His first law was, that every one who slew an unarmed man with a weapon, or offered injury to a woman, should be hung at the yard-arm without mercy. But he continued to make war against the Pagans, cleared the sea of their piratical ships, and delivered many Christians from confinement; he also, in many places, till now Pagan, planted the holy cross as the salvation of the world, and by his justice and mildness led many Pagans to become Christians. His name at length grew so celebrated, that the bravest men associated themselves with him, and acted under him, so that in the second year of his captainship he had already upwards of twenty ships and five thousand men. His probity and piety were great, his valour fearful, and his strength unconquerable: against the stroke of his axe

or the thrust of his spear no smith could make shield or hauberk impenetrable.

In the fourth year of his sea-life, and in the second of his captainship, he had undertaken a voyage to Iceland, but was driven back by a powerful north wind, and cast away on the eastern coast of a great peninsula called Jutland. This peninsula was at that time half Pagan and half Christian, and it had chanced a few months previous that the heathen king had fought with and slain the Christian king, and overrun the whole land, and he soon won also the castle of the Christian king, and his wife and daughter who were in it. The king's daughter, his captive, was the most beautiful princess to be found far and wide. The Pagan king thought to compel this princess to become his wife, and thus secure the kingdom to himself, as though he had conquered it by right. And he thought in his proud presumption, "She will do and be as other women, and rejoice that the greatest of men will take her as a spouse, and her husband be the king of all the land." But she acted and thought quite differently, and refused him steadfastly, and as he would not be repulsed, and at length haughtily threatened her, she reviled him as a wild barbarian and a Pagan blood-hound. This enraged him so that all his ardent flames suddenly cooled, and he swore that for this contempt she should die a cruel and torturing death. He ordered, therefore, a great pile to be erected in the open fields, not far from the castle where the princess was imprisoned, on which she should be burnt like a common criminal.

Now it happened, through God's providence, who will not suffer the wicked always to have their will, that Klaus, with most of his fleet, was driven on shore on the morning when the execution of the unhappy princess was to take place. The crowd of people, who raved and lamented around the castle, and on the strand, and in the fields round about the spot, together with the glance and clang of weapons, and the sound of drums and trumpets, excited his attention, and he inquired of one of the bystanders, who happened to be a Christian, as to the cause of the lamentation and tumult of the people,

and the number of soldiers ; and the Christian related everything to him, and how the princess would be led out in half an hour, and be burnt miserably upon the pile, and that she was not to be saved from the Pagan rage, because the Pagan king had more than ten thousand men with him, who would conduct her to the fiery death. And the man began to weep bitterly when he had concluded his mournful tale.

But Klaus, when he had heard all this from him, moved by compassion and anger, became fiery red, and said, "God and my good sword forbid that the princess shall die!" and he shouted "Thorough," so that the shore re-echoed and answered him. His warriors understood the cry, and in a moment assembled around him, full three thousand in number. And he cried to them, "Up, comrades, quick, for the God of the Christians ; we will deliver the princess and the Christians from this despicable Pagan. If they are ten thousand, it is your custom for each of you to consider yourself a match for five men. God looks at the heart, and not at the number." They fought hard with each other, but Klaus and "Thorough" were too powerful for the Pagans, and when the other Christians of the land and the town saw that Klaus was gaining the upper hand over his foes, they fell upon them tumultuously on every side, and in a few hours the Pagan king and all his army were slain, except a few who escaped, by the swiftness of their horses, into the castle, taking with them the princess. In a few hours after the battle, however, they agreed to give up the fortress and the princess on condition of their lives being spared, and permission given them to depart. Klaus granted this, as they were so few, and let them go in peace.

When Klaus entered the castle, there was great joy among all the Christians that God had so humbled the Pagans by his arm, and had delivered the princess from her fiery death ; and the old queen and the rescued princess waited on him in the chamber of the castle, and declared themselves happy at having been freed by such a man ; and though he behaved modestly, as beseemed a brave and knightly soldier, and would only follow after them, the old queen said, "Where is the princess

on earth who would not be honoured by such a man and such a hero walking with her hand in hand ?"

But the queen had thought immediately on seeing Klaus, and her counsellors had also whispered, "Where could be found a man like this, who could elevate Christianity and subdue the Pagans ? Has not God brought him like a miracle through the storm, and shown him as the king and saviour of the people ?" She had also had many pleasant thoughts as to her daughter, but these she concealed in her heart, and thought, "God will bring this about, if it is to be." And so it happened, and what Valentine had foretold was fulfilled, that he who bravely ate his way through the Pancake Hill would one day become a king.

Klaus had been but a few hours in the apartments of the castle ere he felt his whole heart changed ; he felt that he had seen a woman from whom his eyes could never waver. The princess was certainly the most beautiful of her time in the whole world. He felt with pleasure the trembling of his heart ; but he considered at the same time that he was the son of a village bailiff, and she the daughter of a king. At these thoughts he struck his forehead, and cried "Klaus, Klaus, what art thou about in thy folly ? 'Thorough' will here help thee nothing." For Klaus, with all his great deeds, remembered his early days, and remained sincerely humble and lowly before God, to whom alone he attributed all his greatness. Of his own chivalry and beauty, which might have won the hearts of all the women in the world, he was quite unconscious. He consequently passed, blinded and astonished at the charms of the beautiful princess, a painful and sleepless night ; and as he considered his desire an impossibility, he determined to depart again early in the morning with his comrades to his ships, and to seek relief from his sorrows in the wild element of ocean, as if the flames of love could only be cooled and extinguished by water.

It was scarcely dawn, and the light had begun to peep fearfully through the curtains, when Klaus called together his men, and there was a running and crowding about the castle yard, so that the

princess and the queen awoke, and perceived with astonishment and affright that Klaus was about to re-embark. The old queen did not long hesitate: she saw that she must act promptly; she therefore dressed herself hastily, threw her royal mantle about her, and proceeded to Klaus's chamber, and proposed to him, and even begged earnestly, that he would consent to become king, urging the danger yet existing from the relatives of the king he had slain, and the remaining Pagans, and concluded by offering him her daughter: to this the delighted Klaus was unable to reply; he could not go, he could not speak; he could only bow, and blush, and be silent. He did this, however, in a manner which greatly pleased the queen, for she understood he would not depart with his ships, and so she took him by the hand, and he was quiet and obedient as a little child, and suffered her to conduct him whithersoever she chose.

She led him into the chamber of her daughter the princess, joined their hands together, and blessed them. They were both well pleased, but could not utter a word; for the princess had experienced the same feelings as Klaus. Immediately she saw him it seemed as though a voice would burst from her heart, "That is the man, and no other!" For if the princess was called the most beautiful, Klaus might with equal justice be called her equal. Klaus remained, and the ships lay at anchor in the bay, and no eye was longer directed to the wind. All were landed, and no one thought any more of sails, ropes, or helms, but the men dressed themselves in their gayest apparel for the wedding. This was solemnized within a few weeks, and the princess took Klaus Avenstaken for her husband, who was thenceforward called Klaus, King of Jutland.

For many joyous days and happy nights he dwelt with the princess in the castle, which was situated in South Jutland, where the town of Schleswig now stands. He, however, was not idle in his happiness, but prepared himself vigorously for a war against the Pagans, who also armed themselves, and a long contest arose for the supremacy, till they were at length wholly subdued, and Klaus became king

of the whole peninsula and of the surrounding islands.

At the end of the second year after he had slain the Pagan king and married the princess, and when he had subdued all the lands of the Pagans as far as the Elbe, substituting everywhere the cross of salvation as his banner instead of the gaudy idols of stone and wood, Klaus stood one day on the banks of the Elbe, and it seemed to him that he saw in the distance, on the other side, the spot whence he had once jumped with his pole on board the ship, recognising it again by three trees which waved upon a height above the coast. His wonderful life recurred to his thoughts, and he fell humbly to the earth, and prayed, and thanked God who had saved him from so many dangers, and in so extraordinary a manner had made him king and lord over lands and people. And he called the place where he stood Gluckstadt, and he built there a castle, and that castle and the town remain even to the present time. Klaus was now twenty-six years old, and it was just six years from that morning in which he had escaped from the gallows, on which he was to have been innocently hung.

When he had subdued the Pagans, and reduced the country to peace by forts and castles, he thought with desire and love of his old parents, his brothers, sisters, and friends, and without delay commenced his journey to them, taking with him only his queen, together with a thousand of his warriors to form a royal escort. They thus travelled over the Elbe towards the south, and after they had journeyed four days, at the dawn of the fifth, when he saw they were not far from his home, he ordered his escort to remain, and rode forward with his queen, accompanied by only a single page. It was about noon of the fifth day, and as the clock struck twelve they rode into Dimmelshusen, and directly to his father's house. They, however, urged their horses through the village at their utmost speed, that the people who saw them might not recognise them nor betray their approach to his parents. When they arrived before Peter Avenstaken's house, King Klaus sprang quickly from his horse, and cried "Thorough" so heartily, that it echoed through

the whole village. Peter, who with his wife and children was just then at dinner, jumped up at the sound, and saw a man and a woman with golden crowns on their heads. But he saw instantly that it was his son, and cried, "Now God be thanked that thou art again here, and hast become a king! We have already heard of it, but no one would believe it; even your own mother would not believe; only I and Valentine gave credit to it, for we well knew that something extraordinary would happen to thee!" In his joy he cried loudly, "Valentine, Valentine, come here, that thou mayst see what our Klaus has become!" Valentine came, and his mother, brothers, and sisters came, and there was such embracing and kissing as seemed to have no end. And when the king and the queen had entered, and taken their seats at the table of the old folks, and had eaten and drunk with them in humility to God and love to them, Peter was overcome with joy, and hardly knew what to say, though, through the excess of joy, he spoke almost too much. He whispered into the ear of his wife, what was not quite right at such a moment: "Now, Margaret, has my Klaus still remained a Klaus? Could thy John have become greater?"

Klaus remained many days and many weeks with his parents, living happily with them, making rich presents to them, his brothers and sisters, and the children of the neighbours; but the old Valentine he took with him, saying, "Dear Valentine, thou shalt relate to my sons also the pleasant and inspiring stories how every intelligent man, with God's help, can be something; and thereby form them to brave warriors and heroes." Valentine agreed willingly, for he presumed much upon King Klaus, thinking to himself

that it was entirely owing to him that he had become a king. The king also took his youngest brother and his youngest sister; the former he made a count, and the latter a countess; and there are yet living many eminent people in the world who have descended from them. Before his departure, however, he stipulated that when his father died the patrimony should descend to him, for which he paid his brothers ten times its value. His father and brothers promised this, and kept their words. For he said, "I will send one of my sons here, who shall be a peasant, and his children and children's children shall remain peasants, for peasants are older and endure longer than kings."

And King Klaus again returned home to his kingdom, and lived and governed many happy years with his queen, who brought him many sons and daughters, and many great kings and queens of his blood have reigned after him. But the glorious race descended from Klaus Avenstaken has now been long extinct, and another race governs in the kingdom which once revered him as monarch; but the race of his son Conrad survives even to the present time. This Conrad was his youngest son. Immediately after his birth he had him conveyed into the country, and educated him as a peasant; and then sent him to his original home at Dimmelshusen, in Westphalia, settling him on the estate of his father. Conrad became as big and strong as King Klaus, though not so mighty and splendid in the eyes of the world; but he died a village bailiff, as his grandfather Peter had been. From this Conrad, the king's son, descend all the Avenstakens that at the present day live at Dimmelshusen and in the country round.

NOTICE.

Amongst the reasons for adopting the present form of 'Knight's Penny Magazine,' the chief was this,—that *the Numbers of Three Months will form a handsome portable Volume*. When it is considered that the matter of a Volume will be *wholly original*, its cheapness will bear comparison with any existing publication. Our plan will combine short papers and long ones,—*Articles and Tracts*. We shall not attempt variety in every *Number*;—that feature will be best displayed in a *Part* and in a *Volume*. When the complete development of a subject, whether of information or amusement, requires an entire sheet, we shall occupy that space without hesitation. We shall not weary our readers with the eternal "*To be continued*."

OLD AUTHORS AND OLD BOOKS.

JOHN SKELTON'S WRITINGS.



HAVING already glanced at Skelton's life, it remains for us to look at his writings. Of his prose works we need say nothing, as none remain except in MS., and no portion of his fame rests upon them. The brief passages of prose linked to his poems possess none of the pliancy and homely vigour of his verse: before arriving halfway down one of his interminable sentences the tired reader is lost in a maze of alliteration, and out-of-the-way compounds, and rumbling pleonasm, and pedantic phrases. There is less of all this when he is merely translating, as in his version of the 'Three Fools,' in which he preserves much more of simplicity, as he probably did also in his longer translations.

He attempted several kinds of poetry, but the larger and better part of it is of a humorous or satirical character; about all of which there is a heartiness, a relish that is as evidently natural as it is pleasant. In his lightest and briefest snatches of mirthful rhymes, as well as in his longer pieces, there is nothing of formality apparent, every part overflows with an artless freedom and gaiety. His serious poetry, on the other hand, is elaborate and stately and—dull. Not so dull indeed as it has been represented, but still not of a kind to be read for the pleasure it affords. He is wanting in elevation of sentiment and in pathos. Passages of a rugged grandeur often occur, but nowhere perhaps such as affect the feelings or arouse the passions. All his earlier works, and some of his later, appear to have been serious. His directly religious poems are few, but they are not wanting in a religious sobriety and even solemnity of tone. His elegies are more forced and less impressive. We may quote as a specimen one stanza from that upon the death of the Earl of Northumberland, who was killed, as has been mentioned, in a popular insurrection; it will serve to show the method of expressing grief, then considered eloquent:—

“O cruel Mars, thou deadly god of war!
O dolorous tewis-day, dedicate to thy name,
When thou shook thy sword so noble a man to mar!
O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Which wert endyed with red blood of the same
Most noble earl! O foul misuryd* ground,
Whereon he gat his final deadly wound!
O Atropos, of the fatal sisters three,”

And so on. But, as we shall see, when he is letting his natural merry spirit have free way, there is no such fustian. This monody concludes with a manly address to the young earl, who became, if he was not then, the poet's patron. Among his serious pieces may be placed his drama of 'Magnificence,' though he entitles it “a goodly interlude and a merry.” It is in fact a moral play, or “Morality,” as such

* Misused.

pieces are commonly called, in which the “players” are certain Virtues and their opposite Vices. In this we have such characters as Felicity, Liberty, Measure (or Moderation), with Folly, Cloked-Collusion, Counterfeit-Countenance, Despair, Poverty, and others that would be equally attractive on a modern play-bill. Under the tedious allegory there lurked a serious purpose, as the principal character coming forward at the end, as in more recent plays, explains:—

“This matter we have movèd, you mirthés to make,
Pressly* purposed under pretence of play,
Sheweth wisdom to them that wisdom can take,
How suddenly worldly wealth doth decay,
How wisdom through wantonness vanisheth away,” &c.

This is one of the oldest and unquestionably the best of the ancient moral plays. Parts of it have much merit, and the descriptions the characters give of themselves are vigorous and often full of point; but as a whole it is exceedingly wearisome. A sober moral allegory upon the instability of riches, and the feebleness of wisdom when exposed to the temptations of pleasure, prolonged through some two thousand six hundred lines, would be too trying for the patience of our degenerate age, though supported by the most brilliant fancy; but when, as here, it requires some perseverance to pick a meaning out of the dialogues, it would no doubt be generally and at once voted intolerable. Yet, compared with others of its kind, it is endurable; the true drama had not then appeared in England, and we can believe that this would be received as a masterpiece. Some of the points in it are calculated to be effective, and the manner in which Magnificence is suddenly struck down by Adversity in the midst of his highest prosperity is certainly dramatic.

The “kind of little drama,” as Gifford calls it, ‘The Bouge of Court,’ must be considered to stand midway between his ‘Morality’ and his Satires. It is an allegoric vision intended to expose the false friendship, selfishness, and general insincerity and corruption of courtiers. As in ‘Magnificence,’ there is a number of characters, each of which is intended to typify a class of courtiers. Its name, which means court-diet, is given to it from the ship on board of which the scene is laid. The dialogue displays considerable humour, and often rises into a loftier tone. Some of the personifications are very fine, and that of Riot has been often quoted. The allegory is spirited and not long enough to become tiresome, although we might, but with more justice, say of it what Johnson did of ‘Paradise Lost’—no reader wishes it longer. The satire is sharp and well laid on, and marks the shrewd observer. Gifford says, “the courtiers must have winced under it,” and no doubt they ought to have done so; but it is sufficiently general to have let each one admire the truth of it, and then shift its application upon his neighbour’s shoulders.

But it is in his humorous poems that his genius bursts out, and hardly anywhere else can be found so profuse an expenditure of unrestrained fun. We can hardly understand the possibility of any one not being carried away by the rapid flow of his mirth. There is a riant joyousness and buoyancy too in his verse, that admirably suits the fantastic play of his capricious fancy. It does not need the testimony of tradition to make us believe he was a merry companion. The number of ballads he wrote (of the greater part of which, however, only the titles are left), and the constant recurrence of jocular thoughts, would be evidence enough of it; but that none may be lacking we find him on all occasions trolling out the burden of some old song. One

* *i. e.* expressly, but its signification here seems to be, as Mr. Dyce suggests,—seriously.

can almost fancy that he would say, like his own Harry Hafter, even when flying from a Wolsey,

“ Hold up the helm, and let God steer;
I would be merry what wind that ever blew,
Heave and ho rumbelow, row the boat, Norman, row.”*

The freest and boldest of his humorous pieces is perhaps ‘ The Tunnyng (or brewing) of Elinor Rummyng,’ an alewife at Leatherhead. It is a picture in the Dutch style—minute in detail, true and homely in character, hiding nothing, softening nothing. Like one of ‘ Teniers’ ‘ Boors Drinking’ in subject and manner of treatment, it has also something of his facile slightness and bold certainty of touch. Placing you inside Elinor’s common room, he proceeds to give free sketches of the wives who resort there—for all the customers are feminine—having first given a sufficiently unfavourable portrait of Elinor herself.† We may quote a passage or two taken from different parts. This is his account of her business:—

“ But to make up my tale
She breweth noppie ale,
And maketh thereof sale
To travellers, to tinkers,
To sweaters,‡ to swinkers,‡
And all good ale-drinkers,

That will nothing spare,
But drink till they stare
And bring themselves bare,
With, Now away the mare,
And let us slay care,
As wise as an hare !”

Like a prudent alewife, Elinor does not give trust; but if her customers lack cash, she will not refuse goods—

“ Instead of coin and money
Some bring her a coney,
And some a pot with honey,
Some a salt, and some a spoon,
Some their hose, and some their
shoon;
Some ran a good trot,
With a skellet or a pot.

* * * *

Anon cometh another,
As dry as the other,
And with her doth bring
Meal, salt, or other thing,
Her harvest girdle, her wedding ring.

* * * *

Some bringeth her husband’s hood
Because the ale is good;
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap,
With hey, and with ho,
Sit we down in a row
And drink till we blow
And pipe tyrly tyrlow.

Some laid to pledge
Their hatchet and their wedge,
Their heckle and their reel,
Their rock, their spinning wheel;
And some went so narrow,
They laid to pledge their wharrow,
Their ribskin and their spindle,
Their needle and their thimble:
Here was scant thrift
When they made such shift
Their thirst was so great
They asked never for meat,
But drink, still drink,
‘ And let the cat wink !’

* * * *

Some for very need
Laid down a skein of thread.

* * * *

Another sort of sluts
Some brought walnuts,
Some apples, some pears,
Some brought their clipping shears,
Some brought this and that,
Some brought I know not what.”

* The old song from which Skelton took this line, had, according to Fabian the Chronicler, a curious origin. In the 32nd year of Henry VI., he says, John Norman, the lord mayor elect of London, instead of going by land to Westminster on Lord Mayor’s Day to be sworn in, “ brake that ancient and old custom, and was rowed thither by water, for the which the watermen made of him a roundel of song to his great praise, the which began, ‘ Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman;’ and so forth, with a long process.”

† We have given a fac-simile of the curious wood-cut in the original edition, at the commencement of the article.

‡ Labourers.

But he does not leave off telling *what* till he has run through the whole internal economy of a housekeeper of that day; and then he describes their gossip, and scandal, and riotousness. We know something of Leatherhead now, and are happy to be able to say that its housewives retain none of the unpleasant peculiarities with which he has burdened their ancestors. Exaggerated as of course his picture is, it yet shows that intemperate habits were not *less* common then among our labouring population than now, and we may reasonably conclude that scarce in the most wretched quarters of our largest towns could such a sight be seen among the female part of it as, with all the licence of a satirist, could be made to wear such an aspect. If our poet is to be trusted, the women of those days had marvellous swallows. One, "hight Sybil," did

"The pot to her pluck,
To drink a good luck,
And swung up a quart
At once for her part."

To us this piece seems to have been intended as an exposure of the practice of drinking among the women, and then as a sort of gibbeting of the practice. He suffered his theme to lead him into some coarsenesses, but not many, and these not at all beyond the allowed taste of the age. He seems, however, to have felt that he had written too freely and too long on such a subject, for he says in winding up—

"I have written too much
Of this mad mumming
Of Elinor Rummyng."

The curious piece called 'Philip Sparrow' is undoubtedly the most original and most remarkable of his poems. It is a chant mingled with the language of the Latin Service-book,

"For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
That was late slain at Carowe,
Among the nunes black."

A little more free certainly than Cowper's lines on the death of Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch, it is yet without any striking coarseness. Containing one thousand three hundred and eighty lines on the death of a Sparrow, it yet never flags in spirit to the last.

The light buoyant hilarity of the rhyme singularly accords with the whimsical nature of the thoughts. A master of melody as he here proves himself to be, he yet suffers himself to fall into a too frequent repetition of the short lines, inducing thereby a monotony that might have been easily avoided by a more frequent transition of metre. Coleridge calls Philip Sparrow "an exquisite and original poem," and so doubtless it is. The gaiety, constant and agreeable, is coupled throughout with a dancing hilarious measure, while the wit and spirit, the untiring liveliness, the constant surprises, and the wondrous sustainment of the jest—so that when it seems as if the idea were of necessity exhausted, some new turn is suddenly given to it—for like all good jesters he loves to run a bright fancy to the ground—and the oddity of the whole conception, are amazing. At the same time it is a little startling to see a



clergyman make so free with his Missal, however divertingly it may be done ; there is something about it, however, that makes the reader feel that there is no intentional irreverence, even in his boldest use of its most sacred parts. But Skelton, as Mr. Dyce notices, was not the only poet who took liberties with the Roman Service-book ; Chaucer, Lydgate, and several others having been guilty of a like freedom.

We select a few passages from this poem, which are, to our minds, full of a rare poetical beauty :—

“ It had a velvet cap,
And would sit upon my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And some time white bread crumbs ;
And many times and oft
Between my breastes soft
It would lie and rest ;
It was proper and prest.
Sometimes he would gasp
When he saw a wasp ;
A fly or a guat,
He would fly at that ;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant ;
Lord, how he would pry
After the butterfly !
Lord, how he would hop
After the grasshop !
And when I said, Phip, Phip,
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas, it will me slo,
That Philip is gone me fro !
* * * *

These villainous false cats
Were made for mice and rats,

And not for birdes small.
Alas, my face waxeth pale,
Telling this piteous tale,
How my bird so fair,
That was wout to repair,
And go in at my spare,
And creep in at my gore
Of my gown before,
Flickering with his wings !
Alas, my heart it stings
Remembering pretty things !
Alas, mine heart it sleath
My Philip's doleful death,
When I remember it,
How prettily it would sit,
Many times and oft,
Upon my finger aloft !
I played with him tittle tattle,
And fed him with my spattle,
With his bill between my lips ;
It was my pretty Phip's !
Many a pretty kuss
Had I of his sweet muss ;
And now the cause is thus,
That he is slain me fro,
'To my great pain and woe.'

But we must put an end to this article. We cannot ever so slightly notice his personal satires, or those ‘ Against the Scots,’ or his remarkable poem the ‘ Garland of Laurel,’ which, it has been observed, is at least “ in one respect without a parallel : the history of literature affords no second example of a poet having deliberately written sixteen hundred lines in honour of himself.” Nor can we now, as we had intended, give an extract or two from his satires on Wolsey—satires unparalleled at that time in England for boldness, and not exceeded since. That they had some share in hastening the fall of the mighty Cardinal is not impossible, as they point at the circumstances most likely to excite his enemies, and their savage taunts could not have failed to sting him sharply, aimed as they were at his personal defects, and his obscure origin, mingled with mockery of his boundless pride. Skelton overlooks the better parts of Wolsey's character, and there is a suspicious passage in an address to Wolsey in one of the poems which has suggested an opinion that revenge for the loss of a promised prebend may have done something towards exciting his ire. If so, the Cardinal was made to feel that a man of genius and a satirist is a dangerous person to trifle with.

LINES TO A FAIR ABSENTEE.

O STAY with us a week or two,
 While leaves and lambs are round us
 springing—
 The skies may show ten yards of blue,
 And perhaps a nightingale be singing:
 In three more weeks we'll make our hay,
 And have a syllabub and dance—
 Will you, when all looks fresh and gay,
 Once cease to sigh for "la belle France?"
 'Tis true, black English clouds may scatter
 Our hopes of festival and fun,
 But when the rain begins to patter,
 We've in-doors mirth that wants no sun;
 And you will condescend to dine
 On beef, without six entremets,
 And sip one glass of heavy wine,
 And seem to love our flowers of May.
 And then, for haply Hampstead's sands
 May sully not your satin shoe,
 We'll walk, forgetting sunnier lands,
 And fancy England has a view;
 And talk awhile of plains and swains,
 And ploughs and cows, and milk and honey,
 And cottages, where love disdains
 To have the least to do with money.
 I half suspect you've got a soul
 To feel your father-land may merit
 A little kindness, on the whole,
 For some small blessings you inherit;
 It gave you bloom and open smiles,
 Your buoyant hopes and guileless heart—
 Frankness, the best of woman's wiles—
 What else it gave I'll tell apart.

You've not forgot the glorious tongue
 That Shakspeare spake to every clime;
 You wander'd once those groves among
 Where Milton built the lofty rhyme:
 Should young France idly talk of hate,
 Point to your famous island-home,—
 The memories of its good and great,
 Your household gods, where'er you roam.
 Look on the land of faithless skies—
 The verdant mead, the bosky glen,
 The streams where taste with commerce vies,
 The cities populous with men
 Whose busy labours fill the earth
 With wealth, whose vessels crowd each
 sea,—
 Look on this land, it gave you birth,—
 Look on this land, it made you free.
 I think the time may come, when listening
 To smart quadrilles in bowery shades,
 Or gazing on bright tapers glistening
 Midst myrtles in long colonnades,
 You'll send one thought across the main
 To rest on England's cloud-capt head—
 That thought shall herald back again
 Visions and hopes that ne'er were dead.
 But go—when you are tired of staying:—
 Perchance e'en now some shepherd strays
 On Loire's fair banks, his sighs betraying
 That joy fled with la belle Anglaise:
 Believe his sighs, if't be your lot
 To bear an anti-Saxon name,—
 I choose the humblest English cot,
 My country's fate, her pride or shame.

SCRAPS OF THE DAY.

FREE TRADE IN BOOKS.

The '*Quarterly Review*,' in an article which appears in the last number, advocates "the whole system of protection to British industry" in a style we might have read without amazement in the days before Huskisson. It may be entombed with some rival articles in the same work, of a quarter of a century ago. Amongst other amusing fallacies the reviewer asks, "If the protection against foreign reprints of our books is to be removed, what will become of popular authors, of publishers, of master printers, and journeymen printers?" "Are we to have American reprints?" When the writer has procured the repeal of the Copyright Act, which gives popular authors and all authors an exclusive privilege for forty-two years, he may ask the question. Till then, we apprehend, authors and publishers are as safe at home from American piratical re-

prints, as they are from piratical reprints from the presses of their own country.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Queen has commanded that the State apartments of Windsor Castle shall be opened on certain days of the week to the public, without the odious custom of paying fees to the servants who show them. This is a fine example, and one which will be productive of immense good. It is a proper tribute of respect to the people, who have proved that they are fit to be admitted without restraint to the enjoyment of such a social privilege. The vulgar custom of unlocking the treasures of Antiquity and Art by dirty shillings must give place to a generous resolution on the part of their possessors to be the instruments of diffusing pleasure and encouraging taste. Rightly understood, the principle makes the individual possession doubly valuable.

THE OLDLIGHT JUDGMENTS.

 MR. OLDLIGHT GIVES JUDGMENT ON EDUCATION: 1839.

WORSE and worse! A Board of Education; and thirty thousand a-year of the people's hard-earned money to be spent in the instruction of the poor. I wonder what the poor will want next—carriages to ride to their work, I suppose; and club-houses, and assembly rooms. A pretty pass we are come to. Thirty years ago, when that arch-deist, Joseph Lancaster, was setting up his godless schools, I knew what would happen. The old Sunday-school system was bad enough; but now—why, the land is filled with schools. Even the workhouse paupers have their schools. *Not schools enough.* Would you ruin us outright, sir? Heaven knows where all this is to end. For my own part, I am old, and sha'n't see the worst; but if all this schooling doesn't end in revolution—I say no more. Answer me one question—Where are our servants to come from, if this goes on? *The number of domestic servants has doubled in twenty years.* Yes, sir; and a very good reason for it. Since they have learnt to read, we are obliged to have two to do the work of one; they *did* work in the good old times of ignorance. Work! how can they find time to work, when they have their books and their newspapers, and are for ever serawling letters to their sweethearts? We may thank the preeious penny postage for that. Ha! ha! I should like to know what distinetion they will please to leave to us. *Keep before them in knowledge and virtuous example.* And what right have I to be worked in this way? Am I to go to school at my age, that my footman may not look down upon me? But no fear of that. All the reading and writing in the world won't do the vulgar—I beg your pardon, the people—any good in the long run. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The gin-shops will beat the schools, ten to one. Don't tell me. *Twenty thousand gin-shops in London a hundred years ago; consumption of gin five-sixths less than then.* Well, sir; and don't I drink less port wine; don't we all drink less? *General improvement of manners produced by education.* Fudge! the hardness of the times, you mean. Education, indeed! I wish it would mend their language. *Scarcely ever hear an ill word in the streets from a mechanic.* No; they are too cunning for that; they have learnt to be sly; they do not give you a good round volley of oaths, like their honest fathers; they can blaspheme enough when they get by themselves in their pothouses, with their cards, and their dice, and their flash songs. I know all about that. Do you think I never heard of the Dog and Duck, and the Bull in the Pound, and the Blue Cat? I have heard the chimes at midnight. *No such places now.* There are a great many worse then, that we know nothing about. I should like to know how they spend their evenings. *Coffee-houses.* Oh ay—of course. Just like Addison and Steele at Wills's, I suppose. A pretty scene of riot it must be. *They quietly read the 'Times' or the 'Quarterly Review.'* Don't be imposed upon, sir. They have some new 'Rights of Man' to read; plenty of sedition, plenty of blasphemy, plenty of obscenity. *The good publications have driven out the bad ones, for the most part.* They hide the bad ones, sir; they are sold in seeret; they are sold—I shouldn't wonder if they are sold—to ten times the amount of what you call the good ones. *The secrecy is a proof of their infrequency.* Is it?—*Indecent books were formerly openly sold in Fleet Street and the Strand.* No, sir, I don't recollect that; and if they were, more shame for the sellers and the buyers. But I do say, the more readers the more bad books. *The general standard of taste*

and morals is raised, and the profligate works are despised and avoided. Taste, forsooth! What have they to do with taste? I thought taste was a quality that belonged to those who had leisure for its cultivation. There was a time, and I remember it, when your squire of five thousand a-year would have turned up his nose if you talked to him of taste; and now the mason, and the carpenter, and the weaver, and the tailor are to meddle with taste. *They will do their work better.* I should like to know how you prove that? *Source of enjoyment opened to all.* Source of fiddlestick. Sir, I want to have no man educated above his condition. I heartily agree with honest old Mandeville—"To make society happy, and people easy, under the meanest circumstances, it is requisite that great numbers of them should be ignorant as well as poor." Can you answer that, sir? *In a state where the democratic element so greatly prevails, ignorance is the most to be dreaded.* And why, sir,—and why? Don't answer me. When men learn to read newspapers universally, and study books, they begin to talk of rights; and then they plot, and they conspire, and break out into insurrection—and away goes property. *These are the effects of ignorance.* Bother! Do you ever expect that all their reading will teach them not "to covet and desire other men's goods?" You do, do you? And perhaps also teach them "to learn and labour truly to get their own living." You do? *Whatever mistakes the great body of working men have committed, they are learning very fast that their best protection is the maintenance of order.* Who told you that? I have seen Spa-fields meetings, and have heard of riots in St. George's Fields, and I never knew mobs who were lovers of order. *Working men are not necessarily mobs.* I say, sir, working men,—the poor,—read or write, or not read or write—taste or no taste—have no notion but that of force for the remedy of complaint. *This is to mistake the character of one age for another.* No, sir. They will always be the prey of demagogues. Every age has its Wilkes and its Hunt. Look at Ireland, sir. *The best illustration of the difference between political ignorance and political knowledge.* Oh, if you come to that, I have done! Political knowledge! If you come to political knowledge as the result of education, good bye, Old England. I did hope that we might have been able to save ourselves in spite of the reading and writing, and taste, if you will. But political knowledge! Oh!!!

SHREDS OF THE PAST.

Descriptions of our own country by foreigners have always something of instruction in them. They generally mortify our vanity, which is good; they sometimes show us in what our real merit consists, which is equally good. They are seldom unprejudiced, they are occasionally ridiculous; and these circumstances ought to show us the difficulty of judging correctly of foreign habits and manners.

One of the earliest of these descriptions of England is that of Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, who was in Great Britain in the last two years of King Edward VI., and saw some of the remarkable events that marked the commencement of the reign of Queen Mary. His 'Description of

the Kingdoms of England and Scotland' was published at Paris in 1558. The original tract is of great rarity; but it was reprinted, with another Frenchman's account of England, by Gough, the antiquary, in 1775. There are few more odd books in any language; but there can be little doubt of the fidelity of his notices of what he saw. His hatred of the English seems to have been a genuine sentiment of revenge for the hatred which he saw bestowed by our people upon his own countrymen. The French reality, or affectation, of dislike to us at the present day has no such excuse.

We translate a few passages that at any rate may amuse our readers; prefacing them with a brief remark.

THE PERFIDIOUS ENGLISH.

Young France uses no novel term when she calls us "*Les Perfides Anglais*." The wars of the Edwards and Henries earned us this. But they might have saved us from the reproach of cowardice. Master Perlin starts with this general summary of our national character:—"It may be said of the English, neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful; and, as the Spaniard says, England is a good land with bad people."

NATIONAL HATREDS.

Master Stephen Perlin interlards his book with English phrases, which are not very easy to interpret. We might hope that his acquaintance with our manners was as limited as his knowledge of our language, if we had not other evidence that our excellent forefathers of the sixteenth century had some tolerably strong antipathies. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French, as their old enemies, and always call us *France chenesve*, *France dogue*, and, besides, they call us *or son*." We should scarcely guess, without an interpretation, that *chenesve* meant knaves. Again:

"The people are proud and seditious, with bad consciences, and are faithless to their word, as experience has taught. These villains hate all sorts of foreigners; and although they have a good land and a good country, they are all constantly wicked and moved by every wind; for now they will love a prince; turn your hand, they will wish him killed and crucified."

ENGLISH LOVE OF LETTERS.

"In this kingdom of England there are two universities, viz. Cambruges and Auxonne, called in Latin *Auxonia*, Cambrueche, in Latin *Cambrusium*. The people of the country do not frequent them at all or very little, and do not give themselves up much to letters, but only to vanity and ambition, and merchandise." * * * "The people are reprobates, and all enemies to good manners and letters."

THE AXE AND THE GIBBET.

Master Perlin describes, with some curious circumstantiality, the fatal attempt to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne. He was present at the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, which seems, as it naturally might, to have made a strong impression upon him. "A lamentable thing to see a man beneath whom a whole kingdom

trembled, to see him in the hands of an executioner; and the executioner was lame (for I was present at the execution), and he had a white apron like a butcher. This great lord made great lamentations and regrets at death, and said this oration in English, throwing himself on his two knees, looking up to heaven, and weeping passionately: '*Lorde God mi fatre prie jort ous poores siners nond vaud in the hoore of our theath*;' which means in French, '*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pecheurs, et principalement à l'heure de nostre mort*.' And after the execution you might have seen little children taking up the blood that had fallen through the chinks of the scaffold on which he had been decapitated. In this country they place the head on a pole of wood."

Some pages onward the good physician makes some sensible observations on the uncertainty of life in England to the noble and the great: "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd and preserve my head. For this affliction falls furiously upon the heads of the great nobles. For you will see these great lords in grand pomp and magnificence for a time; turn your hand, you will see them in the hands of the executioner."

'The great lords had the poor privilege of dying by the axe. The gibbet did its work upon the common people. Our penal laws were the opprobrium of Europe even three hundred years ago, and yet we scarcely began to reform them till our own generation. Hear how this foreigner regarded us, ye legislators. "In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country: for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled." * * *

"In England there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, he would be condemned to die. It is true, there are only two kinds of justice, namely, hanging and decapitation; and thus a malefactor gains as much by doing a great deal of evil as a little, which ought not to be; and the practice is better in France, where there are several kinds of punishments according to the crime. In this island they have no wheel, nor any other punishments than the two I have mentioned. They make the poor criminals and condemned malefactors

suffer on gibbets of wood outside the city, if they are not Milords, barbarously in French Milours, whom they kill in London to terrify the people."

ENGLISH CHEER.

With all his dislike of us, the Frenchman seemed to relish our hospitality. He talks of the good cheer that he had, "unworthy as he was," at the house of the Lord Ouardon [Lord Warden]. Of the commonalty he says, "The people of this place make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns, and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses, in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany or Spain in a month. For you will see hatters and joiners, artizans, generally playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working-day. And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day with rabbits, and hares, and every sort of food." * * *

"The English one with the other are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church in which music is not sung: and they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis dring a quarta rim oim gasquim oim hespaignol, oim malvoysi*; which means, *veux tu venir boire une quarte de vin du gascoigne, une autre d'espaigne, et une autre de malvoisie*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou*; and you will reply to them in their language *iplaigiu*. If you thank them, you say to them in their language, *god tanque artelay*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agond oiu*. Now, remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. The servants wait on their masters bareheaded, and leave their bonnets on the buffet." * * *

"They use a great deal of beer, double and single, and they drink it not in glasses, but in earthenware pots of which the handles are of silver, and the cover; and this in houses where they are rather rich. For among the poor the covers of the beer-pots are merely of pewter, and in some places above villages the beer-pots are only of wood. They use much whiter bread than in France, and it was in my time as

cheap as in France; and with their beer they have a custom of using very soft cakes, in which there are raisins, and which make you find the double beer very good; and I have had formerly at the Rie, a sea-port, as good as ever I drank in any country in the world. The people of this country are very good in the furniture of their houses, as good as any people in the world."

SHOPS AND HOUSES.

"In this country all shops of all trades are open, like those of the barbers in France, and they have a great many openings of glass, as well in the workshops as in the higher chambers; for in the chambers you will see many windows of glass, and in almost all the houses of every town, although they belong to tradespeople; and all the houses here are like the working places of the barbers of France, as well above as below; and you will see in their workshops and windows, as often in towns as in villages, a great many flowers, and in taverns a great deal of hay on the wooden benches, and many tapestried cushions on which the travellers sit down."

"The English make great use of tapestries and of painted linens, which are well done, and on which are many magnificent roses embellished with fleurs de lis and lions, for you can enter but few houses where you do not find these tapestries."

THE COUNTRY.

Master Perlin does not confine his observations to the towns and cities, of which he says there are not more than twenty-five enclosed with walls and ditches.

"The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps which are called in English *amphores* [stiles], and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds; persons on horseback do not go thus, but go on the high road between trees and bushes. In this country there are no shepherds who generally keep the sheep, but they usually leave them in the woods morning and evening, and in the open fields." He tells us, moreover, that "the English are excellent at all sorts of fruits, as apricots and peaches." The people are all armed; and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field.

We conclude with Master Perlin's last words, "And this is enough about England."

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT LAW AND LAWYERS.

WE are far from holding either that "whatever is right," or that whatever is law is right; but neither do we think, with some, that laws and lawyers are merely the cobwebs and spiders of the social system, and fit only to be swept away by the broom of rational reform. We fear that, whatever may be the defects of the existing system of law in our own or any other country, the thing itself is a social necessity; and we fear farther that some of the inconveniences which half thinkers and popular declaimers are most in the habit of objecting to the law and its practitioners are, at least to a certain extent, inherent in the very nature of law, of society, and of human affairs.

To begin with, perhaps, the loudest and commonest of these cries; what is it that is really the chief source of the *expensiveness* of law proceedings? It is what no possible or imaginable legal reform could do away with. Wherever there are any useless formalities to be gone through, productive of nothing but fees and delay, by all means let them be abolished; let the sole object and rule of every arrangement be to have cases investigated as thoroughly, but also as expeditiously and as economically, as possible; still it is evident that this cannot in general be done without a considerable pecuniary expenditure. In the great majority of cases the principal outlay is upon the witnesses. How would our wholesale reformers remedy or get rid of this inconvenience? By limiting the right of calling witnesses? There is no principle upon which any such limitation could be laid down; the attempt would be absurd, and tantamount to a denial of justice; and it would certainly and reasonably be felt to be a much greater grievance than any that can be said to be entailed by the liberty parties actually have of calling as many or as few witnesses as they please, in other words, of extending or limiting their expenditure in that direction at their convenience, or as they may think fit. Then the only other way that could be taken would be to reduce the allowances to witnesses. If the actual allowances be extravagant, it is proper that they should be reduced; but does anybody think that they are? To reduce them below a fair compensation for a witness's loss of time would be manifestly unjust; it is hardship enough that a person, having and taking no interest in the case upon which he is summoned to give evidence, should be forced to give his attendance even in circumstances when perhaps twice or ten times the allowance would not compensate him for being so withdrawn from his proper concerns. And no injustice would be more generally felt; it would be, in fact, to tax all the rest of the community for the convenience of litigants. A party who is compelled to go to law is often, no doubt, simply unfortunate; he may be dragged into court, whether he appear as plaintiff or as defendant, without having been to blame, or being able to help himself; still this can be no reason why the public at large, and not the parties, should generally bear the burthen of law proceedings. Only in the case when, as in criminal prosecutions, the private prosecutor is performing a public duty, has even the party who may prove to be in the right any claim upon the public purse; in all other cases, in all disputes about property, or about injuries to be compensated by damages, his proper resource is upon the party found to be in the wrong. Give every man the right of going to law whenever he chooses at the cost of other people, and there would be litigation enough. That would undoubtedly be the best state of things, the true age of gold, for the lawyers; they would have ten or a hundred times as much business as they have at present. But their clients would be no better off than they are now; and everybody else would be a great deal worse off. It seems plain, therefore, that in regard to this main item of the expense of law proceedings, the witnesses out of whose

testimony the merits of the case, or the facts upon which judgment is to be pronounced, are chiefly to be extracted, nothing can be done—nothing at least by introducing any new principle into the system of the law.

Of course, there are other expenses ; there are attorney's bills, and there are fees to counsel. But in what way are these charges to be reduced, any more than the expenses of witnesses ? They are not kept up by any real monopoly, by anything that practically operates as such. The professions of a barrister and of an attorney are open to all ; it is true that certain preliminary forms are required to be gone through by persons entering either, as is the case also in the profession of medicine ; but nobody, generally speaking, who chooses to submit to the required initiation, is excluded. Any one may become a barrister or an attorney, just as he may become a merchant or a farmer. At any rate, the actual number both of attorneys and barristers is sufficiently great effectually to prevent fees and law charges from maintaining anything like a monopoly elevation. It is not any monopoly which he possesses that procures Sir Thomas Wilde a fee of twenty or thirty guineas with the same brief that might be put into the hands of a less eminent member of the bar with one of five or ten ; it is the competition of clients for his services, which would, there is every probability, be quite as eager as it is if there were nothing to prevent any person who chose from practising as a barrister—unless, indeed, it should be argued that there would be a better chance of finding an able advocate on the streets than among those who have devoted their lives to the study and practice of the law in Westminster Hall. Rare skill, in whatever department, will always command a high reward : large fees are given with their briefs to a Wilde or an Austin ; and correspondingly liberal payments are and must be made to a Stevenson or a Brunel for their professional services of another kind. Yet in the profession of civil engineering there is not even the form or shadow of monopoly or exclusive privilege.

The conclusion to which we are driven, then, upon this head, seems to be, that no reform of the law could materially reduce the cost of litigation. If, as we have already observed, there be any unnecessary fees of court exacted from suitors, these might and ought to be abolished ; but that is all that could be done. The investigation of, it may be, a very extended and complicated train of disputed or obscure facts cannot be accomplished without trouble and expense ; and, if the parties will have the ablest assistance in conducting their cause that is to be procured, they must pay the proper or natural price for what cannot but be costly in all circumstances and under any system that could be set up.

We may say nearly the same thing of another matter of frequent complaint, and text of invective or sarcasm against the law,—its *uncertainty*. It is, of course, uncertain ; for the decision of every case is an exercise of human judgment, which is confessedly both fallible and various. To a certain extent the law is and must be a sort of lottery ; no two men would go to law with one another if each did not think that he had a chance of what both cannot have,—a decision in his favour. But the uncertainty lies in the nature of things, in the case that is to be tried, and not in the law. Every case that is brought into a court of law is a contest of probabilities ; and whenever such a contest is nearly balanced, different minds will be liable to come to different conclusions about the question at issue, and there will always exist the chance or possibility of its being decided erroneously. Human justice can only be at the best an endeavour to be just. Whatever stands in the way of such an endeavour being made with the best chance of a right result, should be removed or rectified ; the law is not what it ought to be until that is done ; indeed, that is the first or principal thing to be kept

in view in all legal reforms; but yet it is an end to which only an approximation can ever be made, which never can be fully or literally attained. A court of law is essentially an arena of conflict, a battle-field; and the battles there fought must have the uncertainty of all other battles. They would not otherwise be fought or entered upon. There would be no use for courts of law to try disputed cases, if the issue of every such case were not more or less uncertain. But the uncertainty is not in the law, nor made by the law. It lies in the case itself, in the question which the court is called upon to decide; and it comes out of imperfections and disabilities inherent in our human nature, which no legal or other reform can cure.

Nay, further, owing to the same causes, it is not possible so to constitute and administer law as that its operation shall be universally just and protective, as that it shall not sometimes hinder right and promote or perpetrate wrong and oppression. This is an infirmity that belongs to everything human, or of human contrivance. The very machine that manufactures the most useful material products will occasionally injure or destroy life. Every good thing is attended with some drawback of evil; that is the condition or necessity of the state of being to which we belong. The utmost that any institution, or other arrangement whatever, can produce, is a balance of good. It may be a small, or it may be a considerable or a large balance; and the effort of all reform or improvement will be to make it as large as possible; but it can never be made more than a balance; it can never be so heightened as to exclude the possibility, or even the actual occurrence, of some evil,—evil, we mean, arising out of the very arrangements or contrivances which produce the overbalance of good. Trite as these truths are, as well as incontrovertible, it is wonderful how often they seem to be forgotten. Indeed the art of exciting popular discontent consists chiefly in taking hold of some occasional inconvenience incidental to the institution that is to be assailed, and, by directing attention strongly upon that exceptional instance of its operation, making it appear to be not the exception but the rule, not the occasional but the general or only effect. The true answer to such a mode of misrepresentation is, to call upon the objector to propose distinctly not only his objections but his scheme of reform. Any institution that exists may be attacked and made to appear deserving of being overthrown, if it be enough for that purpose to show that it does not always work beneficially. The true question is, will its abolition or alteration leave us better off upon the whole. Till that question is determined, anything else that can be said on the subject is only idle declamation and noise. Mere objection is the most vulgar and the easiest of all easy and vulgar things; there is nothing that is not in something objectionable. And the spirit of objection carried into action is not necessarily an exercise of reason at all. To build up or to reform is a species of creation, the proper work of the gods, or of the highest human intellects; to subvert and destroy requires only brute force and violence. The one is the rarest of all powers or faculties; the other the commonest. To build St. Paul's was the labour of a Christopher Wren for thirty years; the rudest mob might pull it down in a few weeks. So with any system of jurisprudence, or government, or society; it may be laid in ruins, if that be all that is wanted, as effectually by utter ignorance and incompetency as by the application of the highest faculties. No man of sense, or reflection, therefore, can suppress a feeling of contempt, when he sees any pretended reform whatever attempted to be urged on mere grounds of objection or fault-finding. That is only one side of the case, upon which no conclusion will be come to by any mind that is either wise or just. The only sufficient argument for any reform is not, This is bad, but This other will be better.

There is indeed a doctrine afloat which would persuade us that all law is and must be upon the whole mischievous, inasmuch as even a law which is good or harmless at the time of its enactment cannot continue to be so when the circumstances of society have changed, and that thus it must both operate as an obstacle in the way of social progress and improvement, and form a deduction from the improvement after it has been achieved. It is quite true that all laws and institutions have a conservative tendency; they make change more difficult, whether for the worse or for the better. But is the principle of conservation to be banished from society? It is as important, as indispensable, as the principle of progress; indeed, strictly speaking, it is more truly indispensable, for a society could exist without progress, but not without conservation. The progressive element does not enter into the oriental form of civilization at all. An objectionable law is no doubt sometimes a little difficult to remove; it also costs some trouble to uproot an old tree when the alteration of everything around it may have made it no longer good either for shelter or ornament; but, because such is the case, are no more trees to be planted and reared? To say that we ought not to make laws because it is possible that they may some day or other require to be repealed, is the same thing as it would be to say that we ought not to build ourselves houses because the best of them in course of time are sure to become uninhabitable or unsuitable, and cumberers of the ground. The thing to do with a law which has become useless or mischievous is to repeal it, as the thing to do with a house no longer wanted, or which stands inconveniently in the way, is to pull it down. The trouble of the removal is the insignificant price which is paid in either case for accommodations and benefits which are quite indispensable. As for laws being by their nature stationary, why so are many other things which yet we can no more do without than we can do without law. Besides, if some things, nay, many things, were not stationary, progress itself would be impossible, for society could not even subsist. No system need attempt to move forward without first making sure that it can hold together—that it is really a system or solid body, and not a mere vapour, or puff of smoke, for every wind to make its sport of.

There may be many things wrong and requiring correction in the law, and some things in the ordinary practice of barristers; but several of the most popular charges against the bar, as well as of those against the law, certainly proceed upon misconception and very partial views. We will instance one or two. No charge, perhaps, against the usages of the bar is more frequently heard, or more triumphantly urged, than that barristers are guilty of positive dishonesty in not returning their fees when circumstances have prevented them from appearing in court at the hearing of the case. But let this matter be fairly stated. If the fee is retained in such circumstances, it is known that it will be so retained when it is offered. It is not the barrister who seeks the client; but the client, or the attorney, that comes and makes application to the barrister. This is the rigidly enforced rule of the profession. If clients, or their agents, will go to a barrister whose services are in such request that there is a chance of his being retained in some other court when their cause is called, they know their risk, and they have nothing to complain of but their ill luck, and their too aspiring ambition, if they shall afterwards find themselves to have thrown away their money. It would be thought a still greater hardship that they should not be allowed the chance of securing the assistance of the most eminent counsel, because no more than a chance was attainable. Attorneys and clients show that they are willing to trust their cases to this mere chance, because they actually do so in preference to seeking other counsel less in request, which they

may do if they choose. Some people, indeed, might perhaps think it a better arrangement that both lawyers and doctors should return their fees whenever the former fail in gaining the cause, or the latter in curing the disease. There are medical practitioners, we believe (though not ranking the highest in the general estimation), who act, or profess to act, upon that principle. Meanwhile the common feeling seems to be that it is not becoming that either lawyers or physicians should make their confidential services matter of bargaining and huckstering. Besides, is a barrister not to be paid for reading his brief, and studying the case, because, from no fault of his, it has been impossible for him to be present when it was tried?

Another common charge against the profession of the law, that it is the business and the practice of its members to take up all causes indiscriminately, and to defend with equal zeal right and wrong, truth and falsehood, innocence and guilt, is in fact a charge not against the law and lawyers, but against the insufficiency of human judgment and the very nature or constitution of things. It is asked why should a guilty man ever be defended? It may as well be asked, why should an innocent man ever be tried or indicted? The answer is, for the one question as well as for the other, that till the trial has taken place it cannot be known whether he be innocent or guilty. The rule of the profession, therefore, is, and must be, generally, the same with the rule of common humanity and of common sense, that every man is to be presumed to be innocent until he has been proved to be guilty. What would be the consequence of adopting any other principle? What would follow if counsel were to take upon themselves to refuse their services in every case in which it might appear to them that the side upon which it was sought to engage them was the wrong one? To propose that they should so act is tantamount to proposing that in their hands should be left the real determination of all causes—that they, upon hearing one side, and not the courts, after a full hearing of both sides, should decide where the right lies. If this would be an improved arrangement, the reform ought to be made openly, not introduced covertly and indirectly. But it is the last alteration that ought to be desired by those who cry out against the bar as already too powerful or influential. It is necessary, in order to prevent the bar from being an intolerable despotism, that a barrister when a brief is offered him should in ordinary circumstances have no choice. At the same time, there are two subsidiary considerations bearing upon this matter, which ought not to be forgotten. In the first place, no counsel will advise a client to go into court with a case which he believes to be a bad one, and his advice will usually be taken. Secondly, even when the case would be thought by most disinterested persons to be bad, it will seldom appear to be so to the counsel who has taken it up; he identifies himself with it, and looks at it with all the prejudices and passions of partisanship. From these two causes it will happen nine times out of ten that the reasonings of counsel accord with their convictions, and that there is in the part they act no insincerity whatever. But even if it were otherwise, it is, we repeat, what cannot be helped. Either causes must not be argued at all, or they must be argued sometimes by counsel who do not believe the pleas they urge to be good. In the case of a person criminally accused, if he be defended at all, of course every consideration likely to produce an impression of his innocence, or at least a doubt of his guilt, must be presented as strongly as possible. There are delicacies to be attended to in the performance of this duty; but it could not be to any useful purpose performed at all if the professional rule were to be that no counsel should defend a prisoner of whose innocence he was not himself convinced. It is surely as much as can be desired for the worst or weakest cases that the want of such conviction in the counsel should mar, as it always will more or less do, the defence.

ENIGMA II.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
 Of passions and of pains,
 Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
 Of kisses and of chains ;
 He said, though Love was kin to Grief,
 She was not born to grieve ;
 He said, though many rued belief,
 She safely might believe.
 But still the Lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.

He said my first, whose silent car
 Was slowly wandering by,
 Veiled in a vapour faint and far,
 Through the unfathomed sky,
 Was like the smile, whose rosy light
 Across her young lips past,
 Yet oh ! it was not half so bright,
 It changed not half so fast.
 But still the Lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
 Upon his raven hair,
 And drew his rapier from its sheath,
 Which made the lady stare,
 And said, his life blood's purple flow
 My second there should dim,
 If she he served and worshipped so
 Would weep one tear for him.—
 But still the Lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.



THE EYE-WITNESS.

I. THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENTARY ceremonial had its peculiar importance, as Parliamentary proceedings frequently involved their dangers, during the period of the long struggle between prerogative and privilege. Men were then taught practically that the violation of a form might involve the destruction of a right. A striking instance is afforded in the life of Sir Thomas More, when he was Speaker of the House of Commons. Cardinal Wolsey, in all his pride and pomp, came down, demanding, in the name of the royal tiger, Henry VIII., the prompt passing of a money bill. Dread of the prerogative made the House admit the Cardinal; but respect for their privilege kept every member silent. At last the courageous, learned, honest, but wary Speaker, dropped on his knees, excused the silence of the House, and entreated the Cardinal to leave them to their deliberations, as his presence inspired them with awe and disturbed their composure.

Other instances will crowd on the recollection of every reader. Members of the House of Commons may introduce a bill, if they can gain permission, without the hazard of a commitment to the Tower; and very great freedom of debate may be indulged in, without the fear of a monarch coming in person to perform the executive office of arrestment. Matters have flowed in more defined channels since 1668. Parliament has had its struggles, resisting, often ineffectually, breaches of its ceremonial privileges. But the struggle has more frequently been with the new and growing powers of the people and the press, than with the royal prerogative. We do not apprehend now that any future British Solomon will tear from the Journals of the House of Commons the resolution which affirms that "the liberties, franchises, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted inheritance of the subjects of England." As little do we dread that there is any likelihood of such an occurrence as that of some future hero and champion of Parliamentary power against Royal assumption entering the House of Commons, ordering "that bauble" to be taken away, and coolly locking the doors. And equally remote may the time be when the Restoration of one sovereign or the Flight of another, as in the cases of the two brothers, Charles II. and James II., may render it necessary for the Legislature to assemble without that preliminary action of the Crown which is one of its inherent prerogatives.

The meeting of a new Parliament differs from the ordinary opening of a Session. A demise of the Crown, a ministerial defeat, a political combination, or a state necessity, may render a General Election expedient at any period of the year, and consequently compel the assembling of the Legislature in spring, in summer, in autumn, or in winter. And the first proceedings at the opening of a new Parliament differ from those of the first day of the opening of an ordinary Session. A new Parliament is opened by Royal Commission, even if the sovereign should intend to come down personally in order to deliver the Royal Speech. The members of the Legislature have to be sworn in. The House of Commons has to choose its Speaker; and these preliminary proceedings usually occupy three or four days before the regular business is commenced. But with an ordinary Session the first day is the first day of business, and the Royal Speech the first legislative movement; though, after it has been delivered, the House of Commons always transact some *pro formâ* business, as the first reading of a bill, in order to assert and maintain a standing privilege that the consideration of the Royal Speech is not essentially the first business which they are bound to entertain.

We now regard the annual opening of the Session of Parliament as one of those

events which are almost as certain in their recurrence as the periodical succession of the seasons. But the change of the usual time, both of opening and of duration, is significant of a great change in our social condition. Parliament no longer meets in November, to be prorogued towards the end of May, as was the usual case when George the Third was king. We hear far less now of the "odious country" and the "charming town," comparisons so frequent in the mouths of fashionable dames, when the smell of the lamps at the theatres of Drury Lane or Covent Garden was considered more fragrant than that of the green fields. Winter travelling has lost most of its difficulties and its terrors: railroads have brought the constituency of Orkney and Shetland within reasonable distance of the metropolis; and improvements in agriculture, multiplicity of social comforts and in-door enjoyments, and a thousand things unknown to our forefathers, render residence in the country endurable till after Christmas, even by the most fastidious. The usual period, therefore, for the opening of an ordinary Session is towards the end of the month of January or the beginning of February; of late it has almost invariably been the latter month, though circumstances in the present year have caused the Cabinet, as the responsible advisers of the Crown, to assemble the Legislature at so early a day as the 22nd of January.

Should the weather on the appointed day be even only barely tolerable, we may, in passing down St. James's Park towards Palace Yard, remark the crowd which on each side densely hedges the road of the royal procession. This was strikingly exemplified on the opening of the present Session. The morning was lowering after a night of storm, yet a greater crowd than usual was assembled. Those who are unable or unwilling to get a place may obtain a precarious elevation on chairs, tables, and forms, at all rates, from a penny to a shilling. A similar spectacle may be witnessed in Whitehall and Parliament Street. The windows are crowded, temporary erections are filled, the great object of the spectators, especially of the ladies, being to see the Queen, whose youth, sex, and universal popularity since she came to the throne, have rendered royal processions favourite sights with the public. Yet the scene itself presents but little variation or novelty from year to year. The state-coach now rolls over a level road from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords: ruts have not now to be filled up with fagots, in order to render its passage more easy, as was the case a century ago. But the royal procession and the royal speech have each assumed conventional forms, from which deviation is rare. The state-coach and the state-coachman have much the same aspect which they exhibited to our forefathers, who, in square-cut coats and square-toed shoes, long-flapped waistcoats, bob-wigs, and bright buckles, gazed on similar scenes. Yet each generation retains its interest, even in the outside show; for it is the preliminary act which opens the annual proceedings of a Legislature, whose empire extends over nearly fifty colonies in all parts of the globe, which has annually to raise fifty millions sterling of money, and to provide for the perpetually varying concerns of a little island crowded with an ever-swelling population, and a country whose material interests are every day changing their character and nature.

Having threaded our way through the crowd that surrounds the entrance of the House of Lords, we pass into the oblong narrow room, which provides the upper branch of the Legislature with temporary accommodation until the New Houses of Parliament (whose turrets are seen through the windows) are completed. At the upper end of the room, on a slightly elevated platform, are three chairs richly decorated: the centre one is the throne; it is a permanent fixture of the House of Lords. The other two chairs are of a temporary nature, arising out of the personal relations

of the reigning sovereign. One is for the accommodation of the royal consort, Prince Albert; the other, a small one, is reserved for the juvenile Prince of Wales, whose actual presence, however, on these grand occasions has not yet gratified the longing eyes of the ladies. On either side, immediately above the throne, are two small galleries ascended by narrow stairs; and ranged along the walls, in rows of two and three, are the crimson-covered benches for the peers, the "bench of bishops" being on the right of the woolsack, and near the throne. At the foot of the table in the centre sit the "clerks of Parliament," three in number, in legal costume. Behind them are a few "cross benches," which are occasionally, but not invariably, supposed conventionally to be occupied by those peers whose opinions place them in a neutral or midway position between "Her Majesty's Government" and "Her Majesty's Opposition." As an illustration, we may notice that the present Duke of Richmond most usually occupies and speaks from a seat on the "cross benches." Below is the bar, and "the space below the bar;" while overhead a gallery accommodates the reporters and other "strangers."

Every available space for visitors is already occupied by a fair and fashionable throng. The two little galleries on each side of the throne—the space around it, leaving barely standing room for the procession which enters with the sovereign—side seats and window recesses in the body of the House, are filled with peeresses, the wives and daughters of peers, foreign ambassadors, and occasionally distinguished foreign personages who may be in England at the time. The larger gallery over the bar is crowded with those who have been admitted by tickets from the lord chamberlain, the front row being all that is left for the reporters of the daily press.

What a buzz fills the atmosphere! The ladies cannot be censured for contributing their portion to the loud though confused conversational sounds, for the peers set them a notable example. The body of the House is the only spot which is comparatively empty; and as the peers enter one by one in their robes, they gather in groups, shake hands, congratulate each other, laugh at mutual jokes, and present altogether a scene of hilarious negligence. The mirth is infectious; and even the ladies suspend their busy whisperings and anxious inquiries, to join in the smiles, and catch, if they can, the occasionally very animated observations of individual peers. But the House begins to fill more rapidly; and the Judges, as they enter, attract attention by the distinctive peculiarities of the judicial costume.

A blare of trumpets! It announces the arrival, not of the Queen, but of some one of royal lineage. In a few minutes the Duke of Cambridge makes his appearance, accompanied perhaps (as was the case in 1845) by the young Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, who stands for a few minutes at the foot of the throne gazing on the brilliant scene. The space is confined; the crowd is great; but the general effect is exceedingly animating. Peers in their robes; in the galleries and side spaces a profusion of uniforms, scarlet and blue, covered with sashes and orders; the white lawn of the bishops, and the ermine of the judges; with the varied but rich dresses of the ladies, offer a combination and present a picture which is the admiration of every artistic eye. In the midst of the talk, impatient glances are directed towards the clock; and presently the distant reverberations of cannon announce that the royal procession is on its way. By and by, a rolling sound of cheering approaches nearer and nearer, until it is heard coming directly from the outside of the walls; the ministers and noblemen, whose business it is to escort Her Majesty into the House, have disappeared: and a long swell of trumpets announces that the Queen has passed through the main entrance into the robing-chamber.

The hubbub within the House of Lords has subsided into expectant silence, and

the peers are all in their places. A slight commotion is perceptible at the side-doors, which presently are flung open; and the whole assembly rises, as with "a rushing noise," and stand awaiting the entrance of the sovereign. Heralds, pursuivants, equerries, and ushers pour in, clothed in their quaint but rich costume; and they are followed by the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal, and the noblemen who carry respectively the cap of maintenance, the sword of state, and the crown on its gorgeous cushion. The Queen is close behind, the crimson velvet robe covering the rich dress. A tiara of diamonds and the insignia of the Order of the Garter complete the regal costume. Her Majesty leans upon the arm of Prince Albert, who wears his Orders and a field-marshal's uniform; and the royal pair, as they pass on to the throne, are followed by the ladies of the household and attendant pages.

The procession files on either side of the throne; and the Queen, composedly seating herself on the throne, in a low but distinct tone desires their lordships to be seated. The command is obeyed; the whole assembly resume their seats. Meantime the Usher of the Black Rod receives instruction to summon the House of Commons. He proceeds to the door of the Lower House; knocks, enters, and, with three formal obeisances, advances to the table, and informs the Speaker that Her Majesty desires the attendance of her faithful Commons in the other House. The Black Rod retires with like formality as he entered; the Serjeant-at-arms takes up the mace, and precedes the Speaker, who is dressed in his state gold-laced gown, only worn on solemnities like the present. The members of the Commons fall into file behind them; and when the attendance is numerous, as is frequently the case on the opening of the Session, the tramp of feet, the jostling noise, which is heard from the narrow passage, and occasionally the cry of "Order, order," from the Speaker, announce their approach before they fill the space below the bar.

The Lord Chancellor drops on one knee, and presents the Royal Speech to the Queen. For a moment there is "expressive silence," which is broken by a voice of womanly softness, yet clear, articulate, and sweet, pronouncing the words "My lords and gentlemen." Every paragraph is read with due order and appropriate emphasis; not a word is lost; particular passages are marked by intelligent expression, especially whenever allusion is made to that "Divine Providence" to whose protecting and guiding care Her Majesty commends the deliberations of the Legislature.

The scene is over: the Queen departs with the same state as she came; the band plays the royal anthem as the state carriage is in motion; the Peers adjourn to unrobe, the Commons to their own House, each taking a breathing space of an hour or two before they proceed to the debate on the Address. Political events rendered both the royal speech and the subsequent debate more than ordinarily interesting in 1846. Each of the leaders of the two great political parties gave explanations of the circumstances which had led to cabinet revolutions; and which have perhaps been as remarkable as any in modern times.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S EXECRATION.

For the Use of the Anti-Classical Educationists.

WHAT a plaguy old Gammer
Is that Madam Grammar!
With her moods and her tenses,
To bother our senses;
With her cases and genders,
Worse than ten Witch of Endors;

With her tropes and her figures,
To toil us like Niggers;
And with parsing and scanning,
To set one a banning.
I wish Captain Rock
Would burn *hic, hæc, hoc*;

I never will choose a
 Wife that sings *Musa*;
 Nor love to hear sister
 Lisp out *Magister*.
 For a lass to say *Dominus*,
 I hold it quite ominous:
 Fair lady, I beg no
 More *regnum* nor *regno*.
 Lads that con *nubes*
 Turn out crazy boobies;
 And he that learns *lapis*,
 A baboon and an ape is.
 To pore over *Opus*
 Will make you a mopus.
 Ne'er bind your wit 'prentice
 To *Parens-Parentis*.
 Sure Nature ne'er made us
 To bungle with *Gradus*;
 Or to bring on lean macies
 With staring at *facies*.
 The *cases all six*
 I wish were at Styx;
 And the *singular number*
 At the bottom of Humber;
 And likewise the *plural*
 On the mountains of Ural:
 And so I knock down
 Each *substantive noun*.
 For the helpless *adjective*
 A great disrespect I've.
 What a wearisome *onus*
 Is that good-for-nought *bonus*!
 What trick can be greener
 Than boring with *tener*?
 Or what more untune us
 Than sticking to *unus*?
 What a horrible pest is
 That blubbering *tristis*?
 I fain would send *melior*
 To mend at Montpelier.
 Would that *ambo-ambobus*
 Were with old King Jacobus;
 And *duorum, duarum*,
 Schedule-A'd like old Sarum.
 The detested *pronomem*
 Is a word of ill omen.
 That pragmatistical *ego*
 To Hades I'd see go;
 And a good thing he'd do
 If he took with him *tu*.
 I wish *sui* would be
 A felo-de-se;
 That *ille* and *illius*
 Were like Numa Pompilius;
 That *qui, quæ, and quod*,
 With Cain were in Nod;
 And *quis, qua, and quid*,
 Like the lost Pleiad hid.
 With Thessalian herbs
 Would I wish all the *verbs*;
 For who learns *amo-amas*
 Is surely a tame ass.

I abominate *moneo*
 As the Jew did Antonio.
 May Phlegethon fiery
 Be the bath of *audire*.
 Those lazy *verbs passive*
 Are loggerheads massive.
 On the lame *verbs defective*
 I pronounce an invective;
 And a hearty good curse on all
 Slim *verbs impersonal*.
 I bear no better mind
 To the *words undeclined*:
 I right gladly decline 'em,
 And to Lethe consign 'em.
 As I loathe very bad verbs,
 I no better love *adverbs*.
 I wish every *conjunction*
 May need extreme unction;
 That each *preposition*
 Were sent to old Priscian;
 And the "brute *interjection*"
 Given up to dissection.
 I forget the *participles*,
 Those vile half-caste Jezebels.
 The *participle present*
 Should be shot like a pheasant.
 The simoom should blast
 The *participle past*.
 With the *future in rus*,
 I would use summum jus;
 And wrap "piper et thus"
 In the *future in dus*.
 For *propria quæ maribus*,
 I wish 't were in Erebus.
 Let the husband of Venus
 Consume all *quæ genus*.
 As a Papist hates Lent, I
 Hate *As in presenti*.
 No more I love *syntax*
 Than a drunkard the gin-tax;
 And I'd sing a threnodia
 With joy o'er *prosodia*.
 Pray dulness protect us
 From *Valpy's Delectus*.
 Send old gossip *Cordery*
 To Hindoo Godavery;
 Give the Pedant tenesmus
 That would teach us *Erasmus*.
 Let the *Fables of Æsop*
 To King Otho of Greece hop.
 May some donkey for thistles
 Crunch *Ovid's Epistles*;
 Send his *Metamorphoses*
 To Rabelais' Cape of Noses—
 (What region, I pray, so
 Cut out for old Naso?)
 Sink *Virgilius Maro*
 In the Red Sea with Pharaoh.
 Leave St. Athanasius
 To deal with *Horatius*;
 And senator Gully
 With orator *Tully*.

DALTONISM.

DR. DALTON, the celebrated chemical philosopher, published many years since an account of an affection of the eye to which he was liable, which incapacitated him from the perception of certain colours. Since that time many other cases have been observed and recorded, and the name of Daltonism has been generally assigned to the affection, not very appropriately, however; for, as Professor Whewell observes, "few persons would like to be immortalised through the medium of their defects; and Dalton least of all required such a means of handing down his name to posterity." Professor Wartmann, of Lausanne, collected the particulars of all the recorded cases of this singular affection, and presented a paper concerning it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1841. Lately he has reprinted this, and has added the particulars of other instances which have come under his personal observation.

The instances of persons being in the possession of a perfectly healthy visual organ and one capable of accomplishing the most delicate functions, and yet incompetent to the perception of and distinguishing between certain colours, are so numerous, that it is surprising they have so little excited the attention of the physiologist and the physician. No work on physics or physiology treats of the subject, the narrations being scattered over various periodicals, and are often very incomplete in their details. Professor Wartmann separates these cases into two classes, viz. *dichromatic* Daltonians, who can only discern two colours, generally black and white; and *polychromatic* Daltonians, who can discern at least three colours. Several cases of each of these are detailed in the paper alluded to above, but we have only space to allude to one or two. Dr. Tuberville, of Salisbury, described the case of a girl who, with excellent vision, and a power of exercising it (not unfrequently possessed by Daltonians) in utter darkness, could yet only distinguish black and white among the colours. Sir John Herschel relates the case of the distinguished optician Mr. Troughton, who could only discern blue and yellow. The most interesting account of all, however, is that published by Dalton, describing the cases of himself and some of his pupils. Dalton could only distinguish three colours in the solar spectrum—yellow, blue, and indigo. Professor Whewell, conversing with him a

few years since at Cambridge, asked him what other objects his doctor's gown, a bright scarlet, resembled, and he pointed to some evergreens outside the window, and said that to his eye their colours were quite alike. He could not distinguish the pink silk of the lining from sky-blue. He was long unconscious of his defect, and referred it to some perplexity in the nomenclature of the colours rather than to its true cause.

Many other cases will be found detailed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and other collections of the facts of science; but we need not further advert to them, their chief peculiarities consisting, as Mr. Mackenzie observes, in the confounding red with green, and pink with blue; red appears frequently of a dark colour, and green a shade of drab; yellow and blue are readily distinguished, but orange, purple, and brown judged of with difficulty, and shades of grey, black, and white often cause hesitation.

The number of persons affected with Daltonism is much more considerable than is generally believed. M. Seebeck found it in five out of forty and odd young persons composing the two superior classes of the gymnasium at Berlin. Prevost declares that in every twenty persons there is one Daltonian; and from the facility with which he has discovered persons subject to this singular anomaly, M. Wartmann is disposed to think this statement not much exaggerated. It is to be observed that frequently Daltonians are themselves ignorant of their imperfection of vision. As neither ancient writers nor the numerous travellers who have traversed the old and new world make any mention of this affection, are we to conclude that it is peculiar to the modern European nations? It is far more probable that, in these remote times and distant regions, defective observation has failed in noticing it.

Is there any means of detecting Daltonism by mere inspection of the visual organ? It can scarcely be said that the reply in all cases should be negative, for M. Wartmann has observed eyes of a hazel colour in Daltonians to present at a more or less oblique incidence a gilded reflection of a peculiar shade. Mr. Nicholl and Mr. Colquhoun have each mentioned a case where this was observable, and Miss Sedgwick states that the celebrated historian Sismondi, who was a Daltonian, had brilliant hazel eyes.

It has been erroneously stated that there are more Daltonians with blue than with

black eyes; for on comparing all the instances in which the colour of the iris was noted, the numbers seem nearly equal.

Daltonism is far more common in *men* than women; for of nearly one hundred and fifty examples which have been recorded, three or four only occurred in females. "If it is true that the employment of the needle develops the delicacy of the perception of shades, and that women, as stated by Gall, have the organ of colour more developed than men, it is to be observed that such employments would lead every day to the discovery of Daltonism in the female, if such cases were numerous." In regard to the influence of *age*, Daltonism ordinarily dates from birth, to which rule M. Wartmann is only aware of two exceptions. The parents of some Daltonians have presented no similar anomalies, while in other instances the father or the paternal or maternal uncle has been a Daltonian also. It is not uncommon to find several brothers in a family affected with Daltonism, without all being necessarily the subjects of it. Sisters are always exempt.

The explanation of the nature of Daltonism has been attempted in different modes. Some see in it a defective power of perception; others admit an unnatural colouration of certain media of the eye through which the rays of light have to pass, which, inducing a partial absorption of these, causes the erroneous impressions of the Daltonians; while others, again, believe the imperfection results from a peculiar condition of the nervous organs, varying in its nature and effects in different individuals.

Dugald Stewart (who was himself insensible to the least refrangible rays of the spectrum, and could not distinguish the colour of the ripe fruit from that of the green leaves of a tree) refers the difference in the power of perception rather to feeble or defective conception than to any fault of the organ itself. This explanation agrees with the difficulty with which some Daltonians name an isolated colour, although they may have characterized it in comparison; and with the difference which has been found to prevail among them in naming the same colour. But it is difficult to reconcile it with the fact that several Daltonians have possessed a taste for painting; and in one of the cases detailed by Professor Wartmann, the individual did not suffer from the defect at an earlier period of life.

Dr. Dalton believed that the humours or fluids of the eye were in these cases of a bluish colour, and exerted an absorbing influence upon the red rays. This would not explain the variety of names applied to the same

colours by different Daltonians; while, if the mere passage of luminous rays through such a medium sufficed to induce the affection, the habit of employing blue spectacles would long ago have confirmed the hypothesis, which, as it is, it proves to be untenable. No such colour of the humours of the eye, moreover, has ever been noticed by any of the celebrated oculists of Europe. In old age the humours of the eye become amber-coloured, without any diminution of the accurate distinction of colours.

Wollaston and Chladni have proved that beyond all doubt the limits of the perception of sounds vary in different individuals, and even in the two ears. Sir D. Brewster suggests that in like manner the eye is sometimes insensible to the colours of one extremity of the spectrum. The insensibility of some eyes to feeble luminous impressions is explained, he says, by the retina, from natural organization or some accidental cause, being less susceptible of impressions of light in one person than in another.

According to the phrenologists the distinction of colours is a faculty which does not depend upon the eye, but upon a special portion of the brain, which they term the *organ of colour*. Observation proves, says Combe, that individuals in whom the portion of the brain which is placed immediately above the eye and below the eyebrow is largely developed, possess in a high degree the faculty of distinguishing colours. An imperfection of this organ may, then, give rise to Daltonism. Professor Wartmann observes, that among the Daltonians he has had the opportunity of examining, this organ has been in general but slightly developed; but that in two instances it was remarkably prominent.

M. Melloni explains the act of vision by an extension of the doctrines first developed by Euler. According to the Italian philosopher, vision is produced by the vibratory motions of the nervous particles of the retina (the expansion of the optic nerve)—motions which are extremely rapid, and synchronous with those of the ethereal undulations which constitute luminous rays. In relation to the different prismatic colours these nervous oscillations are not proportionate to the quantity of motion of the incident waves, but arise essentially from the correspondence existing between the vibrations of the ether and the oscillations most easy of execution in the molecules forming the retina. The undulations placed beyond the spectrum are incapable of communicating to the retina any vibratory movement, and they remain invisible because there can be no accord with the tension or elasticity of that mem-

brane. Daltonism, according to this hypothesis, which Professor Wartmann believes to be the correct one, may result from such a condition of the tension of the retina as prevents its vibrating under certain luminous radiations, thus explaining the absence of sensation produced by the extreme red portion of the spectrum; or it may arise from the retina vibrating in the same manner under two or more different radiations, which would explain the confusion of different colours. Dichromatic Daltonism would be produced by such an elastic disposition of the retina that all the coloured radiations affect it in an identical manner.

Daltonism cannot be removed by medical aid, but there is a simple mode by which

much of the mis-appreciation of colour may be remedied. It consists in examining coloured objects through a transparent medium, as a glass or a fluid, possessing a known tint. Suppose it to be red, the impressions produced by a green and a red body, which are identical seen by the naked eye, become manifestly distinct when seen through the diaphanous body. Nothing can equal the surprise of the Daltonian when he is thus shown the errors which he daily commits in the appreciation of colours. This expedient, however, is usually only of avail in correcting the errors regarding the specific nature of the colours, leaving those which only relate to different shades of the same colour unremedied.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF GERMANY.

WE have before us the MS. of a very interesting work preparing for publication in the Weekly Volume—'Agriculture on the Rhine.' The author proposes to "afford the inquiring traveller, or such as are not less inquiringly disposed because they stay at home, a clue to the varied map of agricultural activity which the banks of the Rhine unfold. A greater variety of objects and modes of cultivation is assuredly presented by no other region of equal space. In no country has the well-being of the people been more intimately interwoven with its agricultural policy and prosperity than in Germany. Few tours present a larger sphere of observation to the landowner, the farmer, and the statesman, than that which, with the aid of Rhenish steamers and railroads, he can accomplish in the space of a few weeks." His account of life in the German villages and scattered farm-houses is founded upon accurate observation; and we are sure that our readers will be pleased that we avail ourselves of the opportunity of extracting from this volume, before its complete publication.

"Were we to select a good model of the style of farming that prevails in the Duchy of Cleves, we should recommend the traveller to leave the city, which preserves few traces of its former dignity beyond its commanding site, and follow the high road leading along the heights parallel with the Rhine to Goch, an ancient and picturesque town twenty miles to the south of Cleves. In a handsome house

about half a mile distant from the town resides Her von Busch, a gentleman farming his estate of about 200 acres in the fashion of the best school of German agriculture. The house is in the Italian style of architecture, larger than is usual amongst country gentlemen in general, and to the rear it encloses, together with the offices, a very spacious farm-yard. To the offices of farms of this description there belongs a distillery on a small scale, and occasionally, as at Goch, a brewery. The low price of corn on the Continent makes it worth the grower's while to manufacture from it some article that is more in demand than the grain. Stabling for horses, cows, and oxen, that are also used for draught, all airy and roomy, with barns that for the extent of the grounds would appear enormous to an English farmer, enclose the side of the yard opposite to the dwelling-house, at a distance sufficiently great to form a distinct establishment. The size of the offices is a remarkable feature in all German farm-houses, from the cot of the peasant to the largest castle. All the hay, and usually all the grain, is housed; and the stacks to be seen in the Duchy of Cleves, sometimes on the field, and occasionally near the houses, belong also to the exceptions which distinguish this district, and evince the improved economy of the inhabitants.

"In the stables of such a house there is of course little to distinguish them from the ordinary stables of France and Eng-

land. Stall-feeding is the rule for the horned cattle, but in the autumn the cows are indulged with an occasional day's run on the barley-stubbles near the house. The breed is chiefly Dutch, with one or two Durham heifers intermixed. The milk finds a sale in the town of Goeh, and neither butter nor cheese is made for market.

"How different the position of a country gentleman living upon the revenue derived from an estate of 200 or 300 acres is from that of the owner of a similar property in England will be evident from what has been said. In Germany such an estate is looked upon as something considerable; and if the low price of provisions, together with the simple and inexpensive manners of the Germans, be taken into account, with the higher return drawn from the land by the judicious selection of the crops, the advantage is certainly on the side of the German. From a farm of 200 acres the revenue drawn in this part of Germany is not less than 600*l.* per annum. Rye-bread at 4*d.*, wheaten bread at 5*d.* for the 11-lb. loaf, and meat at 3*d.* to 3½*d.* per lb., with wine at 1*s.* per bottle, are the chief articles of consumption of indigenous growth. Until recently tea and coffee were much less taxed than in England, and only in manufactured wares could the balance incline in favour of the English consumer. In cloth and dress generally, in harness, furniture, plate, and the ornaments of a gentleman's establishment, a German cannot indulge on a moderate fortune; and he is wise enough not to pretend to do so. His position in society does not depend upon such adventitious circumstances, but is fixed by his birth, and even more by his education. Besides, if any supercilious traveller were to remind a proprietor on the Rhine of deficiencies in the conventional arrangements or decorations of his 'intérieur,' his best retort would be to lead the fastidious to the nearest window, and desire him to produce elsewhere the clear sky and sunshine that for seven months in the year can be enjoyed upon the Rhine. In the castles of the nobility there is no want of comfort and of elegance, as may be seen by a visit to the villas of Prince Salm-Reiferscheid, at Dyk, near Meuss; or of Heldorf, the seat of Count Spee, near Düsseldorf.

"In the Prussian Rhenish provinces the trial by jury, a valuable relic of the French sway, and almost the only one the people care for, offers opportunities to the country gentleman to meet at assizes, as with us. They indeed are shorn of the aristocratic element of the grand jury. Elections have only recently inspired interest, and the exercise of this right is too indirect to be very attractive. The 'noblesse,' or gentry, called in German 'adel' (the reader may think of Sir Walter Scott's 'Udaller,' in the 'Pirate'), have no longer personal right to a share in the representation of the people. Estates that in olden times were endowed with the privileges of a lordship, still confer the right of a representation upon the owners, whatever may be their birth. The owners of these 'Rittergüter,' or knights' estates, form a distinct body between the 'höher adel,' or nobility, and the burghers and peasants. The knights of the Rhenish provinces elect a deputation from their number to the provincial diet that sits at Düsseldorf. The inhabitants of the towns, as well as those of the rural districts, who pay a certain amount of taxes, choose electors, to whom the selection of their deputies for the provincial parliament is intrusted. The political rights of the diet, or 'Landtag,' as this assembly is called in German, are too circumscribed to inspire that stirring sympathy which the publication of the debates of a powerful and concentrated national assembly awakens. The magisterial functions are universally performed in Germany by salaried official personages, so that neither the burthen nor the dignity of public life is there attached to the station of a country gentleman, and his leisure hours he is apt to waste in trifling or in slothful occupations, unless, which is often the case, he has cultivated some refined taste. On the other hand, these very circumstances favour that side of German life which has only lately attracted the attention that it deserves in England. The local and family ties are subject to less violent shocks than constant separations of relatives occasion with us, and age advances surrounded by the natural play of the affections amongst friends and relatives. The aged totter to the grave amongst the 'old familiar faces,' with whom the man lived in

friendship or in strife, and with whom the child shared his hours of pleasure or of study. The idea of home in a country where the brilliancy of the summer sky and the clear frosty atmosphere of winter alike invite to the open air, is less attached to the chimney corner and the peculiar furniture of certain rooms, than to the periodical assemblies of the members of a family at birthday and other anniversaries, and to the sympathy that is sought amongst friends on the most trifling occasion of sorrow or of joy. Society is indispensable to the German. Even the peasant and the labourer must have their talk, if not with their equals in wealth, with those whose fortune is more or less brilliant; and the observer will not fail to remark that a far greater equality of manner prevails in the mode of addressing people of all classes in Germany than

in England, where the relations of servant and master pass into the very highest grades of society. The simplest conditions are here attached to the indulgence of the sociable propensities. A country gentleman, therefore, of the standing that we have supposed, drawing about 600*l.* per annum from an estate of about two hundred acres, can assume no magisterial airs, nor is he called upon to give electioneering or fox-hunting dinners. His hours are early, his meals light, and he passes his life more as a spectator than an actor in the busy world of industry or politics. Such a man it will at least be acknowledged is more likely to rejoice at and to aid in the gradual and orderly growth of knowledge and of civilization, than such as speculate upon unexpected changes, and great and dazzling opportunities of success."

ARAGO ON THE WEATHER.

[Our readers must have often seen in the newspapers that M. Arago, the chief man of science in France, has predicted a fine summer or a bad, a dry harvest-time or a wet, a cold winter or a mild. M. Arago, as we might expect, has entirely denied his claims to the equivocal honours of a Murphy or a Francis Moore. In the 'Annuaire' for 1846, the publication of the French Board of Longitude, he has just issued a most interesting paper, of which we give our readers a translation.]

"Is it possible, in the present state of our knowledge, to predict the weather of a certain time and place? May we hope, at all events, that this problem will one day be solved?"

"Occupied, by inclination and by duty, with meteorological studies, I have often asked myself if, relying upon astronomical observations, we shall ever be able to ascertain, a year in advance, what will be, in a given place, the annual temperature, the temperature of each month, the quantities of rain compared with the usual mean, the prevailing winds, &c.

"I have already presented to the readers of the 'Annuaire' the results of the researches made by philosophers and astronomers concerning the influence of the moon and the comets upon the changes in the weather. These results, I think, show decidedly that lunar and cometary influences are nearly imperceptible, and hence, that

predictions about the weather will never be a branch of *astronomy properly so called*. In fact, our satellite and the comets have been, at all times, considered in meteorology as the preponderating stars.

"Since these publications, I have considered the problem under another aspect. I have endeavoured to discover if the works of men, if events which will ever remain beyond our foresight, would not naturally modify climates, accidentally and very perceptibly, particularly as to temperature. I already see that facts will answer in the affirmative. I should have liked to delay the publication of this result until after the completion of my work; but, I confess it candidly, I wished to create an opportunity to protest loudly against the predictions that are every year attributed to me, whether in France or elsewhere. Not a word from my mouth, spoken either in private or in the lectures I have delivered during thirty years; not a line published with my consent, have authorized any one to impute to me the idea that it is possible, in our state of knowledge, to announce with any certainty what the weather will be a year, a month, a week, I will even say a single day beforehand. I hope the vexation I have felt in seeing a crowd of *ridiculous predictions* appear under my name, may not have induced me, by a sort of reaction, to give exaggerated importance to the disturbing causes which I have enumerated. At this time, I think I can deduce from my investi-

gations this great conclusion, *that those learned men who are honest and careful of their reputation, will NEVER venture to predict the weather, whatever may be the progress of science.*"

"The disturbing causes of terrestrial temperatures, which are not capable of being foreseen."

"The atmosphere which, on a certain day, lies over the sea, becomes in a little while, in central latitudes, the atmosphere of the continents, in consequence of the prevalence of the westerly winds. The atmosphere borrows its temperature, for the most part, from that of the solid or liquid bodies that it envelopes. Everything that modifies the normal temperature of the sea causes, therefore, sooner or later, disturbances in the temperature of the continental atmospheres. Are there any causes, placed for ever beyond the foresight of men, that can perceptibly modify the temperature of a considerable portion of the ocean? This problem is closely connected with the meteorological question that I have proposed. Let us endeavour to find the solution."

"No one can doubt that the *fields of ice* at the arctic pole, that immense frozen seas, have a decided influence upon the climates of Europe. To appreciate fully the importance of this influence, we must bear in mind, at the same time, the extent and position of these fields of ice; here, now, are two very variable elements to which no certain rule can be applied.

"The eastern coast of Greenland was formerly accessible and well peopled. Suddenly a barrier of impenetrable ice interposed itself between that country and Europe. For several centuries Greenland was inaccessible. Well, about the year 1815, an extraordinary rupture took place in this ice; it split towards the south, and left the coast open for several degrees of latitude. Who could ever have *predicted* that such a dislocation of these fields of ice would have taken place in one year more than in another?"

"The floating masses of ice which no doubt have the greatest influence over our climates, are those which the English call icebergs. These mountains proceed from the glaciers, properly so called, of Spitzbergen, or the coasts of Baffin's Bay. They get detached from the general mass, with a thundering noise, where the waves have undermined their base, when the rapid congelation of the rain water in the crevices produces a dilatation sufficient to shake and to push forward these immense bodies. Causes and

effects like these will always remain beyond the *foresight of men.*

"Those who remember the warnings that the guides never fail to give when they approach certain walls of ice, as to certain masses of snow placed on the slanting summits of the Alps; those who have not forgotten that, according to the assertions of these experienced men, a pistol-shot, and even a simple cry, are sufficient to produce the most frightful catastrophes, will agree with me in what I have just said."

"Icebergs often descend without melting, even in comparatively mild latitudes. They sometimes cover an immense extent; we may therefore suppose that they perceptibly alter the temperature of certain zones of the oceanic atmosphere, and hence, by means of communication, the temperature of islands and continents. Some instances will not be here out of place.

"On the 4th October, 1817, in the Atlantic Ocean, lat. $46^{\circ} 30'$ N., Captain Beaufort met with icebergs moving towards the south. On the 19th January, 1818, to the west of Greenspond in Newfoundland, Captain Daymont met with floating islands. The next day the vessel was so surrounded with ice that they could perceive no outlet, even from the top of the masts. The ice rose on an average about fourteen English feet above the water. The vessel was thus carried along towards the south during twenty-nine days. It disengaged itself in latitude $44^{\circ} 37'$, 120 leagues to the east of Cape Race. During that singular captivity, Captain Daymont perceived more than one hundred icebergs. On the 28th March, 1818, in $41^{\circ} 50'$ north latitude, $53^{\circ} 13'$ longitude west of Paris, Captain Vivian experienced throughout the day an excessively cold north wind, which made him suppose that ice was approaching. Accordingly, the next day, he perceived a *multitude* of floating islands, occupying a space of more than seven leagues. 'Several of these islands,' says the captain, 'were from 200 to 250 feet above the water.'

"The brig Funchal, of Greenock, fell in with fields of ice at two different times in its passage from St. John's in Newfoundland to Scotland; first on the 17th January, 1818, six leagues from the port it had just left, and again, during the same month, in latitude $47^{\circ} 30'$. The first field was more than three leagues wide; in the northern direction no limit could be seen. The second, also very extensive, had an immense iceberg in the centre. On the 30th March, 1818, the Fly, sloop of war, passed between two large islands of floating ice in 42° north

latitude. The 2nd April, 1818, Lieutenant Parry met with icebergs in $42^{\circ} 20'$ north latitude. This year (1845) the English ship Rochefort, at the end of April and beginning of May, was enclosed for one-and-twenty consecutive days in a mass of floating ice, which advancing towards the south, moved along by the bank of Newfoundland."

"The sea is much less susceptible of heat than the land; in a great measure because the sea is transparent. Whatever produces any considerable variation in this transparency changes perceptibly the temperature of the sea, directly afterwards the temperature of the oceanic atmosphere, and later the temperature of the continental atmosphere. Do there exist, beyond the foresight of science, any causes which can disturb the transparency of the sea to a great extent? This is my reply.

"Mr. Scoresby has stated that in the northern regions the sea sometimes assumes a green-olive tint; that this tint is owing to the Medusas and other small animalcules; and that wherever the green tint prevails the water has very little transparency.

"Mr. Scoresby has occasionally met with green stripes from two to three degrees of latitude in length (sixty to eighty leagues), and as much as from ten to fifteen leagues in width. Currents carry these stripes from one region to another. We must not suppose that they always exist, for Captain Phipps, in the account of his journey to Spitzbergen, makes no mention of them.

"As I said just now, the green and opaque sea must evidently become warm in a different manner from the transparent sea. This is a cause of variation in temperature of which we can make no calculation. It can never be known beforehand, whether in such or such a year these millions and millions of animalcules will multiply more or less, nor what will be the direction of their migration towards the south."

"The phosphoric appearance of the sea is produced by minute animals of the species of Medusa. The phosphoric regions occupy a very great extent, sometimes in one latitude, sometimes in another. Now, as the water of the phosphoric regions of the sea resembles soup, as its transparency is almost entirely destroyed, it may become, by the irregular heating which it undergoes, a cause of considerable variation in the temperature of the oceanic and continental atmospheres. Who can ever know beforehand the locality which this cause of thermal variation will occupy? Who can foresee the degree of its intensity?

"Let us suppose the atmosphere to be motionless and perfectly serene; let us suppose again that the earth is endowed everywhere, to an equal degree, with absorbing and exhaling properties, and with the same capacity for heat in the course of the year, then there would be, from the effect of the solar action, a regular, uninterrupted series of increasing temperatures, and a similar series of decreasing temperatures. Each day would have its invariable temperature. *Under each determined parallel* the days of maximum and minimum heat would be respectively the same.

"This regular and hypothetical order is disturbed by the mobility of the atmosphere, by clouds more or less extensive, more or less changeable; by the various properties of the earth. Hence, the elevations and depressions of the regular heat of the days, months, and years. These disturbances not being the same everywhere, we may expect to see the primitive figures differently modified, to find comparative inequalities where, by the nature of things, the most perfect equality might have been expected."

"I have just shown that local circumstances, concealed, or at least very little marked, may exercise perceptible and constant influences upon the manner in which the maxima and minima of temperature are distributed throughout the year. When science shall have become possessed of a great mass of meteorological observations, exact and capable of being compared, and made *simultaneously* in different places; when these observations have been examined with judgment and care, then we shall very probably see circumstances of locality taking a very superior position in science from that which philosophers seem disposed to attribute to them. It would not be difficult even to mention, at this moment, regions of definite extent which have sometimes completely escaped the rigorous cold with which the surrounding countries have been visited. The Sables d'Olonne, for instance, and the neighbouring countries for six leagues round, constituted, during the winter of 1763-1764, a kind of oasis of warmth. The Loire was frozen near its mouth; an intense cold, a cold more than ten degrees centigrade, interrupted all agricultural labours throughout the entire length of the country traversed by the river; in the Sables the weather was mild: this little spot escaped the frost."

"There is another fact more extraordinary than the preceding, for it occurs every year. There is in Siberia, Mr. Erman tells

us, *an entire district*, in which, during the winter, the sky is constantly serene, and where a flake of snow never falls."

"I am willing to pass over the disturbances in terrestrial temperatures, which may be connected with the emission, more or less abundant, of solar light or heat, whether those variations of emission depend upon the number of spots or obscurations with which the surface of the sun is fortuitously sprinkled, or whether they owe their origin to any other unknown cause; but it is impossible for me not to call the attention of the reader to the obscurations which our atmosphere undergoes, from time to time, without any assignable rule. These obscurations, by preventing the solar light and heat from reaching the earth, must considerably disturb the course of the seasons.

"Our atmosphere is often invaded, for a considerable extent, by matters which destroy its transparency. These matters proceed sometimes from volcanoes in a state of eruption. For instance, the immense column of ashes which, in the year 1812, after being raised to a great height, in the centre of the island of St. Vincent, made a night at mid-day over the island of Barbadoes.

"Similar clouds of dust have appeared, from time to time, in regions where no volcano exists. Canada, in particular, is subject to such phenomena. In that country, by way of illustration, they suppose forests to have been set on fire. Facts have not appeared always to agree exactly with this hypothesis. For instance, on the 16th October, 1785, at Quebec, the sky was covered with clouds so dark, that at mid-day nothing could be seen. These clouds covered an extent of 120 leagues in length by 80 in breadth. They appeared to come from Labrador, a very thinly wooded country, and had nowhere the appearance of smoke. On the 2nd of July, 1814, clouds similar to those of which we have been speaking, enveloped in the open sea the ships which were going to the river St. Lawrence. The chief obscuration lasted from the evening of the 2nd to the afternoon of the 3rd.

"With respect to the design which we have here in view, it signifies little whether those unusual clouds which are capable of entirely obstructing the solar rays are attributed to the burning of forests and prairies, or to terrestrial emanations, their formation, their appearance at such or such a place, are not at all the less beyond the prevision of science: the accidental changes of temperature, and atmospherical phenomena of all kinds, which may be caused by such clouds, can never be mentioned beforehand

in meteorological year-books. The accidental obscuration of the air in 1783 overspread so large a space (from Lapland to Africa) that people went so far as to attribute it to the tail of a comet, which had, they said, become mixed up with our atmosphere. It would be impossible to maintain that an accidental state of the atmosphere, which for two months permitted the sun to be looked at with the naked eye at mid-day, could be without influence on terrestrial temperatures."

"Forests must necessarily exercise a perceptible influence upon the temperature of surrounding districts; for the snow, for instance, lasts much longer in a wooded country than in the open fields. The destruction of forests, therefore, must produce a modification of climate. In certain given cases, to what would this influence of forests raise the centigrade thermometer? The question is very complicated, and *has not yet been solved.*"

"In all very mountainous regions the valleys are visited by diurnal periodical winds, felt particularly in May, June, July, August, and September. These breezes traverse the valleys from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the time of their maximum of force, and from four o'clock to six or seven o'clock in the evening. They have generally the velocity of a strong wind, and sometimes that of a violent wind: they must therefore exercise a very sensible influence on the climates of the countries which surround these valleys. What is the cause of these winds? Everything concurs to demonstrate that they are caused by the manner in which the solar rays heat the central mass from which the valleys radiate. Suppose this mass to be without trees, and a certain effect ensues; substitute thick forests for barren rocks, and the phenomenon will assume another character, with respect at least to its intensity.

"This is one of the twenty ways in which the clearing of land influences climates. Before setting to work to arrange his *predictions*, the maker of almanacs ought to be in communication with all the woodmen in every country."

"In North America the inland portion of the continent has not the same climate as the coast in the same latitude. Through the influence of lakes, this difference disappears in all the districts whose distance is not very considerable from these large sheets of water. It may be expected, therefore, that the drying up of a lake would alter the climate of the

surrounding region, and that a vast inundation, consequent upon the unforeseen bursting of a mound, would produce for the time a contrary effect.

"If any one should object to my statement of causes which, taken separately, do not appear capable of producing any great effect, I should answer, however, that we ought to consider the influence as a whole, and that, in fact, the perturbations for which we are endeavouring to find a cause, are far from being as extensive as the public supposes."

"According to Howard, the mean temperature of London exceeds that of the neighbouring country by about one degree of the centigrade scale. The difference between the two temperatures is not the same every season."

"It would not be easy to exclude electricity from among the causes which considerably influence the phenomena of climate. Let us go farther, and see if the works of men can cause disturbance in the electric state of a whole country. The clearing of a mountain is the destruction of a number of conductors equal to the number of trees cut down: it is the modification of the electric state of an entire country; it is the accumulation of one of the elements indispensable to the formation of hail in a locality where previously the electricity was inevitably dissipated by the silent and incessant action of the trees. Observations support these theoretical deductions.

"According to a detailed statement, the losses occasioned by hail in the continental states of the King of Sardinia, from 1820 to 1828 inclusive, amounted to the sum of forty-six millions of francs. Three provinces, those of the Vale of Aosta, the Valley of Susa, and of Haute Maurienne, are omitted in these tables; they were not visited by hail-storms. *The mountains of these three provinces are more thickly wooded than the others.*"

"Atmospheric electricity causes phenomena immense in their extent, though they appear to have arisen from causes purely local. They are also propagated under influences which are circumscribed within particular zones, and those sometimes very narrow.

"On the morning of the 13th July, 1788, a hail-storm began in the south of France, traversed in a few hours the whole length of the kingdom, and then extended to the Low Countries and to Holland. All the districts in France visited by this hail-storm lay in two parallel strips, the direction of

which were south-west and north-east. One of these strips was 175 leagues long, the other about 200. The average breadth of the most westerly hail-strip was four leagues, the other only two leagues. The space comprised between these two strips was visited by rain only; its average width was five leagues. The storm went from south to north at the rate of sixteen leagues an hour. The devastation occasioned in France in the 1039 parishes visited by hail, amounted, according to the official inquiry, to twenty-five millions of francs.

"This then assuredly was a tempest, a considerable disturbance of the atmosphere, which not only occasioned much material devastation, but, from the displacing of the air, and the mass of hail deposited on the surface of two long and broad strips of ground, must necessarily have had considerable influence on the normal temperature of a great number of places. Could the most enlightened meteorologist have foreseen this? The two strips began in Aunis and in Saintonge. Why there and not elsewhere? Why did not the storm begin on any other point of the parallel of latitude which passes through its meridional extremities? If it be answered, because in Aunis and Saintonge, on the 13th July, 1788, the conditions of electricity and temperature were eminently favourable to the production of a hail-storm, and of a concomitant hurricane in the direction of south-south-west to the north-north-east—I grant it; but were not the conditions of temperature and electricity which produced the storm intimately connected with agricultural works, with the existence of such or such a mass of trees, with the state of irrigations, with circumstances varying according to the wants and caprice of men? As to the temperature, no one can doubt about the answer. With respect to the other point, the connection will not seem less evident when I mention the fact, that evaporation is an abundant source of electricity, and that several philosophers have even ranked vegetation among the causes which generate this fluid in the atmosphere."

"If it is true, as is supposed, that in certain cases the flame and smoke that issue from the mouth of a lofty furnace or from the chimney of a manufactory can deprive the atmosphere of all its electricity for many miles round, the meteorological prophets will be in a fresh dilemma; they ought to know beforehand the intentions of the forge-masters, and the proprietors of manufactories.

"According to what we know with most

certainly about the physical cause of water-spouts, adopting the theory of Mr. Espy, the ascending current occasioned by the chimney of a manufactory is sometimes sufficient to produce one of these alarming 'atmospherical phenomena.'"

"They profess to have observed in Italy that in proportion to the increase of rice-fields, the quantity of rain which falls annually has gradually augmented, and that there has been a corresponding increase in the number of rainy days. Can we suppose that circumstances such as these are taken into account in the calculations of the makers of predictions?"

"In the tropical regions of America the native inhabitants considered repeated earthquakes as happy forerunners of fertilizing rains. Humboldt states that in the province of Quito a succession of violent shocks occasioned the sudden arrival of the rainy season, and that this season commenced a considerable time before the usual period. It is not probable that the influence of earthquakes is only exercised in the neighbourhood of the equator. To be enabled, therefore, to predict rain, supposes a foreknowledge of the number and violence of the shocks which are to be experienced in the districts for which the weather-predicter prophesies."

"I read in the works of Bacon, 'Some historians assert that, at the time when Guienne was still in the power of the English, the inhabitants of Bordeaux and the neighbouring districts presented a request to the King of England that he would forbid his subjects in the counties of Sussex and Southampton from setting fire to the furze at the end of April, as they were accustomed to do; an operation whence resulted, they said, a wind that was very hurtful to their vines.'

"I do not know that there was any foundation for this request, as the distance from Bordeaux to the county of Sussex is very considerable; but I may observe that philosophers are now beginning to attach an importance not less extraordinary to conflagrations. In the United States, Mr. Espy, a well known man of learning, adopting the opinions prevalent among the native inhabitants of the New World, from Canada to Paraguay, has recently proposed to create *artificial rains* in time of drought, by means of large fires. In support of his project Mr. Espy cites—

"The opinion of the Indians of Para-

guay, who, as related by the missionaries, set fire to the vast plains when their crops were threatened by drought, intending thus to create even *storms accompanied by thunder*;

"The opinion of the colonists of Louisiana, and the *result from time immemorial of the conflagration of the prairies in this State*;

"The opinion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, concerning the effect resulting from the conflagration of forests;

"The opinion and practice of the settlers in the states of Delaware and Otsego; &c. &c."

"Mr. Espy says he has been assured from various quarters that the climate of Manchester has undergone gradual and perceptible changes in proportion to the extension of manufacturing industry. Since this town has become, so to speak, an immense furnace, *it rains there more or less every day*. Those who think that the deterioration of the climate has not been so considerable, assert *that it only rains* in Manchester six days out of seven.

"Let us suppose these facts proved. The predictions of rain in a given place would be often upset by accidental conflagrations, and by the fires of manufactories."

"Space and time are wanting for me to point out the multitude of local causes which may exercise a great influence on the direction and force of the wind. I shall discuss this delicate question in another notice. At present I shall limit myself to a remark calculated to instruct those who, unprovided with meteorological instruments, regulate their proceedings according to the state of the harvests and vegetation. This is the formula which I would lay down: the wind exercises a *direct action* upon vegetables, often very hurtful, and which ought to be carefully distinguished from the action of climate. It is against this direct action that belts of trees, forming a shelter, are particularly useful.

"The *direct* influence of the wind upon the phenomena of vegetation is nowhere more strikingly observed than in the Isle of France. The south-east wind, which is very wholesome for men and animals, is, on the contrary, a scourge to the trees. Fruit is never found on the branches directly opposed to this wind; it grows only on the opposite side. Other trees are modified even in their foliage; they have only half a head; the other half has disappeared from the action of the wind. Orange and citron trees become magnificent in the woods. On plains, and without shelter, they always remain weak and stunted."

ENIGMA III.

On the casement frame the wind beat high,
 Never a star was in the sky ;
 All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,
 And Sir Everard slept in the Haunted
 Room.

I sat and sang beside his bed ;—
 Never a single word I said,
 Yet did I scare his slumber ;
 And a fitful light in his eye-ball glisten'd,
 And his cheek grew pale as he lay and
 listen'd,
 For he thought, or he dream'd, that fiends
 and fays
 Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days,
 And telling out their number.
 Was it my second's ceaseless tone ?
 On my second's hand he laid his own :
 The hand that trembled in his grasp,
 Was crush'd by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my first ;
 He had seen it in shapes that men deem
 worst

 In many a field and flood ;
 Yet, in the darkness of his dread,
 His tongue was parch'd, and his reason
 fled ;
 And he watch'd, as the lamp burned low
 and dim,
 To see some Phantom gaunt and grim
 Come, dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneel'd, and strove to pray,
 He pray'd for light, and he prayed for
 day,

 Till terror check'd his prayer ;
 And ever I mutter'd clear and well
 " Click, click," like a tolling bell,
 Till, bound in Fancy's magic spell,
 Sir Everard fainted there.





CARLYLE'S OLIVER CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle,
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

HERE is, to begin with, a title-page simple and faithful; nay, that will more than keep its promise. There are some twelve hundred pages in the two stately volumes; and there cannot be so much as a third of them occupied with Oliver's own words; the remaining eight or nine hundred, and those the most compactly printed, are filled with new matter—with the so-called *Elucidations*. So that the book might fairly enough have been inscribed '*Elucidations of Oliver Cromwell; with his Letters and Speeches.*' Fairly enough, but not with the same inscriptional fitness and good taste. Besides, we hope for yet another work from Mr. Carlyle, a pure History, for which '*Oliver Cromwell*' will be the natural title.

Not that even a complete and careful edition of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, *without* *Elucidations*, would have been of small value. They have never before been collected; nor, generally, even printed in such a way as to be intelligible. And their interest and worth, biographical and historical, are very great.

Let no reader of the present volumes

pass over these Cromwellian utterances, or a single line of them. They are not, indeed, very attractive at first sight. Cromwell's faculty of utterance in words seems to have been of the smallest; on phrenological principles, his language-organ ought to have inclined towards the resemblance of an inverted cone; strong and apt expressions occasionally explode from him, but, on the whole, whenever he has to do with words, whether in speaking or writing, he reminds one of a man struggling in the water to avoid being drowned. The instrument of expression gives him no help; it would seem almost as if he could do better without it by mere natural tones and gestures, and sometimes as if he were on the point of throwing it away and trying that primitive method. Yet it is not the less evidently a strong nature that is thus hampered. Nor after all do we lose much, except the grace and seemliness of well-ordered speech: to Cromwell's contemporaries, to the men to whom he spoke and wrote, we believe his meaning was always sufficiently intelligible; and even to readers of the present day it is rarely

that it altogether refuses to disclose itself. Mr. Carlyle has done the duty of an editor admirably, in a way indeed to set an example to all editors, by the helps he has provided in regard to this matter; for the most part making sufficient stepping-stones for us where the text is a little muddy by merely rectifying the punctuation, and now and then throwing in a word or two of explanation (always scrupulously indicated) where a decided fracture in the syntax seems to require such a bridge.

But it is not so much with Cromwell as with his *Elucidator* that we would at present detain our readers. We propose, without entering into much, if any, controversy about points of opinion, to give, so far as our space will allow, such an account of this very remarkable book as may set forth generally what it contains and how it is written.

It is, in the first place, a most lucid narrative of the course of public events and changes in England during the time treated of. If it were only for its clear and impressive exposition of this portion of our history, its value would be very great. We do not know any other work in which the story is told in such a way as to be so easily understood and remembered. The dates are given throughout with all possible precision and distinctness; and by suitable divisions, headings, running titles, and other appliances, both of logical method and of typography, everything is exhibited and impressed almost as it might be by a representation addressing itself to the eye as well as to the understanding. By the help of an excellent Index and Tables of Contents, any passage or fact that may be wanted is almost as easily found as a word is turned up in a Dictionary. In respect of all this the book is a model (much wanted) for the publishers of histories and historical documents.

The contrivances to which we have alluded are by no means merely mechanical: some of them, as has been mentioned, are logical; others are modes of notation here used for the first time. But undoubtedly these ingenuities make a very subordinate part of what is characteristic in the book. It is a remarkable work, most especially, for the abounding

spirit of life that is in it, evincing itself in every line and every word, and in all manner of ways and forms,—in animated narrative, in the forcible painting of scenes and actions, in the dramatic exhibition of character, in passion, in humour, in satire, in invective,—nor ever flagging for a moment, but rather growing stronger and stronger to the end. No writer ever sympathised more intensely with his subject, in all its parts and aspects. The England of the days of the great Civil War and the Protectorate is brought before us again in a manner that is quite marvellous—not only in its battles and parliaments and other publicities, but also in at least many little illuminated spots of the great domestic background. All, it is true, still shows far away; the width of two centuries lies between us and those strange goings on, which are so unlike anything that happens now, or that has any where happened since; we seem to see them rather in the air than on the earth;—

“ war appears

Waged in the troubled sky, and armies
rush

To battle in the clouds.”

But the haze that Time has drawn over them is here rolled back for us, as far as may be, by the potent spell of genius. In some respects we think this the most effective revivification of the past that Mr. Carlyle has yet given us. It is not, of course, to be ranked with his ‘*French Revolution*’ as a finished History, or prose Epic rather; what we have here is a series of sketches, intermingled with documents, only the materials of a history. The artistic unity, the poetical fusion and distillation, are wanting. But yet both the author’s feeling of his subject seems to us in the present case to be deeper, and his handling of it sometimes freer and more fearless, than in the other. No writer ever projected himself into any thing in a more uncompromising way than he does into our old English Puritanism and its great Hero: it is as if it were Cromwell himself sprung to life again among us in this nineteenth century, and gifted with words as fierce and flashing as his conquering sword. And in truth if that burning spirit had been sent upon the earth in our different day, might

he not, instead of the armed and sceptred Champion of Puritanism, have become (with some injury, perhaps, to the soundness of his faith) a great Prose Rhapsodist, or Poetical Historian, and, narrating and celebrating what he would in other circumstances have done, written such another book as this of his *Elucidator*? Then would have been verified "Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," in another sense than the poet thought of. At all events, here in his living biographer and vindicator is the completion of Cromwell, what his inarticulate greatness most wanted, one to make his evanescent deeds and speechless meanings resound over the generations. So may every great dumb Hero find one day a tongue!

An Introduction of 124 pages is divided into five Chapters, of which, however, little must be said here. The First, entitled *Anti-Dryasdust*, is directed against a representative personage named Dryasdust, "who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it;" and who is at length without ceremony or circumlocution asked, "What does Dryasdust consider that he was born for? that paper and ink were made for?" Poor Dryasdust! he may answer, that if he is of no other use in creation, he fills at least an important part in the present History—the next important, we should almost say, to that of Oliver himself. Whenever our author feels an inclination to deal a kick at something (which is pretty often), there is Dryasdust, an ever-ready football, soft to the toe, and just of the right woolly consistency for relieving it most agreeably of its superfluous energy. Many a parabolic flight through the air does his well-poised mixture of gravity and levity make in the course of these volumes. Mr. Carlyle's quarrel with him may be compendiously stated as founded mainly on the allegation that the said Dryasdust occupies himself too much with the abstract to the neglect of the concrete; in other words, that his histories are all about philosophies and principles instead of about persons and facts. In this way, it seems to be conceived, a history of any country or period

is made to have scarcely more of the life of humanity in it than a system of astronomy. It is a mode of writing which our own historians are declared to have cultivated with especial success. "Given a divine Heroism, to smother it well in human Dulness, to touch it with the mace of Death, so that no human soul shall henceforth recognize it for a Heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic Torpor, an Insanity and Horror,—I will back our English genius against the world in such a problem! Truly we have done great things in that sort; down from Norman William all the way, and earlier; and to the English mind at this hour, the past History of England is little other than a dull dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind if candid will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*), of loveable, or memorable—next to nothing. As if we had done no brave thing at all in this earth; as if not men but Nightmares had written of our History! The English, one can discern withal, have been perhaps as brave a People as their neighbours: perhaps, for Valour of Action, and true hard labour in this Earth, since brave Peoples were first made in it, there has been none braver anywhere or any-when:—but alas, it must be owned, in Stupidity of Speech they have no fellow!" Rightly understood, there is perhaps more truth in all this than the astonished reader would at first suppose; but at any rate it is necessary that he should well understand it to be our author's view of the matter. And let us hear too his doctrine of what History *should* be:—"Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say:—and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an

affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *malefactors* to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion: it lies all these! Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with untruths and discords, there is a 'Rushworthian Chaos.'" But does any fact that has ever been ever wholly lose its significance and power of interesting? Has not Mr. Carlyle himself (in his 'Past and Present') brought life and leafiness again for us out of the chance-preserved story of the petty jealousies and distractions of a household of English monks in the twelfth century? We should not despair of his doing the same thing were he to try his hand upon the Wars of the Roses. For the present, however, the ghost he would raise is that of our English Puritanism, which he calls "the last of all our Heroisms." As giving us the key-note to all that follows, we must not withhold a few sentences of what he says upon that matter in this introductory chapter:—"Few nobler Heroisms, at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilletantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness and not light. There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the

British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable." Again; "For indisputably this too was a Heroism; and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things! Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the Earth once more. Who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to heart, That an Almighty Judge does verily rule this world; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side. The essence of all Heroisms and Truths that have been, or that will be. Perhaps it was among the nobler and noblest Human Heroisms, this Puritanism of ours; but English Dryasdust could not discern it for a Heroism at all;—as the Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to pestilential Mud-Giants, is mere horror and terror to the Pedant species everywhere; which, like the owl in any sudden brightness, has to shut its eyes,—or hastily procure smoked spectacles on an improved principle." It will be perceived that Mr. Carlyle is not given either to treat the illusions of other people with much indulgence, or to suffer any idolatry of his own to be lightly called in question. It may comfort and encourage some readers, however, to be informed that they will not be troubled with any great swarm of Puritanic Heroes in making their way through these volumes; instead of a whole generation, indeed, of such, it turns out that the only proper Hero after all is Cromwell himself. The rest are almost all either fat or frantic, solid, wooden, pudding-headed, or something else as entirely destructive of the Heroic.

The Second Chapter of the Introduction is entitled "Of the Biographies of Oliver"—all of which, from the "Flagellum" of *Carrion Heath* to the compilation of poor Noble, with his contented purblindness, and occasional "helpless broad innocence of platitude," are whistled down the wind with infinite unconcern. Chapter Third is on "The Cromwell Kindred," a most distinct account of the origin and connexions of the Protector's family, as far as traceable. The Fourth

Chapter, much the longest* of the five, recounts the "Events in Oliver's Biography" down to the year 1635, the date of the earliest of the Letters, in the form of Annals, very exactly and luminously, often picturesquely. The following leading dates the reader may be advised to take along with him. Oliver Cromwell, son of Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, Knight, was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599. He is therefore, as Mr. Carlyle reminds us, always a year older than the century. On the 23rd of April, 1616, he was admitted of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. "Curious enough," observes our author, "of all days on this same day, Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon died. . . . While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's father had most likely come with him; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the Armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People in its time plays many parts." In June, 1617, Cromwell lost his father. He had had both an elder and a younger brother, but they were both dead—as was also an elder sister; he was now become the head of the household, consisting besides of his widowed mother and six daughters. Instead of returning to Cambridge, he is supposed to have come up in the first instance for a time to London, to acquire some knowledge of law. But on the 22nd of August, 1620, he was married at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of the city of London; upon which he returned to Huntingdon, and took up his residence on the land left

him by his father there. He was returned for his native town to Charles I.'s third parliament, which met in March, 1628. In May, 1631, he sold his property at Huntingdon for 1800*l.*, and, taking a grazing farm at St. Ives, removed thither. And here he still was at the date of the first of the Letters collected in the present publication.

The Fifth and last of these Introductory Chapters is entitled "Of Oliver's Letters and Speeches," and tells us what his Elucidator professes to have done in regard to them, and what he thinks of them. He describes the Letters as good—"but withal only good of their kind." "No eloquence," he adds, "elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the dispatch of indispensable pressing business alone; but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous; forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour and belief, without words—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!" An ingenious defence of bad composition.

So much for the Prolegomena; now for the body of the work. The space of twenty-two years, from 1636 to 1658, over which the Letters and Speeches extend, is divided into ten portions, or Parts; five in each volume. Part I., entitled "To the beginning of the Civil War: 1636-1642," contains only three Letters, one of them a mere note. As a characteristic sample of the Elucidations, take the Introduction to Letter I. :—

"St. Ives, a small town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or Northeastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January, 1635-6.

"The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market days, runs from Northwest to Southeast, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably in Cromwell's time consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the River, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the 'Green' of St. Ives would then be space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market business, and forms the middle of the street. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely, and the heart of the Fens.

"At the upper or Northwestern extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The Church from its churchyard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in what direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of colour. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it

are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews: the flagstones in the interior are worn deep with the paeing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a farmer and grazier.

"Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or Southeast end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South. At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it 'Cromwell's Barn:'—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's, or series of ancient men's.

"Quitting St. Ives Fen-ward or eastward, the last house of all, which stands on your right hand among gardens, seemingly the best house in the place, and called Slepe Hall, is confidently pointed

out as 'Oliver's House.' It is indisputably Slepe-Hall House, and Oliver's Farm was rented from the estate of Slepe Hall. It is at present used for a Boarding-school: the worthy inhabitants believe it to be Oliver's; and even point out his 'Chapel,' or secret Puritan Sermon-room in the lower story of the house: no Sermon-room, as you may well discern, but to appearance some sort of scullery or washhouse or bakehouse. 'It was here he used to preach,' say they. Courtesy forbids you to answer, 'Never!' But in fact there is no likelihood that this was Oliver's House at all: in its present state it does not seem to be a century old;* and originally, as is like, it must have served as a residence to the proprietors of Slepe-Hall Estate, not to the Farmer of a part thereof. Tradition makes a sad blur of Oliver's memory in his native county! We know, and shall know, only this, for certain, here, 'That Oliver farmed part or whole of these Slepe-Hall Lands, over which the human feet can still walk with assurance; past which the River Ouse still slumberously rolls, towards Earith Bulwark and the Fen-country. Here of a certainty Oliver did walk and look about him habitually, during those five years from 1631 to 1636; a man studious of many temporal and many eternal things. His cattle grazed here, his ploughs tilled here, the heavenly skies and infernal abysses over-arched and under-arched him here.

"In fact there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, 'O. C.,' for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish-records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable rate-payers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for 'St. Ives cum Slepa,' fit annual overseers for the 'Highway and Green:'—one of the Oliver Signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Townclerk had heard from

very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the church with 'a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation.*' Certain letters 'written in a very kind style from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives,' do not now exist; probably never did. Swords 'bearing the initials of O. C.,' swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him. Walker† testifies that the Vicar of St. Ives, Rev. Henry Downet, was ejected with his curate in 1642; an act which Cromwell could have hindered, had he been willing to testify that they were fit clergymen. Alas, had he been able! He attended them in red flannel, but had not exceedingly rejoiced in them, it would seem."

The Letter is in Harris's 'Life of Cromwell,' or "blind farrago," as Mr. Carlyle designates it, first published in 1761. We have not quoted half of the Elucidation which it here receives. But we must hasten on.

In 1636 Cromwell removed from St. Ives to Ely, where he succeeded his uncle, Sir Thomas Stewart, as Lessee of the Tithes and of certain lands belonging to the Bishop or the Chapter. He continued to reside at Ely till the meeting of the Long Parliament; and his family seem to have remained here till about 1647. Meanwhile the course of events had been rushing on. First, the punishment of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, for their libels against the clergy, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, in June, 1637; then the popular outbreak at Edinburgh on Sunday the 23rd of July in that same year, when the attempt was made to introduce the Liturgy; then the trial of the case of Hampden and the Ship-money tax, upon which the attention of all England was fixed from November, 1637, till April, 1638; then the General Assembly at Glasgow in May, 1639, and the first armed insurrection of the Scots; then

* See Noble: his confused gleanings and speculations concerning St. Ives are to be found, i. 105-6, and again, i. 258-61.

† Sufferings of the Clergy.

* Noble, i. 102, 106.

their second march into England, actual encounter with the royal forces, and seizure of Newcastle the next year; then, finally, the meeting of the Long Parliament on the 3rd of November in that year, 1640:—all here related with admirable spirit. Cromwell sat both in the Long Parliament and in the preceding one, which met in April, 1640, for the town of Cambridge.

In Part II., comprehending the space of time from 1642 to 1646, or “To the End of the First Civil War,” we have fifteen of Cromwell’s Letters. The chief events are the Trial of Strafford; his execution on Wednesday, the 12th of May, 1641;—“a terrible example; the one supremely able man the King had;”—the Irish Rebellion, in the course of November “blazing up more and more into an Irish Massacre, to the terror and horror of all Anti-papist men;” the intrusion of the King into the House of Commons, with intent to seize the Five Members, on Tuesday the 4th of January, 1642; the preparations for war on both sides; the indecisive Battle of Edgehill, fought on Sunday the 23rd of October; the ineffectual negotiations for a Treaty carried on at Oxford in March, 1643; the First Battle of Newbury, fought on the 20th of September, with some advantage to the King, but with the loss of Lord Falkland—“poor Lord Falkland, in his ‘clean shirt,’” as our author pronounces his epitaph, with a curious mixture of pity and contempt; the taking of the old Scotch Covenant, now called the Solemn League and Covenant, by the House of Commons, on the 22nd; the arrival of the Scotch forces, under Lesley, Earl of Leven, 21,000 strong, at Berwick, on the 19th of January, 1644; the Treaty of Uxbridge carried on, with no result, throughout the month of February; the Battle of Marston Moor, fought on Tuesday the 2nd of July, in which Prince Rupert and the Duke of Newcastle, with their army twenty-six thousand strong, were beaten, driven from the field, and scattered, mainly by Cromwell, now Lieutenant-General, and his Ironsides; the Second Battle of Newbury, fought on Sunday the 22nd of October, rather to the disadvantage of the King; the adoption of the First Self-Denying

Ordinance by the Commons (disabling all members of parliament from holding offices or commands), on the 19th of December, followed by the Second, which was finally passed by the Lords on the 3rd of April, 1645 (Fairfax having been appointed General in chief of the Parliamentary Forces, in the room of Essex, on the 21st of January); finally, the complete defeat of the King at Naseby on the 14th of June, followed by Cromwell’s Storming of Bristol on the 10th of September, and the capture on the 14th of Basing House, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, the strongly fortified mansion of the Marquis of Winchester, which may be said to have brought the war to an end. About midnight on Monday the 27th of April, 1646, the King left Oxford in disguise, and delivered himself to the Scotch army at Newark.

Let the reader take a paragraph or two from the Elucidation of the Fight of Naseby:—

“The old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the Northwestern border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly mid-way, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith’s shop, saddler’s shop, beer-shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off, North and South, into two long streets: the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods; a ‘hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth’s time,’—which has, like Hudibras’s breeches, ‘been at the siege of Bullen.’ The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England; gentle Dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel*; ‘Navesby, quasi *Navel*sby, from being,’ &c. Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare’s Avon, is on the Western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Crom-

well's Fen-Country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the Eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are 'still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of 'Hills,' 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time: but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad, blunt, clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

"It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last Battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged down-hill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the Association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole Army:' he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's Infantry a ruin; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to re-assemble more. The chase went through Harborough; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some 'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and give the Roundheads battle.

"The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the Height still partly called 'Mill Hill,' as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby; the King's Army on a parallel 'Hill,' its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds*; some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his

cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth,³ dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!"

Part III. comprehends the time "Between the Two Civil Wars," or from about May, 1646, to May, 1648. It contains nineteen Letters of Cromwell's. Long negotiations between the King, the Parliament, and the Scots issued at last "in the Scots marching home with 200,000*l.* as 'a fair instalment of their arrears,' in their pocket; and the King marching, under escort of Parliamentary Commissioners, to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, 'on 50*l.* a day,' and await the destinies there." Charles arrived at Holmby, or Holdenby, on the 13th of February, 1647. Soon after this began the troubles of the Parliament with its own Army—Presbyterianism predominating in the former, Independency in the latter. "Modern readers," says our author, "ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly Faith at work in this Controversy; that on both sides, more especially on the Army's side, here lay the central element of all; modifying all other elements and passions;—that this Controversy was, in several respects, very different from the common wrestling of Greek with Greek for what are called 'Political objects!' Modern readers, mindful of the French Revolution, will perhaps compare these Presbyterians and Independents to the Gironde and the Mountain. And there is an analogy; yet with differences. With a great difference in the situations; with the difference, too, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which is always considerable; and then with the difference between believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable!" On Wednesday, the 2nd of June, the Army got possession of the King, through the bold enterprise of Cornet Joyce, who, sallying forth from Oxford with five hundred common troop-

ers, proceeded to Holmby House, and brought his Majesty thence away with them. On the 16th of the same month the eleven chief leaders of the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons, denounced by the Army, found it expedient to withdraw. Towards the end of August, a sort of agreement having now been patched up, the King was brought by the army to Hampton Court. The following Elucidation will indicate the state to which things were now brought:—

“The immeasurable negotiations with the King, ‘Proposals of the Army,’ ‘Proposals of the Adjutators of the Army,’ still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debates and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past, suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapour, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King.

“Cromwell and the Chief Officers have for some time past ceased frequenting his Majesty at Hampton Court; such visits being looked upon askance by a party in the Army; only Colonel Whalley, with due guard, and Parliament Commissioners, keep watch ‘for the security of his Majesty.’ In the Army, his Majesty’s real purpose becoming now apparent, there has arisen a very terrible ‘Levelling Party;’ a class of men demanding punishment not only of Delinquents, and Deceptive Persons who have involved this Nation in blood, but of the ‘Chief Delinquent:’ minor Delinquents getting punished, how should the Chief Delinquent go free? A class of men dreadfully in earnest; to whom a King’s Cloak is no impenetrable screen; who within the King’s Cloak discern that there is a man accountable to a God! The Chief Officers, except when officially called, keep distant: hints have fallen that his Majesty is not out of danger.”

About nine o’clock at night on Thursday the 11th of November, the King escaped from Hampton Court, but after a

night and a day of riding found he could do nothing better than deliver himself to Colonel Robert Hammond, the Parliamentary Governor of the Isle of Wight. And there, in Carisbrook Castle, he remains in close custody when this Part Third ends.

Part IV. is entitled “The Second Civil War,” and the time included in it is from May, 1648, to the memorable Thirtieth of January, 1649. It is illustrated by eighteen of Cromwell’s Letters. By the natural course of events, Presbyterianism has now become everywhere more Royalist, Independency more the reverse. In Scotland the party of the Duke of Hamilton has gotten the upper hand, and the parliament there has voted an army of Forty-Thousand men for the invasion of England and the delivery of the King. “The ‘Army of Forty-Thousand, certainly coming,’ hangs over England like a flaming comet, England itself being all very combustible too. . . . About the beginning of May, 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending on all sides that a new Civil War is at hand. . . . Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament’s Order when Colonel Flemming presents the same. . . . Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-Thousand, burst into a general blaze. ‘The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.’

Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The country is all up or rising: 'the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;' impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country.* On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is, on the 1st of May, ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!"

Pembroke surrendered to Cromwell on the 11th of July; and this ended the Welsh war. The Scotch Army, commanded by Hamilton, was beaten and dispersed, also by Cromwell, in the great battle of Preston, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of August. On the 18th of September began what is called the Treaty of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, a new attempt of the Parliament to bring the King to terms, which came to nothing like all the rest. The negotiations were protracted till nearly the close of November. Meanwhile Cromwell, advancing northwards without further opposition, on the 4th of October reached Edinburgh, where, Hamilton having been swept off the boards as we have seen, the Argyle or Whiggamore (that is, Whig) interest was now all predominant. He remained only to receive an approving vote of the Scotch Parliament for what he had done, and then set out again for the South. There, meantime, matters were coming rapidly to a crisis. On the morning of Wednesday the 29th of November, the King was removed from the Isle of Wight, and the custody of Hammond, to Hurst Castle, on the opposite coast of Hampshire, by order of the Council of Officers of the Army. On Wednesday the 6th of December, forty-one members of the House of Commons, the chief among a majority of a hundred and twenty-nine to eighty-three, who had voted the day before that his Majesty's concessions in the Treaty of Newport were a ground of settlement, were seized by Colonel Price as they entered the House; about sixty more were caught in other ways the next day; some were sent to the Tower, others were merely ordered out of the way. Cromwell had arrived in London on the evening of the 6th. "The

Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows!" The King was brought to Windsor on the 23rd of this month; his Trial before the High Court of Justice began on the 20th of January, 1649; Sentence was pronounced on the 27th; the Warrant for his Execution was issued on the 29th; and on the 30th he was executed.

The main subject of Part V. is "The Campaign in Ireland" in 1649; but it comprehends the whole course of events from February in that year to June, 1650. It contains thirty of Cromwell's Letters. Before we get him fairly on his way to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, besides the finish of the marriage of his son Richard, a business which has been going on for many preceding pages, we have the nomination of a Council of State by the Parliament on the 17th of February; the execution of the Duke of Hamilton, and the Lords Holland and Capel, on the 9th of March; the act declaring England a Commonwealth, or Free State, passed on the 19th of May; the mutiny of the Levellers in the Army, excited by noisy pamphleteering John Lilburn and certain Adjutors, or Agitators, which Cromwell encounters with great decision, and effectually puts down. At last, on the evening of the 10th of July, the Lord-Lieutenant began his journey in great state. We must quote a few sentences from our author's brilliant introduction to the narrative of his Hero's tremendous doings in Ireland:—

"The history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. . . . At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish parties are united in a

* Rushworth, vii. 1097.

combination very unusual with them ; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to co-operate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object ; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together : Protestant English Royalism, which has fled thither for shelter ; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond ‘against the Regicides.’ They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland ;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth ; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk ; but made of iron and clay ;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it ; Oliver descends on it like the Hammer of Thor ; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to re-unite against him more.”

We wish we could continue the quotation ; but our limits warn us to desist. The town of Tredah, now Drogheda, was stormed on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th of September, and the garrison and all persons found in arms within the place, remorselessly put to the sword. “ I am persuaded,” writes Cromwell, in his own dispatch to Speaker Lenthall, “ that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood ; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.” And here is his Elucidator’s cha-

racteristic and entirely sympathizing comment :—

“ Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well ‘work remorse and regret :’ for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough ! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it is a Judgment of God : and that it did ‘save much effusion of blood,’ we and all spectators can very readily testify. ‘The execrable policy of that Regicide,’ says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, ‘had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name ; it cut’—in fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion ; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise ; but that was not Oliver’s execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.”

The Lord-Lieutenant, his dreadful work done, set sail for England in the end of May, 1650, and hastened up to London, where, on Friday, the 31st of that month, “all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath : from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors ; to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting ;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, ‘What a crowd come out to see your Lordship’s triumph !’—‘Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many would there be !’ ”

But we must hurry over what remains of the story. Part VI. is entitled “War with Scotland,” and extends over the time from June, 1650, to September, 1651, including thirty-nine Letters of Cromwell’s. The Scots, standing up stiffly for their Covenant, have entered

into a league against Cromwell and the English Parliament with Charles II.; but their forces are signally beaten by Cromwell (constituted by an act passed on the 26th of June, 1650, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces within the Commonwealth of England) first at Dunbar on the 3rd of September in that year, and a second time with final destruction at Worcester on the same fatal day in the year following. Of the Battle of Dunbar—a deliverance to be classed with Cressy and Poitiers,—we have here the only intelligible account that has been given. Dundee, the last stronghold in Scotland, had been stormed by Lieutenant-General Monk (afterwards the Duke of Albemarle of the Restoration) two days before the Fight of Worcester; so that that country was now as completely brought under as Ireland.

Part VII., entitled “The Little Parliament,” carries forward the narrative from September, 1651, to the close of 1653. Only five Letters of Cromwell’s are preserved belonging to this space of about two years. The next great event was the Dismissal of the Rump. Let us hear our author for yet another remarkable outbreak:—

“Concerning this Residue, Fag-end, or ‘Rump’ as it had now got nicknamed, of the Long Parliament, into whose hands the Government of England had been put, we have hitherto, ever since the King’s Death-Warrant, said almost nothing: and in fact there was not much to be said. . . . Not in St. Stephen’s and its votings and debates, but in the battle-field, in Oliver Cromwell’s fightings, has the destiny of this Commonwealth decided itself. One unsuccessful Battle, at Preston or at any time since, had probably wrecked it;—one stray bullet hitting the life of a certain man had soon ended this Commonwealth. Parliament, Council of State, they sat like diligent Committees of Ways and Means, in a very wise and provident manner: but the soul of the Commonwealth was at Dunbar, at Worcester, at Tredah: Destiny, there questioned, ‘Life or Death for this Commonwealth?’ has answered, ‘Life yet for a time!’—That is a fact which the candid imagination will have to keep steadily in view.

“And now if we practically ask ourselves, What is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a Hundred in all, hardly above Half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by continuance of the like. They cannot sit there for ever. They are not Kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities of a very indisputable King by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode,* with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logies, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in ‘decided avarice’ at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-headed, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of Cant in all its figures; an indomitable little Roman Pagan if no better: but Harry is not quite one’s King either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the Younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or where? Vane was the friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the Abstract, or Temporary-Theoretic, is irresistible;

* Mr. Carlyle’s favourite appellation for Bulstrode Whitlocke.

whose hold of the Concrete, in which is always the Perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born Practical King;—whose ‘astonishing subtlety of intellect’ conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever-new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air;—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms, become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, ‘The Lord deliver me from thee!’ I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice; not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!”

The question, What is to be done with the Rump, was decided, not before it was full time, by Cromwell’s famous clearing of the House on the 20th of April, 1653. Oliver then, on his own authority as Captain-General, in fact the only constituted authority remaining, and with the advice of his Council of Officers, summoned a hundred and forty individuals to form a new parliament, called the Little Parliament,—or derisively Barebone’s Parliament, from Mr. Praise-God Barbone, Leather-merchant of Fleet Street, one of the members,—which met on the 4th of July; but on the 11th of December thereafter thought fit to vote that its sitting any longer would not be for the good of the Commonwealth, and forthwith delivered up to the Lord General the powers it had received from him—piously, as it were, resigning its soul into the hands of its maker. Our author maintains that during the five months and odd days that it sat it strove to execute its mission, not only very earnestly, but “nobly, and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant Histories teach.”

Nevertheless the said mission was found to be, by it at least, inexecutable. To this Little Parliament, on the first day of its assembling, Cromwell delivered in the Council Chamber at Whitehall the first of the Speeches contained in the present collection. There are seventeen of these Speeches in all, five of them at least of rather formidable dimensions, all somewhat hard reading; yet, as we have said before, well worth reading, and indeed indispensable, for all who would really study Cromwell. His Elucidator has done every thing that the most painstaking and affectionate of editors could do to lighten the rugged uphill journey to his grateful readers.

The Lord General now called “a Council of Officers and other Persons of Interest in the Nation;” by which Council he was on Friday the 16th of December, 1653, declared “Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.” At the same time it was provided that a Parliament, or House of Commons, to be elected by the people according to a new scheme of representation, should assemble on the 3rd of September, 1654. Part VIII. of the present work is occupied with the history of this “First Protectorate Parliament,” and, besides six Letters, contains three more Speeches of Cromwell’s; delivered, the first at the opening of the Parliament; the second, after they had sat for eight days; the third on the 22nd of January, 1655, when, finding them worse than useless, he turned them adrift. “So ends the First Protectorate Parliament,” remarks our author; “suddenly, very unsuccessfully. A most poor hide-bound Pedant Parliament, which reckoned itself careful of the Liberties of England, and was careful only of the sheep-skin Formulas of these; very blind to the Realities of these! Regardless of the facts and clamorous necessities of the Present, this Parliament considered that its one duty was to tie up the hands of the Lord Protector well; to give him no supplies, no power; to make him and keep him the bound vassal and errand-man of this and succeeding Parliaments. This once well done, they thought all was done:—Oliver thought far otherwise. Their painful new-modelling and rebuild-

ing of the Instrument of Government, with an eye to this sublime object, was pointing towards completion, little now but the key-stones to be let in:—when Oliver suddenly withdrew the centres! Constitutional arch and ashlar-stones, scaffolding, workmen, mortar-troughs, and scaffold-poles sink in swift confusion; and disappear, regretted or remembered by no person—not by this Editor for one.”

The heading of Part IX. is “The Major-Generals,” of whom Ten were commissioned in the course of the summer and autumn of 1655 to act as the governing authorities under the Protector throughout England, partitioned among them into as many provinces or Districts. In this way England was ruled, arbitrarily enough, but, as our author conceives, not in the circumstances the worse for that, for somewhat more than a year. Meanwhile, on the 17th of September, 1656, a new Parliament began its deliberations, after hearing a long Speech from His Highness the Protector, the Fifth of those here collected. Besides this Speech, Part IX. contains thirteen Letters of Cromwell’s.

Part X., and last, takes its title from this Parliament, “The Second Protectorate Parliament,” and extends over the two years from September, 1656, to September, 1658. It contains nine of Cromwell’s Letters, and the remaining twelve Speeches. Of the Four Hundred Members returned to this Second Parliament, the Protector and his Council had boldly begun by excluding very nearly a hundred of whom they did not approve; so that it might have been expected that matters would have proceeded with all due smoothness. The Parliament, however, as our author thinks, proved rather a foolish one. There is a glorious passage, which we wish we had room to extract, about their debate of three long months and odd on the case of James Naylor, the mad Quaker—“excelling in stupor all the Human Speech, even in English Parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to.” But their great achievement was the Construction of a new Instrument or Plan of Government, involving the creation of a House of Lords, and the turning the Protector into a King. After a world of Conferences

(their history fills about a hundred pages here) Oliver finally refused the royal title; but he consented to be again more solemnly or ceremoniously installed as Lord Protector on the 26th of June, 1657; and he also agreed to the project of the House of Lords. Such a House, sixty-three persons being summoned to it, of whom above forty attended, was accordingly got up by the commencement of the second Session of this Second Parliament on the 20th of January, 1658, when also such of the excluded Members of the House of Commons as would take the oath according to the New Instrument were permitted to take their seats. But the experiment did not succeed; and when the debates in the Commons were taking a turn that threatened to set the two Houses by the ears, and to bring on all other sorts of confusion, the Protector came down suddenly on the 4th of February, and dissolved this Parliament too, even as he had been obliged to do its predecessors. On Friday the 3rd of September thereafter—the anniversary of Worcester and Dunbar—the great Protector was himself arrested in his course by the hand of Death.

We have of necessity passed over many parts of the story without a word of notice; Settlements of Religion, Dutch Wars, Spanish Invasions, Capture and Colonization of Jamaica, and a hundred things besides. Nor has it been possible for us to glance at many interesting passages of Cromwell’s more personal and domestic history with which Mr. Carlyle has interwoven the narrative of his public career. Let the reader for all this seek the original volumes, and there read his fill.

What then shall we say of Cromwell on the whole? Surely that he was, at the least, what Mr. Carlyle in one place designates him,—“The Pattern Man, according to the model of that Seventeenth Century in England; and a Great Man, denizen of all the Centuries, or he could never have been the Pattern one in that.” The vindication of him in these volumes from one and all of the charges commonly brought against him is, we will maintain, triumphant and complete; indeed his own letters and speeches were enough for that, without a word of com-

mentary. Of cant or hypocrisy, above all, nothing that he is recorded to have ever spoken, written, or done, bears the faintest shadow; most manifestly he had, if ever any man had, a deep and ever-present sense of religion, and his moral nature was in all respects lofty and noble. We respond with our whole heart to Mr. Carlyle's exclamation, "The man is without a soul that looks into this Great Soul of a man, and sees nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness." Of vulgar personal ambition we see as little in him as of cant: he was borne on to rule and supremacy by the tide of events and his own native superiority. For who of his contemporaries was his match, or any thing like his match, in practical insight and faculty? By which of them could his work have been done if he had not been there to do it? The greatness of Cromwell is felt at once by comparing him with his associates. Among them he is as indisputably what Milton has called him, the "Man of Men"—the born King—as he is the first in historic fame. It is not the place that he attained that makes him by far the most conspicuous figure in that great scene so much as what he was in himself, by which he was carried to that place of eminence and sovereignty. The place was his by a right as clear to all men in his own day as the place of the sun in the heavens. Ever from the time when he came fairly above the horizon, throughout the seven years from Marston Moor to Worcester, what would all Puritan England have said to the notion of intrusting the supreme direction of affairs to any other of its leaders than Cromwell? And, putting aside his Protectorship altogether, what ordinary men, comparatively, do the ablest of those others appear beside him to us now looking back upon them! "Their dread commander, He, above the rest, in shape and gesture"—not merely in station, but in stature, in breadth and massiveness of moral build, in general largeness of heart and nature—"proudly eminent, stands like a Tower."

Yet neither for Cromwell nor for Puritanism, nor for any thing of the nature of either the one or the other, can we feel, we confess, the extreme and unwithholding admiration and reverence which Mr.

Carlyle expresses. Puritanism is very far, in our notion, from being the highest or one of the highest forms of human thought and character; or the greatness of Cromwell, the highest kind of human greatness. "As lightning," says Mr. Carlyle, "is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. . . . The melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he." As one generation is to all time, we would say, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. Mr. Carlyle's *Salvator Rosa* pencil delights in conflict and agony; and, although he would not formally deny the superior beauty, and therefore the real superiority, of the calm and harmonious, his tendency is rather to turn away from that whenever he can get at the other. Owing to this, it happens, for one thing, that, with all his power of dramatic vivification, his writing is rarely or never dramatic in the highest or purest sense: it is not a fair exhibition of both sides (as in the quarrel-scene between Brutus and Cassius, where the poet assumes alternately the entire soul and being of each speaker); but commonly a satiric exposure of some of the parties, or, it may be, of all, out of their own mouths. They are made to speak as they *might* do, but hardly as they *would* do. And as for the similitude of the light and the lightning, in what respects is the lightning greater than the light? In the suddenness and destructiveness of its operation only, in which also a cannon-ball, and many other sharp and violent agencies, resemble it. Not only in true beauty, but in real potency, in the width of its range, and in the endurance and importance of its effects, the light is far superior—light, which fills the universe, without which no flower will bloom, no fruit will ripen, and life itself is but a sort of sentient death. Nor, full of insight of a certain kind as Cromwell was, should we rate him intellectually nearly so high as Mr. Carlyle does. As we hinted when we began, the Biographer has thrown into his conception of his Hero not a little of himself; and he may say, as he retraces the character he has drawn of him, nearly what Wordsworth says in concluding his ballad of Little Barbara Lewthwaite and her pet lamb, "But half of it is his, and one half of it is mine."

A WORKING MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA

THE following pages are an attempt to convey a few of the observations and reflections of a member of the working class during a voyage to the United States, and a residence of five years in that country. Among all the works which have been written on America, but very few, if any, give us a clear idea of the habits, customs, and modes of thinking of the masses of the people; or if they do, the remarks they offer on the lower classes have been of too cursory or too general a nature to afford us much real or practical information. We are frequently told that our knowledge of American life is complete, that the subject is exhausted. It may, however, be urged as some apology for the present undertaking, that actions and objects, when viewed from an inferior position, often present a totally different appearance to that which strikes the lofty observer. How opposite the description of a sea-voyage by a cabin passenger would be from that of one of the "rejected of Providence" in the steerage! The gentleman may indeed tell us of smiling welcomes and graceful manners, while the plebeian is left to *feel* how often impudence is mistaken for independence, and to what extent the heaping of indignities on the head of a neighbour is considered the prerogative of universal freedom. Some writers have visited the most distinguished families of the large cities, and have told us what they said and what they did, how they dressed and how their houses were furnished; but they have not told us what is the real condition of those who make the furniture. Others, again, have given us spirited descriptions of domestic life, with the shocking deviations on the part of the natives from the rules of that stereotyped formality disguised under the designation *comme il faut*; in them we read of indecorous habits of speaking or sitting, while they have left unnoticed many unostentatious virtues and other active excellences of character.

In this necessarily brief sketch no pretensions can be made on the part of the writer to any but a very remote acquaintance with the elevated portion of American society: to show how the working classes live, to sketch a few features from the heterogeneous population of the great commercial communities, to describe, though perhaps imperfectly, what resources are open to the great mass of the people, what are their pursuits, recreations, economy, and

means of improvement, with a few recollections of character and scenery, and to record sundry remembrances of a country, the residence in which was, on the whole, a happy period of life, is all he can hope to achieve.

I was a cabinet-maker by trade, and one of the many who, between the years 1825-35, expatriated themselves in countless thousands, drawn by the promise of fair wages for faithful work, and driven by the scanty remuneration offered to unceasing toil at home, and the overpowering pressure of the burthens imposed by the state, at a time when none of that sympathy which now occupies so large a portion of the public mind was shown to or felt for the working classes. Many an anxious look did poor parents at that day cast on the expectant faces of their little ones when seated round the table, on comparing the demand for bread with the small and uncertain supply, and with a shudder of horror half anticipated the piteous cry of hunger and misery. Work they did, work unceasingly; but apparently to no good; the wolf would never go away from the door, and was always heard scratching on the outside.

Bitter is the struggle between starvation and emigration; the struggle which uproots a man from the home of his fathers, deprives him, perhaps for ever, of all the cherished objects to which he has been accustomed from his infancy, and compels the abandonment of the most endeared associations under the harassing suspense that a new country and a new home, though fair in prospect, may not yield an equivalent. How many times is the resolution taken and given up; how eagerly is every means resorted to which may avert the painful necessity! The startling fact continually recurs, we have not enough to eat; the physical conquers the moral; the mind succumbs to the stomach—and the final decision is made. There are few parents who would not cheerfully endure the severest privations in their own persons rather than tempt the uncertainties of the most promising transmarine advantages; but they think of their families; they cannot bear the idea of dying and leaving their children homeless, mere waifs on the face of the earth. It would fill volumes to detail all the struggles and triumphs of principle and affection over local attachment, and to do justice to the virtuous resolves adopted and adhered to

amid privation, poverty, and hunger. When the resolution is taken, economy, which before was rigid, is strained to the utmost, in order to provide the sum necessary for the expenses of the voyage; the friends of the household, where possible, contribute something, either money or clothing; the bulky articles of furniture are sold, among which many objects are sacrificed which the family hoped to retain for generations; and thus, little by little, the fund is acquired; the household gods are scattered far and wide; the last farewells are spoken, and with heavy hearts the party depart for the port of embarkation.

On the 19th of April, 1834, I embarked with my family on board the ship *Argus*, lying in the London Docks, bound for New York. The day being Saturday, and the vessel about to sail punctually at the hour advertised, the decks presented a scene of the utmost confusion, occasioned by the hurried shipment of the ship's and passengers' stores. As usual, at the last moment many things were forgotten, to remedy which there was much running to and fro, accompanied by vociferous calls from the ship to persons on shore, but apparently to little purpose, as no one seemed to attend to the orders so hastily given. The passengers, however, were disposed to regard their difficulties with good humour, and to be of mutual service to each other, anticipating the five or six weeks of close companionship into which they were about to be thrown. It appeared to be tacitly understood that an ill-natured remark at the commencement might be a source of disquietude during the whole of the voyage.

Early the next morning we floated into the river, and were towed by a steam-tug to Gravesend, where we lay for two days, during which many of us went on shore and made various purchases, the necessity for which we had already learned from our short experience of life on shipboard. It is not necessary to detail the events of a voyage which had in them nothing peculiar, but I may notice such things as must affect emigrants, few of whom have ever before had any experience of a sea life. For instance, the anxiety which attends upon cooking in blowing weather: in nine cases out of ten the down draught from the foresail descends the galley funnel, which then smokes at the wrong end, or sudden gusts play such pranks with the "blacks," that gruel, or any other potion requiring to be constantly stirred, in an instant becomes of a very dingy and equivocal appearance, taxing severely the patience of the operator,

whose eyes smart from the smoke, and then, while vexed and half blinded, a heavy sea breaks over the bows, drowns the fire, and away go pots and kettles, pork and pudding, rolling in all directions over the sloppy and greasy deck. Should none of these particular mishaps occur, the strong draught sends up such sharp tongues of flame that curl round the vessels on the fire and insidiously eat away the solder, or pierce holes in the sides, or the handles come off when lifted, so that in any case you seem doomed to lose your dinner, an accident which grievously disturbs one's equanimity. Nothing but cast-iron can be depended on for economy or safety. Much tact and foresight are required in the matter of cooking on board ship, so many have to be served, and generally all want to boil their kettles at once; fortunately the use of the ship's coppers is seldom refused, and in these pieces of beef or pork, with cabbage-nets filled with potatoes, are suspended by strings, at the outer extremities of which wooden labels are attached, marked with the owners' initials; and as but little ceremony is used at sea, it is no uncommon sight to see each one running off with his dinner dangling at the end of a string. Sometimes an unlucky lurch of the ship will send the whole party sprawling on the deck before they can reach their berths, where they are saluted with roars of laughter.

My own plan was to rise early and prepare our meals an hour in advance of our fellow-passengers, by which I avoided all the irritation and inconvenience of a crowd. After breakfast the children were made ready for an airing on deck when the weather permitted; then, if it were washing-day, I fastened the wet clothes to a cord and stretched them to dry in the main rigging. Sometimes, if it was blowing weather, I took a turn at the wash-tub myself; and when these domestic matters had been accomplished, I sat for an hour or two on deck or in our berth below, according to the state of the weather, with a French grammar, and mastered most of the genders and idioms of that language. With the approach of noon further culinary operations again demanded attention; water had to be drawn from alongside for cleaning and cooking; then the little variety of our food induced all sorts of contrivances to make some change; the appetite recoils from the constant salt provision: after repeated trials we found the most palatable dish to be rashers of bacon buried in slices of potatoes and baked: the earthy taste and juices of the potatoes corrected the pungency of the salted meat.

On the fiftieth day from the date of our departure we were in soundings on St. George's Bank: the greased lead brought up grey sand and shells, and we all crowded round eager to catch a glimpse of this small portion of the land to which we were bound. At this time many of the coasting schooners peculiar to the ports of America were seen steering in one direction towards the west: a long faint cloud, low down in the same quarter, was pointed out to us as the loom of the land. Then, as the sun disappeared, a distant twinkle caught our eyes: this was the Fire Island light, and gladly did we hail the bright evidence of our proximity to the coast. Still later, other lights, which from their great height we at first mistook for stars, were seen. These were the beacons on the highlands of Neversink, on the coast of the state of New Jersey. We might now be said to be within reach of New York, a fact acknowledged with the greatest pleasure by all on board.

This had been a bright and oppressively hot day; towards midnight the wind died away, leaving the atmosphere even more close and sultry; when suddenly in the north-west black clouds arose and spread over the whole heavens with inconceivable rapidity; the lightning began to blaze and the thunder to roar in a manner appalling to unaccustomed ears; down came the rain as though it would beat in our very deck; the flashes were incessant, while the thunder that accompanied them seemed to roll up from every quarter of the compass, and meet at the zenith in most fearful and stunning reverberations. This was something like what I had read of tropical storms; the black clouds, however, blew over to seawards, leaving the face of the sky bright and serene, and the air cool and refreshing.

The next morning we were all on deck early to catch the first glad sight of land; there it lay, a flat and low sandy beach, with pine forests in the background, on both sides of us, while directly ahead we saw the point and lighthouse of Sandy Hook. How we feasted our eyes on the "dull tame shore!" Those alone who have looked upon nothing but sky and water for many weeks, can appreciate the feeling with which land is regarded: the weary take new courage, and the sickly appear endowed with new life; and although the view possessed no beauties, yet there was land—the land of promise to all of us.

A fine breeze bore us rapidly up the channel: off Sandy Hook we were boarded by a pilot. As he stepped on deck we pressed

forward to look at the first Yankee. His appearance was not that of a naval personage: in dress and demeanour he was a gentleman; and we augured favourably of a country whose pilots, judging from the specimen before us, showed themselves to greater advantage than any we had previously met with. Ours drew a newspaper from his pocket, which he handed to the captain: we learned by this that news had been received from England so late as the 10th May, while we, who had sailed three weeks earlier, were but just entering the port. The pilot then, casting his eyes aloft, gave his orders with so much rapidity and decision, that our old ship seemed to feel she had got into new hands, and walked along in a style she had never before displayed. Here a halyard would bear a pull; there a brace was tautened, or the sails sheeted home; nothing was left slovenly, what was to be done was done well and quickly, and the sailors ran about with an alacrity that told the value of energetic command. The news-boat next came alongside. Her captain inquired as to the length of our voyage, freight, number of passengers, with other customary questions, the statement of which would appear in the shipping intelligence of the New York papers the next morning.

We doubled Sandy Hook, and found ourselves in the outer or lower bay: at the upper extremity the shores of Staten and Long Islands approach each other, and form what is named the Narrows, on passing which an unexpected and beautiful sight burst upon us. On the left was Staten Island, with its bold and lofty heights covered with wood to their very summits, its cool and shady valleys rejoicing in the richest vegetation, through which the eye sought in vain to penetrate, here approaching so near to the water that the pendent branches trailed in the gently swelling waves. On a bare and high bluff which commanded an extensive view to seaward, were the lighthouse and signal-posts for telegraphing the arrival of vessels to the city. Farther, on an eminence facing the sea, we saw the Seamen's Hospital, for the support of which all passengers entering the port are taxed to the amount of one dollar. At the foot of this eminence stands the village, its painted houses scattered in all directions, with no apparent regard to symmetry or order; still the contrast between the red, white, or yellow buildings, and the brilliant foliage in the background, possessed a novel charm which delighted us; while the hourly arrival and departure of gaily painted steam-boats to

and from the city, whose steeples were visible in the distance; the swift motion and elegant forms of the numerous pleasure-boats skimming over the surface of the water; the fleet of vessels at anchor on the quarantine ground; the arrival and departure of others; with the bright sun, the deep blue sky, and glorious breeze; all combined to render the scene as animated and interesting as it was welcome.

"Let go the anchor," cried the pilot from the quarterdeck: the ponderous mass sunk to the bottom, and the ship swung slowly round to the tide. We knocked open the ports which had been caulked to exclude the water, and allowed the purifying breeze to sweep through our berths. All were now on the *qui vive* for the shore, when a boat was seen approaching, steered by an elderly gentleman wearing a broad-brimmed straw-hat turned up behind: he was the health officer of the port; and having ascertained that no contagious disease existed among us, he gave permission for four of our number to land. These were charged with commissions to bring off bread, milk, and butter: how we longed for fresh and moist food, and how we enjoyed it when it did arrive, we cannot well be told.

The captain went up to the city to report his arrival to the consignees, and on his return announced that a sloop would be alongside by daybreak the next morning to convey us all with our baggage to the city. We set to work packing everything in readiness overnight; and at the appointed hour transferred our persons and our effects to the vessel hired for us, and took leave of the *Argus* and those on board of her with three hearty cheers. We were first carried to a wooden wharf not far from the shore, with which it was quite unconnected: here our names were called over, our boxes examined, and our bedding opened and exposed to the air; the health officer superintended the latter process, while the officers of the customs, with the greatest civility and quietness, inspected the boxes which we had standing open ready for their supervision. No undue display of authority was to be detected; the performance of their duty in a firm yet considerate manner seemed to be all that they desired. These operations occupied several hours, during which, from our isolated situation, we suffered greatly from hunger and thirst. After they were completed we once more placed our baggage on the deck of the sloop, and, casting off the moorings, were soon under weigh for the city. On starting, we again gave three hearty cheers; but a company of German

emigrants, who had gone through an inspection similar to our own at the opposite end of the same wharf, burst unanimously into a beautiful chorus, all their voices blending in rich and sonorous harmony, while at the close a quartette alone finished the melody. The effect was almost magical, wafted over the waters of the beautiful bay; and on contrasting it with our own uproarious shouts, I could not help thinking that the Germans had chosen the happiest medium for the expression of their feelings. The wind and tide were both in our favour. In half an hour we had passed Governor's Island, Castle Garden, the Battery, and, entering the East River, found ourselves all at once deafened by loud invitations to an endless variety of boarding-houses before we touched the land; touters of all sizes and all colours stood ready to thrust their cards into our hands with a jabbering that quite repelled us. Meantime the vessel was securely moored to the wharf; we hastened on shore; hasty farewells were uttered, and we, who for fifty-two days had lived in such intimate neighbourhood, would, ere the close of the day, be widely scattered, each one anxious for his own interest. And thus we stood in the NEW WORLD.

This was the moment of trial: the true men now showed themselves, and made their arrangements with a promptitude and energy that told how well they understood and had considered their plans; while the timid and the vacillating, they who, among companions, could talk the loudest and most boastfully, now that it came to acting for themselves, lost all heart, and betaking themselves to the nearest liquor store, drowned their cowardice in gin. There was, however, something intimidating in the feelings excited on entering a strange city in a far away land: there was the consciousness that nearly four thousand miles of ocean separated us from our home; when that disappeared we had unconsciously conceived an attachment for the ship which had been our shelter for so many days, and now that was left; those with whom we had lived in friendly intercourse on the ocean, were rapidly vanishing from around us, as each one departed his own way. Before us were all the noise, bustle, and confusion ever to be found in streets near the water of seaport towns; carts in endless succession were pouring from the side streets along the quay, laden with merchandise for the tow boats about to start for the interior; others, just arrived, were discharging their cargoes; wheels were jammed against wheels; horses

fell; loads were thrown off, and men execrated. Steam ferry-boats were continually crossing and recrossing the river to Brooklyn, glittering in white paint, on the opposite shore of Long Island. The whole visible length of the river was crowded with shipping, from the country sloops with their gay streamers, to the splendid packet ships. At the back of the quay, which extended as far as the eye could reach, stood a row of tall houses, painted in various shades of red, green, yellow, and white: the external shutters to the windows of every story, while novel in appearance, betokened a scorching sun; the awnings, stretched from the front of the shops to posts fixed at the outer edge of the side walks, in an almost uninterrupted line, furnished still stronger evidence on this point. The names, too, like all besides, were strange and new; such a mixture of Dutch, French, and German, with the legitimate American. The signs were no less striking to a stranger: *Storage*, in large letters, was written on every third or fourth house: *Grocery* indicated a grocer's shop: *Domestics* did not signify "helps," but "dry goods" or printed cottons manufactured in the country: *Bakery* showed where one of life's great essentials could be bought: while "liquor stores" were not to be reckoned for number. Traces of the early Dutch possessors were conspicuous in some of the buildings, and in the names written on them; *Voorhees* and *Schuyler*, *Dewitt* and *Van Vrauken*, recalled the days of the sturdy old Knickerbockers.

With very few exceptions, the whole of our steerage passengers transferred themselves to a tow-boat preparing to start for Albany, from whence, by means of the Erie canal, the majority of them would find their way to their respective destinations. Just at this moment a man, dressed in black, of gentlemanly appearance, carrying a large blue bag, went amongst them; he was the agent of a Bible Society, and presented a neatly bound copy of the Scriptures, with a few words of advice, to every emigrant whom he found destitute of the volume.

"Carman, want a carman, boss?" "First rate board, three dollars a week," had been the ceaseless cries around us from the moment we stepped on shore. I had been to look at one or two boarding-houses which did not please me, when the last carman who came up declared that he knew a "first-rate house about two blocks off," which I went to see, and was satisfied with its appearance, and the rate of advertised charges. A carpenter with whom I had become acquainted on board the *Argus*, had agreed to join

company with me for a short time, thinking we might, possibly, be of service to each other; we therefore engaged the carman to remove our luggage, and in a short time were quietly seated over a refreshing cup of tea, of which we stood much in need after the harassing occupations and events of the day. The house, however, did not come up to its promise of "first-rate," for there were no walls to the bedrooms, no convenience for washing, and "any quantity" of bugs in the bedsteads: we were not sorry to remove the next day to another house in a quiet street in the upper part of the city. It was understood that no charge should be made for the storage of our chests, &c., during the few days of our stay; but when we were leaving, and the load was on the car, the landlord insisted that we should pay a dollar and a half for the accommodation, before he would allow the driver to leave his door. We were obliged, through our inexperience, to submit to the imposition, which we afterwards learned was altogether illegal.

The house to which we removed was full of newly arrived emigrants, of whom there were constant arrivals and departures; there was matter of astonishment, and in many cases of pity, in listening to their remarks on the new country of which they had become denizens; how profoundly ignorant most of them were in all that concerned the vitality of their position and prospects: some were from Sheffield—with the Yorkshire accent fresh upon their tongues, sounding less harsh and not unwelcome, so far remote from its native soil—these were loud in their denunciations of the artful schemes employed by the emigration agents to induce them to leave home. Poor fellows, they expected to earn twenty dollars a week in New York, and to find crowds of "bosses" waiting on the quay to hire them immediately on their landing. The disappointment to those with large families was cruel in the extreme; the city was already overdone with manufacturers of hardware, wages were not higher than in Sheffield, and to complete their misfortunes, they were exposed to all the rapacity of boarding-house-keepers. Those who had the means returned to England within a week of their arrival; the others dispersed themselves over the city and contrived to pick up a living as "saw-filers." Fortunately it was not difficult to find situations for such of their children as were of an age to be useful; and relieved of this charge their situation was not so desperate as it appeared in the first burst of disappointment.

The temporary lodging being now secured, no time was to be lost in seeking for

work and a permanent residence. For the latter we had arrived a month too late, as very few unoccupied houses or apartments are to be found after the 1st of May. The slim condition of my purse, however, rendered the obtaining of work an object of paramount importance; and, as my wife and family were as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances, I sallied forth to ask

"A brother of the earth to give me leave to toil."

I had always read in books and letters on America, that work was ever abundant, and to be obtained without difficulty; but all my experience proves the contrary, at least as regards New York. At the first place I entered, the proprietor informed me that trade was "pretty well used up," and "no hands were wanted." Another gave as a reason for not requiring any addition to his number of workmen that "General Jackson had tinkered the constitution too successfully for business to be what it ought to be for a pretty considerable time." At a third place, a lad waiting in the store, in reply to my query, hailed a companion working at the back of the house, "Hiram, call the boss:"* the boss came, and on repeating my inquiry, he observed, "My stock of furniture is going off, that's a fact; but I can't take hands on for want of the pewter."

It would be tedious to detail all the reasons given by the "bosses" on whom I called during my walks, which were continued unsuccessfully for a week. In only a single instance did I hear any thing like an expression of jealousy of strangers; one manufacturer remarked in an angry tone, that "the city was overerowed with foreigners who took away work that by right belonged to the citizens." "Go west," was the general observation, "go west; the city's too full; any quantity of work out west." My means, however, did not admit of my undertaking another long journey; and on the eighth day I was fortunate enough to find employment from a master tradesman who had emigrated from England twenty years previously; he now lived in his own house, had a capital business, and was worth many thousand dollars. On telling him that I had been advised to go to the country, he said, "Don't do any such thing; if you can't get a living in New York, you can't in any part of the Union; I have tried both, and know it."

This was cheering. I went to work the next morning; and in the course of the same

week had the good luck to meet with two rooms and a pantry to let, in a small farmhouse, which I hired for sixty-five dollars yearly rent. During my first day's work I found my shopmates were from many different countries; two were Americans, one Irish, one English, two Germans, and one Frenchman. On my first entrance, the foreman, an American, called out to the representative of the emerald isle, "Look here, Paddy; here's another Johnny Bull come over to be civilized." John Bull, however, can afford to be laughed at. After we became acquainted we went on very pleasantly together: the superior skill of the Germans and Frenchman was of the highest service to me, who had much to learn, never having worked but in a provincial town in England; and as the Frenchman could not speak a word of English, and worked at the next bench to mine, my French studies were materially benefited by the conversations I had with him, and the more so as he was a remarkably intelligent workman.

We were not sorry to leave the boarding-house where the charges had been higher than we could well afford, and to take possession of our new house, in which, although there was nothing but the bare walls and our chests and boxes, yet there was domestic privacy, that great essential to comfort and contentment; and the more prized as we had been strangers to it from the time we set foot on shipboard in the previous month of April. It was on the 5th of July that we removed; and as we walked through St. John's Park we saw great numbers of the black population, with gay coloured scarfs and banners, preparing to celebrate the anniversary of their manumission, by perambulating the city on the day after the great national holiday.

It was evening by the time our things were all removed. Our beds had been lost overboard at the anchorage; I therefore went out and bought several bundles of straw which we spread upon the floor, and laying blankets on the top we enjoyed sleep as sound and refreshing as it would have been in the best appointed chamber. The next day we drew our biggest chest to the middle of the room for a table, while the smaller trunks and boxes served as seats; and thus we went on pleased with our contrivances until the end of the first week, when out of my surplus earnings we bought a bedstead and a few chairs, and with these we determined to be content until a small store of dollars should have been saved. We were well off as regards fuel, for my boss was pulling down an old workshop, and gave me

* The master.

two loads of the waste wood; among this I found sufficient to make a small bench, which I hoped to turn to good account, and made place for it in one corner of our room; the remainder I sawed into lengths for burning on the open hearth common to the inferior class of houses throughout the States, and such as is seen in farm-houses in England. When a small fire is needed, or for the burning of charcoal, it is customary to use a "furnace" made of fire-clay, in shape like a large flowerpot with a double bottom, the upper one being pierced full of holes for the admission of air. These, in the hot weather, are frequently used in the open air, and as they concentrate the heat, cooking may be very conveniently performed upon them.

The cheapness of provisions at that time was in our favour; the profusion of meat, fruit, and vegetables was such, that two dollars and a half, or ten shillings sterling, sufficed for our weekly expenses. In the spare hours of the morning and evening, as often as the great heats would permit, I set myself to make a table; and I shall not soon forget the pleasure we felt when on its completion we placed it in the centre of the room. When our life on shipboard is taken into account, we had been so long without a table, that for some time we could not cease to congratulate ourselves on the great convenience it afforded us. A shelf for books was fitted into a recess at one side of the fireplace, and then we considered our domestic arrangements complete.

In embarking for America, it was with the resolution to give the country a fair trial; that if we fell short of the anticipated benefit it should be from no inattention on my part. We contented ourselves for many months with the simple provision above described; and during the first two years, with the exception of a week's illness, I was not absent from work for more than a single day. It may be said that if a man would resolutely pursue such a course in England, he would hardly find it necessary to emigrate; but shame stands in the way; many do not like to sink in the eyes of their neighbours and friends. To "get along" in England as thousands do in America would be considered a disgrace, although such a course in the moral discipline induced might be fraught with the happiest effects.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to say a few words on the fallacious notions and expectations generally entertained by actual or intending emigrants. They cross the Atlantic with very exaggerated ideas of their own importance, and the advantages

they expect to derive from the change of situation: but with regard to the United States, they will find a host of unforeseen difficulties awaiting them. They expect to go through life with less labour or less difficulty than they have previously endured, but they must work harder than ever if they wish to gain a comfortable living. They are in a country where, although many try to live without working, and look down with contempt on the jacket and apron, there is no sympathy with idleness. They expect to meet a people of imperfect skill and little improvement, who will give them any price for their knowledge; but on the contrary they find the new people have improved almost every object involving mechanical skill, from a stay-lace to a steam-boat; most articles of domestic use, tables, chairs, brooms, and brushes, are lighter and more tasteful than similar articles in the "old country;" and instead of being the leaders, such emigrants are content to drop into the rear, happy if they can maintain their footing. Then there are the vicissitudes of the climate, which in most seasons are intolerably severe and trying to the constitution. The new emigrant, again, has heard of the successes of some of his acquaintance who went out years ago, and he looks for equal success in his own case, losing sight of the multitudes who left their homes with the same views and have been miserably disappointed. He finds difficulties, discouragements, and expenses which were altogether unanticipated; he finds it difficult to keep pace with the stirring rivalry around him; and unless he be a man of unflinching courage and perseverance, his fate is the fate of thousands; he abandons the struggle, falls into habits which the great heats and the cheapness of exhilarating drinks render but too prevalent; and his career ends hopelessly, while he has never ceased to regret his departure from home.

These remarks, however, apply principally to those who cannot exist away from the noise and excitement of a city; while they who can rely on the strength of their principles and their arms, may betake themselves to the smaller towns and villages of the interior, where the field of labour is wide and the temptation to idleness small. There, with common industry, a man may soon call himself the owner of a piece of land, on which he builds a house, and then, secure of a home, works on in all the gladness of honourable independence, in the anticipation of welcome repose in age. I know but of one objection to this: wages in coun-

try places are more often paid in kind than in money. I knew a man who for three weeks' work, in the neighbourhood of Buffalo, was paid with a load of hay.

We soon felt the difference between an English and American summer. The weather, when we landed, and for a short time afterwards, was about as warm as the same season on the eastern side of the Atlantic; but at the beginning of July the heat became intense; the thermometer in the sun stood at 120° and at 96° in the shade. It is scarcely possible to imagine the state of feeling produced by such an extreme. While sitting perfectly still in the thinnest clothing, the perspiration streams from every pore, trickles from every hair of the head, and falls in a shower to the floor. The garments become saturated and stick to the skin, which, irritated as it already is by the "prickly heat," a disease common to warm climates, suffers an intolerable degree of discomfort. The desire to drink is irresistible, and copious draughts of water are taken to compensate for the excessive waste; breathing, in fact, becomes almost too great an effort. The physical inconveniences here described are those of a state of repose; what then must be the weariness and exhaustion attendant on eleven or twelve hours' labour in a confined workshop? I have felt at times so worn out as scarcely to be able to crawl home in the evening, where, seating myself in a cool place, though this was rather difficult to find with the thermometer at 90° after sunset, I seldom stirred until the lapse of some hours of darkness, or the blowing of the evening breeze gave reason to hope that sleep might be sought with a chance of success. Repose, however, attends but seldom on the pillow; the torrid atmosphere generates such swarms of bugs that with the greatest care it is impossible to completely extirpate them. These alone are sufficient to worry a weary man into madness, to say nothing of the incessant noise, like that produced by knife-grinders, caused by the locusts, and the contentions chirrup of the kaly-dids which abound in the trees that grow along each side of the street as high as the first-floor windows; and later in the season the swarms of mosquitoes with their exasperating sting and Lilliputian trumpets:—no wonder the inhabitants look so thin and haggard when their repose is thus destroyed by the very cause which renders it the more necessary.

On the public pumps in the streets printed placards were pasted with the words "DEATH TO DRINK COLD WATER;" but in spite of the

warning several deaths occurred from inconsiderate drinking, principally among Irish labourers. Some of the masons who were at work on the great Astor Hotel dropped down dead from the effects of the heat. In consequence of these deaths the builders generally came to the resolution to suspend out-of-doors work every day from the hours of twelve to four, until the weather moderated. The brute creation did not escape; horses fell dead in their harness. The whole effect of these events was very startling to a stranger. The fiercest intensity of the heat, however, seldom lasts for more than three days at a time; it is then succeeded by an appalling thunderstorm, after which the temperature is a shade more bearable for a few days. Millions of flies infest the air, swarm in every room, and settle on every article of food, so as to be truly disgusting. I have seen them congregated in such numbers on the tea-table, that the butter and sugar looked like nothing else than moving masses of blackness, and the noise of their buzzing when a candle is lighted in the evening is altogether insupportable.

I underwent a severe attack of bilious fever, before being thoroughly acclimated; it laid me by for a week, and eventually yielded to copious bleeding, but left me very weak for some time afterwards. The worst was, however, to come: our little daughter, who had lived through all the trials of the voyage, fell a victim to the disease so fatal to infant life throughout the United States, known as the "summer complaint," or *cholera infantum*. For many days our hopes struggled with our fears; we prayed that she might recover; but at last, when reduced to the extremity of attenuation, her gentle heart ceased to beat. In the hot season there is but a short interval between the death and the burial: on the evening of our day of bereavement I saw our darling laid in the earth; and owing to the negligence of the grave-digger, was obliged to stand by while he dug the grave: on turning to leave the ground he ran after me, shouting that it was customary to pay cash, and he would write a receipt.

Death's first inroad among a little family becomes a melancholy halting-place in its annals. To our eyes Time had left a foot-step visible on his trackless path. A knell of sorrow sounded in our ears, whose echo yet lingers in our hearts.

The certainty of employment left me at liberty to notice in my daily walks some of the peculiarities of the city and its inha-

bitants. One feature that particularly strikes a stranger is the bright and unsmoked appearance of the streets and houses. The predilections of the early Dutch colonists in favour of paint, which they introduced, with many other characteristics of their native Holland, into their new country, have come down to their descendants, or rather successors. A house painted all over with a clear brilliant white first attracts the eye; the next will be a flaring red, with the joints of the bricks "picked out" in white; its neighbour will most likely be yellow, succeeded by green, followed in turn by a front covered with red and white chequers after the fashion of a draught-board. All this, though not in the best taste, yet being renewed annually, serves to give the city, above the surface of the streets, a clean and cheerful appearance. The leading thoroughfares look like long green avenues during the fine season, bordered by the trees planted at the verge of the footways, whose shade is really grateful in the hot days, of which I have attempted a description in the preceding passages. The paving is, however, execrable; the roughness and inequality of the surface impede alike the progress of horses, vehicles, and human beings. At the yearly municipal elections "Inspectors of Streets" are duly appointed and paid, but their utility is very questionable, since the streets are seen covered with all sorts of rubbish, ashes, bones, refuse vegetables, among which pigs prowl in undisturbed felicity. The 1st of May in every year is the time chosen for removals; then household furniture of all descriptions, in every species of conveyance, may be seen in busy motion in all the streets, as though the owners were flying from a besieging army. For some days before and after this event the public ways, always dirty and encumbered, receive fresh contributions: old shoes, pots, pans, kettles, shattered relics of the pantry and scullery, are pitched into the streets as the readiest mode of getting rid of them. The straw beds universally used are now emptied of their worn contents, and the heaps of old straw thus scattered in all directions furnish rare sport to the young republicans, who set fire to them after night-fall, throwing in whatever combustibles may lie around; and so ends "flitting day" with a general blaze.

In consequence of the want of sewers the drainage is all on the surface, which tends very much to increase the unsavouriness of the streets, swept but once a week during the summer, while in the winter the dirt is left undisturbed, mingled with the snow, for

months together. The fatal effects of this negligence are often felt in the great heats, in the breaking out of epidemic diseases. The fearful visitation of the cholera in 1832 will long be remembered by the New Yorkers. The public health is not, however, entirely lost sight of, for during the hottest season medical advice and medicine are gratuitously given to all poor or sickly applicants in the different wards of the city; close alleys and the gutters of narrow streets are limewashed; cesspools are inspected, and when necessary purified by the throwing in of several bushels of lime, as a means of preventing the generation of contagious miasm.

Another peculiarity observable by a stranger is the youthfulness of the population. Young men from twenty to twenty-five are there seen in positions which in older countries are filled by men of twice that age. The appearance of the busy throngs that pass up and down the streets would lead one to deduct a third from the chance of life as compared with Britain. There is much less of variety in physical development than we are accustomed to see in Europe. The comely and portly personages met with in all parts of England are very rarely seen there; occasionally an old person of one or the other sex is encountered, but withered and sapless, as though the torrid heats and arctic frosts had drawn out all their vital juices. The season of infancy and boyhood, like the spring of the natural year, is brief and ungenial; soon swallowed up in the assumption of a manly bearing—of the privileges of age without its experience. The want of "veneration" which pervades all the social and political relations of the country is nowhere so manifest as in the intercourse between parents and children. "Honour thy father and thy mother" is a precept little regarded where the domestic ties are slight, where the fireside virtues are but little esteemed. The holy and elevating influence of age upon youth is completely lost in the engrossing claims of business on the one hand, and on the other, in the precocious desire for independence and enjoyment.

A short residence in New York is sufficient to prove that the convenience of pedestrians is not an object of paramount importance, as in London. The side walks of many of the leading thoroughfares are encroached upon in the most reckless manner. In front of nearly every "grocery" stands a huge ugly bin, from which the supply of charcoal is retailed, supported on either side by old hogsheads, barrels, and

sugar-boxes, forming a mass as unsightly as it is inconvenient and dangerous. In front of timber or "lumber yards," the occupiers raise high piles of wood on the foot and roadway, without any regard to the facilities of traffic.

Wood is the staple fuel of the inhabitants: carts loaded with it may always be seen passing from the country boats moored alongside the wharfs, to all parts of the city, where the load is "dumped" opposite the door of the purchaser. This wood being in lengths of four feet, must then be sawed into shorter lengths, convenient for the hearth or stove; an operation performed in the street by some of the many "wood sawyers," most of them negroes, who are continually on the look-out for a job; and when the quantity they have to cut is large, an accumulating heap of little blocks remains on the ground during the whole of their tedious labour.

The markets of New York teem with a rich supply of vegetables and fruits in the fine season: the duty of going to market is not confined exclusively to females; most of it is done by the men. I have often started for the market as early as five o'clock in the morning, in order to be ready for work at six, as well as to take advantage of the cool hours for the buying of meat, which in the hot months must be cooked soon after it is killed, to prevent putrefaction. What a tempting sight to an Englishman is the display of pine-apples, melons, peaches, and profusion of tropical fruits! I have frequently bought a large and juicy melon for three cents, and a peck of the most delicious peaches for ten cents, whose flavour, ripened by the glowing sun of an American sky, far exceeds all that I have ever tasted in this country. He only who has panted under that sultry sky can have any adequate conception of the luxury and enjoyment of cutting open a rich cool melon, and suffering its pulpy substance to dissolve in the mouth. It is then we gratefully feel how bountifully Nature compensates for all her apparent annoyances and inconveniences.

To one who has been accustomed to see meat sold, as in England, by ounces—to weigh the loaf against the appetite—the abundance and cheapness of an American market are very gratifying. Instead of buying a chop, wherewith to flavour a large mass of potatoes, he will carry home a quarter of a sheep or a lamb, or a solid rib of beef, with as many vegetables as he can well stagger under, pleased with the anticipation that the tender frames of his little growing family will receive due development under the generous nourishment. In such a case there

is no stint; no uneasy thoughts about the coming day's supply; no impending dread of hungry looks or hungry stomachs among those who claim his best affections. This, I have often thought, is the chief cause of the firmer tone and manner which soon becomes apparent in the person of newly-arrived emigrants: shadowed forth in glowing colours in the letters which they write to their friends at home. Unfortunately it too often ends here:—the physical is fostered, but the moral is neglected.

At the approach of winter, the "tow-boats" that bring down country produce are laden to a tenfold degree; apples, potatoes, poultry, pigs killed and scalded in readiness for cutting up, absolutely crowd the decks, piled many feet in height. Customers are not wanting, as the prices are lower than in the markets, and it is a common practice among nearly all classes to lay in a stock of such provisions as will keep at the commencement of the cold season. At such times I have bought apples at fifty cents a barrel (three bushels), potatoes eighteen cents the bushel; while the piles of fat hogs are sold at from four to five cents a pound; and a whole sheep for a dollar.

These prices are, however, subject to great fluctuations: the severe winters cause a general rise in all kinds of vegetable produce; at such times twelve or eighteen cents will be charged for a cabbage; from the month of January to May, the scarcity of green food is universal. The price of bread also is not less uncertain: I have often paid six cents for a loaf, which a few weeks earlier in the season would not have cost more than half that sum. For more than half of the five years that we lived in New York, the prices of provisions were, with very slender exceptions, as high as those in the large towns of this country.

The Northern and Eastern states have a West Indian summer and a Russian winter; in the latter season the north-westerly winds sweep every thing like vegetation from the face of the earth. Our first experience of the cold was as trying as that of the heat; both were more severe than had been known for some years. So searching are the bitter blasts, that, seated by a well-heated stove, it was impossible to refrain from shivering. None but the most violent exercise will retain in the body any comfortable degree of warmth. The broad rolling Hudson is frozen over, and for the next six months all river navigation is completely stopped. The atmosphere is, however, dry; the sky brilliantly blue; and the exhilaration produced by bright sunshine enables one to withstand

the polar hurricanes. The commencement of the year is generally attended by heavy falls of snow; then the smooth-gliding sleighs make their appearance, drawn by horses to whose harness bells are attached, that jingle merrily as they trot over the hard frozen surface of the roads. Still, with all these compensating circumstances, the winters are long and tedious; their reign may be estimated on the average at seven months. There is little or none of the delightful and promising season of spring; I have seen a fall of six inches of snow on the 27th of April, accompanied by a biting nor-wester, with not a glimpse of vegetation visible. On the 15th of May following, the chestnut-trees in the streets were in full leaf; men and horses panting with the heat; dogs hanging their tongues out of their mouths. With one stride winter passes into summer.

On landing in New York I made up my mind to lose none of the advantages it offered by want of diligence on my part. During the first two years I took but one holiday, and that was passed in company with a French shopmate, in a glorious stroll on the wave-beaten sands, and among the breezy woods of Staten Island. In summer we began work at six; at eight took half an hour for breakfast, and then worked till twelve, when came an hour for dinner; after which we kept on till six, seven, or eight, as we pleased, deferring our third meal until the close of our daily labour. In the winter we took breakfast before daylight, so as to arrive at the workshop by the time that we could see to work, thereby gaining time, and saving ourselves a walk in unpleasant weather. On leaving at eight in the evening, I carried with me a portion of my tools, and set myself to make up such articles of furniture as we most needed; and frequently have I found myself still busy, impatient for the completion of the object that would afford us at once convenience and ornament, at the striking of the "wee short hour ayont the twal." At other times, after laying down my load of tools, I would find it difficult to resist the feeling of weariness induced by eleven hours of previous labour, and sinking instinctively into a chair, take up a book, and soon forget my mechanical duties. It will show how far I was possessed by the utilitarian feeling that, on such occasions, I thought on going to bed that I had lost an evening. I did not then know that this was one of the methods made use of by nature for restoring her balance, compensating for the tension of muscular exertion.

It took another form in the workshop: there it frequently happened about the middle of the afternoon of some sultry summer's day, or of a stormy day in winter, after several weeks of real hard work unrelieved by any change, that a simultaneous cessation from work took place, no one could tell why, though no surprise was manifested that, in the one case, we placed ourselves near an open window, or in the other that we drew round the stove. Then, as it were by tacit agreement, every hand held out its contribution of "loose change;" the apprentice was sent on his errand, and speedily returned laden with wine, brandy, biscuits, and cheese. The appropriation of these refreshments was sure to call forth songs from those who felt musical; after which came a proposition for a further supply, which provoked a more noisy vocalization, while the conversation which had been animated became excited. With a third instalment we concluded the day, and went home half in wonder at our folly, half vexed at our loss of time, feelings which the dizziness of our heads and the uneasiness of our limbs rendered more acute the next day. I always remarked on these occasions that the brandy was drunk by the English, Americans, or Irish, while the French and Germans invariably chose wine, remarking that the spirit was too strong. Their songs, too, possessed more sentiment and character, and were much more musical, than those roared by the natives or "Britishers." I remember once quizzing one of our Germans on some peculiarities of his country, to which he replied, "Ah, dat is very well; but you can't make kings and kveens in your country; you must come to my country for dem."

It is matter of notoriety and of observation that, of all the emigrants who flock into the United States, the English are generally the least successful. The Irish, Scotch, Germans, save money; and of those who crowd the shipping offices for the remitting of money to their friends in the "old country," the greater proportion will be found among these three nations. Many of them who on their first arrival worked on the wharfs or in the streets, rise gradually upwards until they have accumulated sufficient capital to enable them to go west, or to open a "store," which then becomes the temporary headquarters of all their acquaintances who may thereafter seek their fortune on the western side of the Atlantic. The English, on the contrary, probably from the absurd notions they entertain of their own importance, involve themselves in perpetual disputes with

the natives as to the respective superiority of the old or new country. They do not fall easily into the busy movements around them; their own opinions *must* be the best; they do not work from necessity, but as a compliment to the country; they cannot abide that their standard of living should be in any degree below that of the Americans, hence their lack of economy; and so they go on grumbling until they are pushed aside by more active competitors.

In the summer of 1836, when the inflated state of commerce and speculation had reached its height, when prices and rents were increasing in a like proportion, a strike took place among the cabinet-makers. They were dissatisfied with the wages then paid for their labour; and having compiled a new price-book as the basis of their claims, they held meetings; appointed committees; and on a given day, with very few exceptions, ceased working in all the shops of the city. The Americans of our workshop were among the noisiest of the strike, and naturally expected that I should join them; but to this, for several reasons, I was disinclined. First, I considered that I was receiving quite as high wages as my manual skill deserved; next, I felt disposed to attach more importance to the claims of my family than to the ill-considered demands of a body of men, of which the greater part were but the stepping-stones for a few selfish individuals; and last, my "turning out" would have been but an ill return for the kindness of my employer, who had given me work in the anxious time immediately following our arrival, and befriended me in various ways afterwards. Two or three deputations were sent to argue with me on the subject; in vain I expressed my belief that the unsatisfactory rate of wages was rather to be attributed to the unprecedented influx of workmen from abroad, than to any other circumstance; they silenced, without convincing me; and finding me firm, they resorted to threats, and promised to waylay and "hammer" me on my way home from work, and concluded their arguments with a high-flown and frothy exposition of the rights of man—of the bounden duty of the minority to yield to whatever the majority may enact. Threats succeeded no better than arguments; I kept on working during the whole of the strike, and in the six weeks that it lasted earned forty-eight dollars; while the others, although in a few instances they obtained a rise, were, at the end of a month after, working at the old wages, having lost nearly half of the best season, and in many cases were supplanted by other

artisans which the continued tide of emigration poured into the city. A year or two afterwards I accidentally met one of the members of the deputations, who, recognising me, stopped for a few minutes to speak of his recollections of the event, and added, with a laugh, "You were the toughest customer we had; but I guess it would have been better for us had we all done as you did."

Thousands in America will long remember the wild speculative excitement of 1836. Every one, the wise, the proud, and the learned, was making haste to be rich; the desire spread like a contagion. What wonder, then, that I should have been led astray by the general delusion? A relative who arrived from England held out to me bright prospects of advantages to be realized by the employment of a little capital, combined with a removal to some inland town. I sold off nearly the whole of our moveables, whose fabrication had occupied the evenings of the two previous winters; and having made a preliminary journey with my friend, returned alone at the end of three weeks, with a large accession of experience, but a most woful lack of dollars. In other words, our scheme had completely failed, and I had no resource but in my industry and chest of tools to meet the impending difficulties. Remaining in New York was now out of the question; dread of the ridicule which my thoughtlessness or folly would excite was too great to be easily withstood. I therefore resolved on removing to Poughkeepsie; a town on the banks of the Hudson, about eighty miles above the city, where a large fire having just before burnt down two cabinet-making establishments, it was reasonable to hope that work would be readily obtained.

Our whole capital, as with our baggage we took places on a bright smoking morning in June on board of one of the Albany steamers, was five dollars. The Champlain was one of the finest boats on the river. Her deck was crowded with passengers; all apparently animated by the exhilarating morning breeze. The scenery on either shore was such as to claim admiration; but a heaviness was at my heart which nothing could remove. It seemed that my hand would not quit the pocket, where the dollars were counted again and again; while as I looked on our two little boys, who, pleased with the novelty of their situation, were running merrily about the deck, I found myself involuntarily calculating how long they would live on two dollars, all that would be left after the payment of our fare. I sat upon my chest, lost

in the bitterness of self-reproach, uninterested by the scene around me. The conversation of the other passengers, their occasional jests and bursts of laughter, annoyed me; I was anxious for the future, and ashamed of the past. My uneasiness was heightened, on going to the captain's office to pay our fare of three dollars, on finding that he intended to make the unusual charge of a dollar and a half for our baggage. I ventured to remonstrate; but was met by the reply, that if "I didn't like it I might go by another boat." I had now but half a dollar left; all my calculations were disappointed; while in the chance of not finding work at the end of our journey my courage had well nigh failed me.

Many times on that, to us, melancholy morning, had I heard the cry "Go ahead" from the men at the gangway to the engineer, after stopping to land passengers. At this moment the energetic phrase was again repeated, and it struck my attention so forcibly, that I could not help applying it to myself. It gave a new direction to my thoughts, leading them from vain regrets to the resources that lay before me: the flame of hope began, though feebly, to revive; and from this time my uneasiness sensibly abated.

The swift vessel entered the highlands, whose beauties have been well preserved in the writings of the author of 'Rip van Winkle';—the scene of Arnold's treachery and André's suffering. On a high rock we saw the fort of West Point, and near it the Military Academy. Many of the cadets were lying on the crags, under the shade of the trees, watching the vessels as they passed up and down this magnificent portion of the river. And soon after the cry of "Poughkeepsie baggage" warned us to make preparations for landing. Our chests and boxes were hauled to the gangway; the usual unceremonious halt was made, so short that the vessel was some feet from the wharf as I leaped on shore with our last parcel. She dashed on, and left us standing there with all our hopes and fears crowding fast upon us.

We were immediately surrounded by a number of Irish labourers, all clamorous for the job of carrying our luggage to "the village," and with difficulty restrained from seizing and running off with it in every direction. I succeeded at last in piling it all snugly at one side of the wooden platform: my wife and the two little boys seated themselves on the top as sentinels, while I walked up the hill to the town, a mile distant, to seek for a new home and the means of living in it. I hurried up the brick-paved road and

through the streets until the sign "Cabinet-maker" over a door met my eye. I entered, and in a painful state of suspense inquired for the boss, who "guessed he didn't want a hand." The same unsatisfactory reply awaited me at two other places. There now remained but the last of the boss cabinet-makers in the town; if unsuccessful this time, what a hopeless prospect presented itself, without the means of travelling farther, or of paying for a single night's lodging! I hesitated some minutes at the door of the shop, afraid to ask the question on which so much depended, when "Go ahead," shouted by one teamster to another on the opposite side of the street, again attracted my notice, and I entered. To my inquiry for work the boss, a pleasant talkative little man, replied favourably, though not without circumlocution. He began by saying, without giving me time to speak, "Guess you're from the old country, aint you? Did you hang out in New York? What do you think of our country? Is King Billy as smart a man as General Jackson? Your Thames aint a circumstance by the side of our North River, eh? Well, I guess we're considerable busy, so you may come to work to-morrow."

Glad and grateful, I left the shop I had entered but a few minutes before with so much dread, and, relieved of my most pressing anxiety, walked cheerfully through the streets in search of a lodging. None, however, was to be found—not a single vacant room could I hear of; and unwilling as I was to incur the expense of a temporary residence at a boarding-house, it was the only alternative. Having secured this, as the sun was sinking behind the Shawangunk mountains, far away on the other side of the river, I descended the hill up which I had walked four hours before, and gladdened my wife with the news of my success. Our little boys had amused themselves for some time, until, becoming tired and hungry, they cried themselves to sleep; from which they were soon awakened, and the services of a carman being engaged, were speedily removed with our other effects to the boarding-house: the charge for the operation took away half of our solitary half dollar.

The next morning I was early at the workshop; courage and hope nerved my arm, and I determined to struggle through every obstacle. In the afternoon of this day a cruel and absurd custom compelled me to part with my last coin to pay "footing." Strange that the goodwill of shopmates cannot be extended to the stranger without this initiatory process! How often does it happen that a distressed mechanic has sacrificed

what would buy a meal for his family, to gratify the depraved appetites of those who will be friends or enemies in proportion to the strength and quantity of the liquor they swallow! This bad custom does not prevail to so great an extent in America as in our own country; and it is to be hoped that, with many other vicious drinking habits, it will soon become altogether obsolete.

Two weeks passed away, and I found myself in possession of a few dollars beyond my weekly expenses. A lodging was found at last, and joyfully taken possession of: it was but one room, somewhat dingy and fly-stained withal; but half a peck of lime, and the occupation of a few over-hours, soon gave the apartment a clean and cheerful aspect. A few bundles of straw, brought home on returning from work, filled the bed, which was laid in one corner of the floor, and with the old sea-chest in the middle for a table, we began the world anew, under circumstances very similar to those of our beginning two years before.

The next week we were able to purchase a table and bedstead, to which I added a stray chair from the workshop, that no one would claim; the crockery on the shelves was efficiently increased; the chests were removed to one side, the boxes put out of sight under the bed, so that the room began to assume a more comfortable appearance; and not least in our sources of contentment was the improvement in the health of my wife and children from breathing the pure air of the country.

Never had I got through so much work in an ordinary day as now. Determined to recover my losses, not a minute was suffered to pass unimproved. I rose very early, and leaving my family asleep took my food in a basket to the workshop, from which I did not return until the evening. This was the hour of repose and relaxation; the refreshing tea was always ready, accompanied with stewed fruit, or savoury johnny cakes. Then there were the events of the day to talk about; the travels of the boys into the neighbouring fields furnished an exhaustless subject of conversation; one had fallen into the narrow creek, and got nicely wetted before he could scramble out again; the other had chased grasshoppers till he was so hot, and red, and tired, that he would rather go to bed than sit at the table. One day a tree had been climbed; the next, a means of getting over a fence which had long baffled them, was discovered; and the tempting blackberries schemed down within reach of the young adventurers; the boys grew and thrived to the great joy of their parents.

At times a book afforded recreation; or a quiet stroll in the cool moonlight, under trees made vocal with the chirp of the katydids, reinvigorated us after the exhaustion of a scorching day, while it lent another pleasure to our country life, which seemed all the happier when compared with the confinement of a city.

At the end of five months, when the days grew shorter and the evenings dark, I found myself the possessor of sixty dollars—the result of diligence and economy. Work, however, began to slacken; the boss threw out hints of dismissal; one “hand” was discharged, then another, and at last it came to my turn, softened, however, by the promise of being “taken on again at Christmas.” This was a sudden check to the tide of prosperity, and a new source of disquietude, the more felt as all the other employers in the town were pursuing the same course, and consequently narrowing the resources. The lateness of the season, too, rendered additional expense necessary for fuel and other protection against the coming winter.

At this time a letter came from the relative to whom my savings had been lent, professing ability to perform his engagements under circumstances that rendered it necessary I should go to receive the amount in person. This involved a journey of some two hundred miles, which, after some consideration, I determined on, and starting by one of the night boats for Albany, reached my destination, a small village on the banks of the Mohawk, the next day.

Here, to my vexation, I learned that my friend had gone on a journey from which he would not return for several days; the delay, though unexpected, was not all loss. I made acquaintance with some students of the village grammar school, was admitted to hear their examinations and recitations, and in the company of one of them made many excursions up the hills behind the settlement, and away into the solitude of the forests; or starting on the banks of the creek that dashed down the declivity, we followed all its windings and explored all its noisy rapids to the source. I went also on a short trip by the railway to the flourishing and handsome city of Utica.

At length, after three weeks, my friend returned, but, unfortunately for me, quite unable to fulfil his promises; the recovery of the money appeared to be hopeless. I took a hasty farewell of the young man whose society had enabled me to pass the time usefully and agreeably, and returned to Poughkeepsie, only one day before a sudden

change of wind completely closed the navigation of the upper course of the Hudson. The resource of reading now proved of infinite service; the weather forbade out-of-door exercise, and I gained instruction while waiting for the opportunity to bring that instruction into practical use.

The boss still held out hopes of work, and as a drowning man will clutch at weeds, so did I cling to this as a compensation to come when the evil days should be over; but the evil days took no ending, and in spite of my efforts to the contrary, I became depressed. Gloomy feelings came over me as I thought upon the long bitter months to come; the sixty dollars, too, which had been greatly diminished by my fruitless journey to the west, were fast disappearing. I tried every means to obtain employment, and offered to work in exchange for food, but in vain; and to crown all, Christmas came, but the promised work came not with it.

This was the climax; I counted the contents of our scanty purse, and small indeed was the sum that remained. My resolution was taken; I bought a load of firewood, sawed, splitted, and then piled it in one corner of our room, to avoid the inconvenience of fetching it from out of doors in the snow or biting wind, and carefully stopped all the chinks and openings in the walls and floor to exclude the cold. I then laid in a small store of salt pork and potatoes, and with a wallet on my shoulder, and one dollar in my pocket, started before daylight on the morning of Christmas Day, after a sorrowful leave-taking, to walk eighty miles over the hills to New York, where I doubted not of meeting with some sort of occupation that would enable me to support my family until the return of the genial season should bring its attendant plenty and prosperity.

As I closed the outer door of the house, I seemed to lose half of the courage that had hitherto animated me. The morning was dark and starless; heavy clouds obscured the sky; the sullen roar of the ice drifted up and down by the tide in the distant river was wafted drearily to my ears; everything seemed to be in accordance with the depression of my feelings; and after walking about an hour my reflections became so painful that I turned round to retrace my steps. The feeling, however, was but temporary; "Go a-head" came to my mind; I fancied, like Curran, that my little boys were pulling in the other direction, and I once more turned my face to the south. To add to my discomfort, with the appearance of daylight it began to rain, at first slightly, then heavier, and at last settled into

a "downright pour;" in these circumstances I did not find climbing and descending the hills quite so pleasant a pastime as the admiring them from the deck of the steamer had been in the previous month of June.

I toiled on; the driver of the New York stage, which I met creeping along at a snail's pace, informed me that a few miles farther on the road was completely flooded. After walking thirty miles I felt so jaded from the constant soaking and bad condition of the roads that I stopped at a tavern by the road side just at night-fall. Here I found a welcome seat by the side of the bar-room stove; and much to my satisfaction learned that, the river being still navigable below the highlands, a steamer would start the next day for New York from a village at their southern extremity.

Morning came, but brought with it no cessation of the rain, which was pouring down as furiously as ever. Delay was out of the question; the tavern charge for bed and board had absorbed half of my dollar; I was still fifty miles from the city; and if I missed the steam-boat there was the prospect of becoming penniless before I could walk to the end of my journey. I set out, and at the foot of the first hill found the water dashing and roaring across the road with the fury of a cataract: here was a stop. I looked in vain for a passage; wading was not to be thought of; the great depth of the water, to say nothing of its impetuosity, presented an insurmountable obstacle, while the sides of the road falling away with a sudden declivity, rendered going round equally impracticable. Go a-head appeared now to be ineffective, when at last I discovered a portion of a dyke or stone fence occasionally visible above the surface of the torrent. Cautiously climbing upon this, I stood for a minute calculating my chances; the stream hissing through the interstices caused the stones to tremble at the passage of every wave, and on the other side plunged suddenly down a descent of fifty feet; a false step might be fatal. I carefully felt my way, and accomplished the passage in safety; then pushing on, I encountered another torrent in the next hollow; this, however, not so formidable, was passed by wading, and I reached the river at last; and just as the steamer was leaving the landing, stepped on board.

Dripping with wet, I took my seat by the cabin fire, from which I did not rise until the arrival of the vessel at New York the same evening. The payment of my fare left me but six cents in my pocket, and with

this sum, in the midst of a snow-storm, I walked on shore. I went at once to the lodging of my former French shopmate, and on a corner of his floor passed the night. The next day was devoted to looking for work, the next, and the next, but in vain. I offered to do any kind of work that would leave me a trifle beyond my bare expenses; the invariable reply was, "there will be no work till spring."

I pass over the dreary thoughts that troubled me. On the evening of the third day I met with a friend, who invited me to his house, and whose kindness enabled me to send a five-dollar note, with a few words of hope and encouragement, to my lonely and expectant wife. My friend was one of the few who, with the acquisition of the means, retain the disposition to do good. He gave me temporary work, and I eventually obtained a profitable situation in his service, which I retained during the remainder of my stay in America.

Spring came; the ice disappeared from the river, and with feelings far different from those with which I had come to the city four months before, I went back to Poughkeepsie and returned with my family, now increased by the addition of a little girl, who to our great grief was taken from us in the following summer. As the months went by our prospects brightened; I resumed my nightly labours, and in a short time our apartments were furnished to our hearts' content. My new situation afforded me the valuable privilege of enrolling myself a member of the 'Mercantile Library Association,' a flourishing institution, where an annual payment of two dollars secured access to a library of 20,000 volumes, and to a course of lectures by some of the most scientific men of the country.

I had seen the great fire in the winter of 1835-6, but was now to witness a more alarming convulsion in the commercial panic of 1837. All business was at a stand; bankruptcy followed bankruptcy with bewildering rapidity; the banks suspended specie payments, and hard coin became as scarce as diamonds. It was next to useless going to market with a five-dollar note—no one could or would give change. Many tradesmen issued notes for sums as low as six cents, in order to be able to meet the daily necessities of retail business; and this illegal paper, under the name of "shin plasters," was for a long time current in the city. All these disasters were the consequence of the inordinate haste to be rich of the preceding years.

During this and the following year the

letters we received from England conveyed urgent and apparently favourable inducements for our return. After mature deliberation we resolved on accepting the proposals, and on the 20th May, 1839, nearly five years from the time of our arrival, we embarked on board the *Gladiator*, one of the "liners," with a fair wind, and ere sunset of the same day the land in which we had lived so long with varied fortune, where we found friends in adversity and hopes in prosperity, had disappeared from our view below the western horizon.

We had left behind us the people whose activity and enterprise are indefatigable; whose prudence inclines to the side of profit; whose morality succumbs to their acquisitiveness; whose benevolence exceeds their conscientiousness; whose anticipations of the future are as great as they may be glorious, with the recognition of the unchanging principles of human right, human dignity, and moral truth.

The fair wind continued: our vessel proved herself worthy of the swift-sailing line to which she belonged; and in nineteen days from the time we passed Sandy Hook, at noon on a pleasant Sunday, we saw the high cliffs of England, the Bill of Portland being the first point visible, and at night-fall on the same day we passed inside the Needles and dropped our anchor at the Motherbank.

The next morning we were all up early to look upon the green woods and fields of our native land. A boat from the shore was steering towards us; when alongside an officer rose in the stern and inquired of our captain the name of his vessel, her port of departure and destination, and the number of his crew. To this latter question he replied "thirty," while the actual number was but eighteen.

As we were passing Ryde, one of the sailors, an American, remarked that "it was a very pretty settlement," and was well laughed at for applying a backwoods' designation to a town of the old world. Nearly all our cabin passengers landed at Portsmouth, from whence we sailed pleasantly along the coast, and in the afternoon of the following day disembarked at St. Katherine's Dock, where we experienced equal civility, with less examination of our baggage than on our landing in New York.

The hopes which had led us once more across the Atlantic were not realised: the disappointment was great, but it has been subsequently compensated by a situation whose duties are as genial as they promise to be permanent.

THE EYE-WITNESS.

II.—A VISIT TO THE LEGISLATURE, WITH GLIMPSES OF INDIVIDUALS.

WE are sauntering leisurely towards the Houses of Parliament; and if the day happens to be the one on which the session is opened, and the Royal Speech has been delivered scarcely an hour before, we cannot but remark the change. The crowd has disappeared from the streets. A slight air of bustle is perceptible, but there is nothing calculated to attract the attention of a stranger who is ignorant of his locality. Drawing nearer to the Houses, we begin to be aware of the peculiar interest of the site. Stragglers walk up and down, or fall into line, on the edge of the pavement, to witness the arrival of members of the legislature. These are passing onwards, some on foot, some on horseback, some in carriages. If the occasion be an exciting one, and political changes are desired or impending, favourites of the crowd are cheered, and (though more rarely) supposed antagonists of popular rights are groaned or hissed. But on tranquil occasions there is no expression of feeling, unless the now aged Duke of Wellington is passing down, on horseback, followed by his groom; and then every man, whether he wear sound broad-cloth, or be but clothed in rags, seems, almost instinctively, to lift his hat, which is acknowledged by repeated military salutes on the part of the "illustrious duke."

Entering the House of Lords, we are amazed at the greatness of the change. A little while ago the throne was occupied by the QUEEN; the peers were in their robes; the foreign ambassadors wore their varied uniforms; the narrow chamber, from every point, reflected dazzling rays; beauty and fashion filled the scene. Now all is quiet, still, and even tame. The peers are all in plain clothes; nobody is in official costume except the Lord Chancellor and the clerks at the table. But stay, here is an occurrence. A new peer is about to be introduced: he has either succeeded, by inheritance, to his title, or else has been raised from the lower dignity of a baron to that of earl, marquess, or duke. Enters the hereditary Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk; next, the Garter King-at-Arms; after him the Usher of the Black Rod with his deputy; and these precede the new peer, who is accompanied by two other peers, his introducers. If it be a creation, the patent is produced, and read by the clerk at the table; the oaths are administered; and the new peer takes his seat on the particular bench which usage and prescription assign to his rank in the peerage.

The Lord Chancellor sits on the woolsack, in front of the throne, though the seat is not considered as being "*within*" the House. Although, in modern times, he is invariably a peer, it is not constitutionally essential that he should be so; and, therefore, when, as a peer, he takes part in a debate, he rises from the woolsack, and walks to his proper place, "at the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne." Though he presides over the debates he has no such authority as is accorded to the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, and consequently has no such restraint laid upon him. He is not personally addressed; each peer, on rising, or during his speech, says, "My Lords," talking to the House in its collective capacity; whereas, in the House of Commons, every member is supposed to commence with "Mr. SPEAKER," using the phraseology of "Sir," and being invariably supposed to address himself not to the *House* but the *Chair*. The only exception to this occurs when some new member, more used to popular than legislative meetings, forgets himself, and uses the

word "gentlemen." The first offence is passed over; the second usually produces smiles and laughter; but on a third occurrence the "gentlemen" raise the cry of "Order," and the inadvertent popular orator is then reminded that he is neither in the Guildhall, nor Freemasons' Hall, nor yet presiding over a meeting of railway shareholders, but in the House of Commons.

The Lord Chancellor, on entering the House of Lords, is preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-holder. There is, however, no such intimation of his entrance as there is of the Speaker's approach in the House of Commons. The latter functionary, whether he is entering to take the chair, or is returning from the House of Lords, is announced with state and observance. The folding-doors are flung open; a messenger, with Stentorian lungs, shouts out "Mr. Speaker!" and all the members rise until he has taken the chair, and the serjeant-at-arms has deposited the mace upon the table. Moreover, no business can be transacted in the absence of the Speaker, unless the House be in what is termed "a committee of the whole House," with the Speaker's chair vacant, and the Chairman of committees occupying a chair at the table. But business can go on in the House of Lords whether the Lord Chancellor be present or not; the peer who is the standing chairman of committees in the House of Lords takes his place as *locum tenens*, and vacates it when the Chancellor enters without any formality or ceremony. The chairman of committees in the House of Lords for the last *thirty-six* years has been the Earl of Shaftesbury, father of Lord Ashley.

It is the night of the Address—the opening of the Session—and both Houses are crowded. We now perceive that both in Lords and Commons the movers and seconders of the Address are in Court costume. It depends on the individual what dress he may assume. If a military officer, a lord lieutenant, or a commander of a troop of yeomanry, he most usually selects the dress indicative of his particular rank. If a plain gentleman, he may select perhaps the Windsor uniform, or perhaps the Court dress of black coat of formal cut, knee buckles, and sword. One of the most remarkable deviations from the ordinary usage occurred at the commencement of the Session of 1845, when Lord Glenlyon appeared in the garb of a Highland Chief. The Address is, of course, the reply of the Legislature (each House acting in its separate capacity) to the Royal Speech; and if no unusual opposition is apprehended, is most usually voted with comparatively little discussion.

The Lord Chancellor puts the question. Lord Lyndhurst is, indeed, a remarkable man. He is now seventy-four years of age; but though, as he walks, you can detect indications of infirmity, his musical voice is still unbroken, and he still states a case with all that lucid and judicial gravity with which, during a long career, he has fascinated juries, compelled the attention of the House of Commons, and obtained the tempered applause of the House of Lords. Glance down the benches on the right hand side of the House. The Duke of Wellington sits with his legs stretched out, his arms crossed, and his chin seemingly buried in his chest. You would think he was asleep; on the contrary, he is very wide awake. The old man, now seventy-seven years of age, is still active, keen, and attentive to details; though, when he rises and swings his hat between his thumb and forefinger, fumbles with his frock coat, and occasionally raises his voice to a shrill scream, you wonder, until convinced by the tall figure, and the well-known features, if it be the great warrior of the age. He is not a Julius Cæsar, though his 'Dispatches' are as characteristic as himself. He is not an Alexander the Great; for, having conquered the universal Conqueror, he did not sit down to weep that he had no more military work to do, but subdued his

ambition to civil service, and his "duty to his sovereign." Comparisons are useless; Marlborough and Wellington will fill their respective places in history.

Turning into the House of Commons we perceive that expectation is raised. The House is crowded. On the front benches sit Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and the leading members of the ministry. On the opposite front bench are the "leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition" (thanks to Mr. Tierney, who coined the felicitous phrase), Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and other conspicuous members. Ministerial revelations are expected. Before the commencement of the Session of 1845, Mr. Gladstone somewhat mysteriously quitted his post of President of the Board of Trade, and his seat in the Cabinet, and the public was anxious to know why. On that occasion, instead of taking his seat on the "ministerial bench," he sat lower down, and from thence explained the causes of his retirement. Before the Session of 1846 he again joined the administration, succeeding Lord Stanley as Colonial Secretary: but not yet having been re-elected as a representative, he does not appear in his proper place. But on the commencement of the Session of 1846, there was much general excitement. Political events had sharpened public curiosity, and on that day (the 22nd of January, 1846) there was presented the somewhat unusual spectacle of a Prime Minister rising immediately after the mover and seconder of the Address had concluded, eager to give those explanations of his conduct in resigning and resuming office, for which members and the world at large were waiting with solicitous anxiety.

Sir Robert Peel, who at the present time holds the office of First Lord of the Treasury, and is, consequently, the head of the government, is now fifty-eight years of age. He is tall, has a "Saxon" look, flaxen hair, and light eyes; his nose is aquiline, his bust is good, very slightly corpulent, but his legs are not proportionate to his figure. From whatever cause, he has a sort of awkward, bashful look when entering the House, or going through any unusual ceremony; but at the present time, partly because of advance in age, partly from growing indifference to that public observation to which his temperament is naturally sensitive, he evinces less of what the French call *mauvaise honte* than formerly. But at the table of the House of Commons he is in his proper place. There he shines. He speaks as with authority, and is rarely treated with indifference or neglect. Yet when we come to estimate his character, and to measure it with that of other statesmen, we are compelled to do so rather by a series of negatives than of positives.

It would be unjust to Sir Robert Peel, and unfair to the public at large, to measure him by any of the great men of a generation passed, and whom Lord Brougham has vivified in his remarkable 'Sketches of the Statesmen of the Times of George the Third.' Unjust it would be to Sir Robert Peel, unfair to that public of whose changing social condition he is the exponent and the practical realiser. He is not haughty, great, and grand like Chatham. He is not—at least fairly comparatively—sounding, sonorous, and inflexible, like Chatham's son, William Pitt; nor like Fox, is he a "slovenly" Demosthenes; nor like the late Lord Grey, austere; nor like Plunket, commanding; nor like Grattan, epigrammatic; nor like Canning, gracefully sparkling; nor like Sheridan, witty; nor like Windham, acutely paradoxical. Sir Robert Peel is not a genius; he is not a creator; he is not, in the very large sense, a lofty-minded statesman: yet, if he cannot "create a soul under the ribs of death," we may affirm, dropping down from poetry to somewhat vulgar prose, that, like a bowl of punch, he is a concentration of very conflicting, yet harmonising materials. Without native individuality, he is a very remarkable individual. Hardly a parallel have we for him in

our past public men. And regarding him, not in the light of temporary party politics, but as a man whose course of conduct affects the material comfort of the born and the unborn, we cannot but consider him as fulfilling a great mission—that of bringing the Past into conformity with the Present, and of enabling the Present to prepare for the Future.

Entering the House of Commons when he was just of age; passing through all the gradations of Under Secretary, Secretary for Ireland, Home Secretary, and Prime Minister, it cannot be said of him that the character of man is fixed at forty years of age. Superficial people reproach him with being a *cameleon*; but at all events he reflects the changing tints of the times. In youth he adopted and repeated opinions he had *heard*, but had never *digested*; in age he abandons his views, not because closet reflection has quietly shown their erroneousness, but because the force of circumstances has made him look abroad, and measure realities with ideal affirmations. Therefore, throughout his whole life he has been—shall we term it a *changeling*? If the term is permitted, it must be in somewhat of that sense in which wise men are presumed to be school-boys from the cradle to the grave. True, there are always some individuals who are “ever learning, and never able to get to the knowledge of the truth;” and Sir Robert Peel is open to the reproach of being comparatively insensible to the force of principles before they make themselves felt in actual exigency. But his great distinction is that, which for a want of a more precise or better phrase, we term being a “practical” man. Within his range, he discerns with microscopic accuracy. He may be no astronomer, penetrating the nebulous clouds of futurity; but he can discern well the immediate signs of the sky, and is unrivalled in taking precautions against an impending storm. He has avowed his ambition to be of that lofty kind which looks forward to posterity; and his course, especially in his later years, confirms the idea, that without regard to circumstances or consistency, he seeks to be remembered hereafter for what he has done now.

Suppose we enter the House of Commons on some one of those great nights on which Sir Robert Peel is to make a “statement.” It may have been in the year 1842, on the separate occasions when he changed the Corn Law, and altered the Tariff; or it may have been on the 14th of February, 1845, when he was about to promulgate further financial changes; or more recently it may have been on the 22nd of January, 1846, when public expectation was screwed up to its highest pitch, to learn what were to be the further movements of the government. And here, it is not unworthy of notice, that public opinion is not unlike that of Sir Robert Peel’s, *following* results rather than *anticipating* them. When he changed the Corn Law, in 1842; the House of Commons was crowded, because country gentlemen were anxious to ascertain the nature of the proposed change. And when he propounded the New Tariff, in the same year, there was also a crowded House; for financial legislation, or rather commercial reform, was a great novelty. But the excitement on the 14th of February, 1845, far exceeded that of the year 1842; nevertheless, the occasion was much smaller. The public, however, had been *practically* taught, like Sir Robert Peel, that principles might be productive; and they rushed down to the House of Commons, in 1845, more anxious to learn about the repeal of the duties on wool, cotton, and vinegar, than they were about the promulgation, in 1842, of the great truth, that the soul of commerce lies in “buying in the cheapest and selling in (comparatively) the dearest market.”

The excitement, on the 22nd of January, 1846, was still greater than in 1842 or 1845. Political events conspired to render the course to be adopted by the govern-

ment the subject of the deepest public interest. But though the latter night was rendered remarkable by the fact that His Royal Highness Prince Albert paid, for the first time, a visit to the House of Commons, sitting, as a "stranger," to witness and to hear the debates, and that a large number of the peerage were also present, the scene did not differ essentially from similar preceding occasions. A crowd, armed with members' orders, block up the entrance to the strangers' gallery; hundreds are eagerly waiting who cannot be accommodated. Even members are not indifferent to the necessity of coming down early, in order to be in their places. The side galleries are thronged—the one opposite to where Sir Robert Peel sits being preferred for the facility of hearing. Public business is to commence at half-past four, and about that time Sir Robert Peel enters. A messenger has brought down to the door a box containing the documents to which reference is to be made, and some ministerial member carries it up to the Treasury bench. Sir Robert Peel, in an under tone, moves the "Order of the Day," that the House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House. The question is put; the Speaker declares that the "Ayes" have it; he quits the chair; one of the clerks lifts the mace, and places it under the table; the chairman of committees takes his seat in a little chair, and Sir Robert Peel rises. Addressing the chairman of committees by name ("Mr. Bernal," or "Mr. Greene," as the case may be), he proceeds with his financial statement. He speaks for three, or possibly it may be four hours; and on concluding the listener is surprised by the fact that for so long a period his attention has been enchained by that which, in other hands, would have proved a tedious statement of dry facts and figures.

This is the great charm of the orations of Sir Robert Peel. Sir John Hobhouse once paid him the compliment of saying that one was never tired of listening to him. He neither startles nor tires; rarely works up the feelings into enthusiasm, still more rarely permits them to subside into sluggishness. The voice is not sonorous; but it is clear, pleasing, never arresting the ear by over-powering harmony, yet never permitting it to be grated by a harsh note. The *elocution* is itself an illustration of his character. Great orators condense original ideas into startling phrases, and these pass current among men as the coinage of intellect. Sir Robert Peel has never done this. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are not emitted from his lips. Yet for the three or four hours during which we have been listening to him, he never has halted for a word, never misplaced a phrase, and never excited the sensation of fatigue. The stream is not deep, but it is perfectly lucid; the pebbles at the bottom can all be counted. No member of the present House of Commons surpasses—nay, even rivals—Sir Robert Peel in that artistic management of his topics, and that level clearness and facility of expression which imprint on the mind a *fac simile* of his speech. He is continuous without monotony, fascinating without fire, and calm (at least on all ordinary occasions) without feebleness. When he attempts, as occasionally he does, a higher flight of oratory, he becomes turgid. But he is somewhat conscious of this, and rarely *ascends*. Accordingly, the staple of his speeches is *business*, and though not unfrequently verbose, he never opens his mouth without addressing himself to the apprehension of his audience; his prime quality consists in a combined uniformity of mind and voice, which carry him through a long statement at a sustained level, without exhausting his own powers or those of his auditors.

One of the greatest of living orators, Lord Brougham, lays down, as a test of a great mind, the power of making a vigorous *reply* to an able *attack*. As "iron sharpens iron," the clash of intellect, like the collision of flint and steel, throws out a sparkling stream. Next to Lord Brougham, this power has been most strikingly

exemplified by Lord Stanley. If his faculties are stimulated by assault, he rises with the occasion, and with wonderful rapidity pours out a torrent of unhalting sarcasm or invective, delivered with an easy, careless air, which drives every pointed observation home. In the great contests of former days, Lord Stanley was the only speaker in the House of Commons of whom Mr. O'Connell professed himself to be *afraid*. Again, who has ever heard Lord Brougham speak, without wonder at the power which mind can confer upon voice? An enunciation naturally harsh is so modulated and controlled that we are carried through a series of involved sentences without perplexity, until, at the close, the Ciceronian orator literally pierces the intellect by the concluding phrase, which is the key-note to the whole. In days now gone by, before railroads compelled newspapers to start at a moment's notice, and when the House of Commons, on "field nights," thought nothing of sitting till four or five o'clock in the morning, Brougham and Canning used to watch each other across the table, eagerly waiting for the advantage of reply: the graceful and accomplished orator being aware that his rival, by a single intonation, or even a pointing of the finger, could overwhelm with ridicule the substance of a well-prepared speech. No such things are now witnessed in the present House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay is grand, stately, striking; in despite of a somewhat ungraceful person and discordant voice, he never speaks without commanding the attention of the House, and hurrying it into raptures of approbation. Yet Mr. Macaulay cannot speak in *reply*; preparation is essential to him; and even with preparation he is nervous, anxious, uneasy, until he has poured out his cogitations. On the nights, too, on which he intends to speak, a child might discern the fact. He sits with his arms crossed; his head is frequently thrown back, as if he were attentively surveying the roof; and though the SPEAKER of the House of Commons is a perfectly impartial man, and fills his office to the satisfaction of every member, one can scarcely doubt that he often relieves a poet and an orator from his uneasiness by naming Mr. Macaulay at an early period of the evening.

Sir James Graham is an able administrative member of the executive government, and occasionally made a "heavy, pounding speech," when the occasion was exciting, and the topic a party one. But on ordinary occasions he is tame, subdued, with a voice pitched frequently too low to be heard with comfort. Lord Palmerston, who, at sixty-two years of age, still preserves the vigorous appearance and graceful proportions of a handsome man of forty, is perhaps as effective a speaker as any member of the present House of Commons. Intellectually, he is one of the ablest men of the party to which he professes to belong. Yet *he* is not good in reply, despite of a House of Commons' training of the same duration as that of Sir Robert Peel's. Lord John Russell is frequently much better; his sententious method rendering a retort telling, and sometimes most effective. But there is no great oratorical *mind* in the existing House. Sir Robert Peel is heard and seen to best advantage in making an important statement. Measuring him, however, with his present rivals, he is most effective in reply. His memory is excellent, his attention is great, and his practical intellect enables him at once to hit an objection between "wind and water." Never running before the breeze, never outstripping the intelligence of his contemporaries, he waits until the pioneers of intellect and progress have mapped out the road, and then calls on his compeers to follow him. In reply, he collects the scattered topics of the debate, arranges them all in admirable order, and if he fail, as unquestionably he does, in leaving the impress of genius, he yet inspires the feeling that he is the readiest, the best, the most effective exponent of the hour. Though not

witty, he has some share of humour, and can "shake the sides" of the House by a ludicrous exhibition of an argument.

We live in an age which is peculiarly one of transition; and Sir Robert Peel is a transition minister. Entering the House of Commons in the year 1809, when he was just turned twenty-one years of age (he is now fifty-eight), his ideas were formed on pre-existing notions; and he possessed no intuitive power to divine the future. His first great error was on the currency question. On this subject, his father, that successful manufacturer whom Pitt created a baronet, was thoroughly enthusiastic. His intellect, like that of his son's, was practical, and its range made it narrower. At a time when the newly discovered powers which science had placed in the hands of manufacture were developing the latent resources of our ingenuity, old Sir Robert Peel, calico-printer and cotton-manufacturer, rose to opulence. But practical as he was, he was in the habit of confounding cause with effect. Pitt was to him a very great minister; and Pitt's worst measure, the suspension of cash payments, was the glory of his premiership. The old man's motto was "Pitt and paper-money;" and he once told the House of Commons that his highest ambition was to produce a son who might serve his country as effectually as Pitt did.

His son, the second, and to all purposes of history, *the* Sir Robert Peel, entered the House of Commons without an idea on currency but what his father taught him. On this question he exhibited his first great act of *apostacy*. Having voted in support of *inconvertible* paper currency, he took to studying the subject, and, to the dismay of his father, and the surprise of the country, adopted "cash payments," and brought in the bill of 1819. And herein is the clue to his conduct. Francis Horner may speak; Ricardo may expound; Canning or Brougham may concentrate all their power; Villiers or Cobden may enlighten: he resists them all until circumstances compel him to study the subject for himself. Conviction comes at last, though it may come slowly; he will not walk until his crutch assures him that the ground is secure; and then he walks firmly forward. Thus has it been, in currency reform, in amelioration of the criminal law, in the Corporation and Test Acts, in Catholic Emancipation, in Commercial Reform; other men laboured, and Sir Robert Peel, waiting till theory had done its work, walks in to carry out into practice the fruit of toilsome years. He is not precisely the APOSTLE of public opinion, but he is its practical realiser.

Sir Robert Peel is exemplary in his private morals. Reserved in his manners, and somewhat jealous and *secretive* in his course of action, he has frequently exposed himself to the imputation of being both an egotist and a double-dealer. But all men, whose habits are reserved and secret, are liable to be suspected by those who observe them; and the art of managing men frequently requires a caution that approaches cunning. As a party leader, Sir Robert Peel has evinced much skill; and since he became Prime Minister, his methods of reconciling individuals to inevitable changes have exposed him to taunts of inconsistency and deception. Yet he has balanced conflicting forces with extraordinary precision; and having gained office by party, achieves his purposes without it. Though not profuse in his expenditure, he is not mean in the distribution of his superfluous funds, though more discreet than generous. A natural love of art leads him to purchase pictures, of which he has a splendid collection; but he is rather chary in their exhibition. He carries his purest feelings into his official conduct; and whatever opinion may be formed of his political course, his assertion cannot be contradicted, that he has never debased the powers which office has conferred upon him to unworthy objects. In his present capacity, as head of

the government, he strikingly exemplifies the remark of Mr. Pitt, that *patience* is the chief quality required in a prime minister. Night after night, be the subject discussed trivial or otherwise, Sir Robert Peel is in his place in the House of Commons during the whole session. And day by day he receives dispatches, reads letters, confers with deputations, and concocts plans. His life is a course of as patient industry as that of any private individual who toils for his daily bread; and no man can doubt that since he last became Prime Minister his course of action has been that of a man who wishes to improve his country, and to leave his name impressed upon posterity by the beneficent exercise of power.



MAIZE—*Zea Mays*.

THE POTATO DISEASE, AND THE USE OF MAIZE.

THE potato is subject to a disease which, although it has been observed for some years past on the continent of Europe and in the United States, did not excite much attention till the year 1845, when Great Britain became alarmed by the appearance of this disease in the potato crops of Ireland. One of the earliest writers on the diseases of potatoes is Von Martius, who, in a work *

* *Die Kartoffeln-Epidemie.*

published at Munich in 1842, described several diseases which had been observed in the potato in various parts of Germany, and one closely resembling that which appeared in Great Britain in 1845. For several years, more especially during 1842, 1843, and 1844, a disease of the potato was observed in the United States of America, and during the latter year it was so prevalent as to induce the American government to appoint a com-

mission to inquire into the nature, causes, extent, and remedies of this disease. Although little attention had been paid to any failure in particular crops of potatoes in England, yet the writer of this article possesses satisfactory evidence that potatoes were affected with the disease which prevailed in 1845 during the year 1844.

One of the earliest public notices of this extraordinary distemper appeared in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' of the 16th of August, 1845, from Dr. Bell Salter, of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. He thus describes its characters:—"The first appearance is a dark spot on the margin of the leaf, which withers the leaf and spreads rapidly to the stem. The discoloration soon extends along the stem in the course of the vessels, and the whole plant rapidly becomes black, so that within three days after a plant is attacked it has become totally destroyed. With this appearance in the upper part there co-exists a fatal change in the tubers: they become likewise spotted, at first near the eyes on the upper surface; the cuticle separates; the substance becomes friable, and the change soon spreads throughout the whole potato." Such was the first account of the disease. It was soon found that it had appeared in various parts of England at the same time, and, what was worse than all, that it had made its appearance in Ireland. Such was the alarm felt on this subject that the government thought it necessary to appoint a commission, consisting of Professors Kane, Lindley, and Playfair, to investigate the nature and extent of the disease, and the amount of probable failure in the crops from its effects in Ireland. Such an inquiry was not necessary in England; but in Ireland, where upwards of four millions live chiefly on potatoes, it became a matter of the utmost importance to ascertain the real condition of the crops. The commissioners from Ireland presented a report that has led the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, to adopt measures for a more free supply of food to this country. Not only did the disease prevail in Great Britain during the year 1845, but almost throughout the whole continent of Europe, pointing to a common cause for its origin.

In most instances the disease is easily detected, from the dry and shrivelled external appearance of the tuber, but in many cases it could not be discovered till the potato was cut into with a knife, when one or more black spots might be seen in the very centre of the tuber. On placing the diseased tissue of the potato under the microscope, the cells are found to contain a brown amorphous matter, which gives the colour to the dis-

eased tissue. Granules of starch are also seen in the cells which appear to have been unaffected by the disease. In addition to this, crystals of oxalate of lime are frequently observed present in the interior of the cells.

On submitting the diseased potato to chemical analysis, it is found that the quantity of water in the tissues has increased. Dr. Playfair made several analyses, and found that it contained 80 per cent. of water. He also found that sound potatoes contained in the same year (1845) a larger quantity of water: the consequence of this would of course be a diminution in the amount of starch. The fibrine does not appear to undergo any change in quantity; but Professor Liebig* observed a curious change in the quality of the nitrogenous constituent, having observed that it was converted into vegetable casein (cheese). This substance has a much greater tendency to enter into decomposition than fibrine, and in this way Liebig accounts for the production of the disease. It is worthy of observation that none of the constituents of the affected tubers seem to have undergone any injurious change, so that however disagreeable they might be to the taste, they did not act as a poison on the system. A French experimenter, M. Bonjean, put this to the test, and lived for several days on the diseased potatoes, and drunk the water in which they were boiled, and yet suffered no other inconvenience than would have occurred from having recourse to a diet of healthy potatoes.

Under the microscope the granules of starch appear to have suffered no change, and when separated they are as available for all the purposes of diet as those procured from healthy potatoes. The starch is easily separated from the potato by scraping it on a grater and throwing the softened pulp into water, when the cellular and fibrous matter will fall to the bottom of the water insoluble, and the starch will be held in suspension in the supernatant fluid. The liquid, on being decanted off and set aside, will deposit the starch, which may be re-washed, and may then be used for all the purposes of arrow-root, sago, or tapioca.

The cause of this disorder has been the occasion of difference amongst those who have written on the subject. During the progress of the disease, and especially during the latter stages, in the tissues of the tuber several species of the lower order of fungi have been observed to be present; and from a knowledge of the fact that the spores of some of these fungi are capable of engen-

* 'Scottish Guardian,' Nov. 1845.

dering other forms of disease in plants, it has been concluded that they are the cause of the disease in this instance. Of those who defend this theory of the origin of the potato murrain, there is no one whose opinion is entitled to more respect than that of the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, author of a volume on the Fungi, in Smith's 'English Botany.' In a paper in the first volume of the Journal of the Horticultural Society, he says, "The decay is the consequence of the presence of the mould, and not the mould of the decay. It is not the habit of the allied species to prey on decayed or decaying matter, but to produce decay—a fact which is of the first importance. Though so many other species have this habit, these have not. The plant, then, becomes unhealthy in consequence of the presence of the mould, which feeds upon its juices and prevents the elaboration of nutritive sap in the leaves, while it obstructs the admission of air and the emission of perspiration. The stem is thus overcharged with moisture, and eventually rots, while every source of nutriment is cut off from the half-ripe tubers." On the other hand, Professor Lindley, Dr. Playfair, Mr. E. Soley, and others, attribute the disease to atmospheric causes alone. Dr. Lindley, in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' of August 25, 1845, says, "The cause of this calamity is, we think, clearly traceable to the season. During all the first weeks of August the temperature has been cold, from two to three degrees below the average; we have had incessant rain, and no sunshine. It is hardly possible to conceive that such a continuation of circumstances should have produced any other result, all things considered. The potato absorbs a very large quantity of water; its whole constitution is framed with a view to its doing so; and its broad succulent leaves are provided in order to enable it to part with this water. But a low temperature is unfavourable to the motion of the fluids, or to the action of the cells of the plant; and moreover sun-light is required, in order to enable the water sent into the leaves to be perspired. In feeble light the amount of perspiration from a plant is comparatively small; in bright sunshine it is copious: in fact, the amount of perspiration is in exact proportion to the quantity of light that falls upon a leaf. At night or in darkness there is no appreciable action of this kind. During the present season all this important class of functions has been deranged. The potatoes have been compelled to absorb an unusual quantity of water; the lowness of temperature has prevented their digesting it, and the absence of sunlight has rendered it impossible for them to get rid of

it by perspiration. Under these circumstances it necessarily stagnated in their interior, and the inevitable result of that was rot."

According to Dr. Playfair, in his lectures delivered before the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain, in December, 1845, this rot consists in a simple union of the tissues of the tuber with the oxygen of the atmosphere; a tendency to such a union being given by the imperfect manner in which the cellular tissue of the plant is developed. It is not perhaps a matter of importance which part of the plant is attacked first, but Dr. Lindley says, that "although we first see the symptoms of the disease in the leaves, and then in the haulm, yet we believe that it commences under ground in that part of the haulm which is just above the old set."

During the prevalence of the disease, it was found that sound potatoes were capable of contracting the same state from unsound ones; and this points to the necessity of keeping the potatoes, when dug up, as far from each other as possible. They should be placed in some dry material, as sand, turf, dry mould, &c., and be kept in a cool place, as a high temperature favours decomposition. In the next place, they should be well ventilated, as the same air remaining constantly in contact with the potato serves to increase the disease.

In planting potatoes for seed, it seems desirable to avoid using those which have been in any manner diseased; and those should be chosen which have grown on lands where none of the potato crop has suffered. It is, however, to be hoped that it will be long before such a concurrence of untoward events takes place as produced the potato murrain of 1846. Should the visitation of this disease lead to the more general cultivation of the better kinds of food in the sister country, it may still have to be regarded as a great blessing, although its immediate effects were of so painful a nature.

In concluding this notice of the potato, we would call attention to the following table given by Dr. Lyon Playfair, at the lectures alluded to, to illustrate the relative value and cost of the potato as an article of food. In all food the most important constituent for the working man is the nitrogenous matter called protein.

	lbs.	Cost.
25 of milk contain 1 lb. of protein	3s. 1d.	
100 „ turnips	2 9	
50 „ potatoes	2 1	
50 „ carrots	2 1	
4 „ flesh	2 2	
9 „ oatmeal	1 1	

lbs.	Cost.
7½ of barley-meal	1s. 2d.
7½ „ bread	1 2
7½ „ flour	1 2
3½ „ peas	0 7
3½ „ beans	0 6½

The most obvious preventive of actual famine in Ireland, from the effects of the potato disease, is the importation of MAIZE. This course has not been neglected by the government as a temporary measure; it is recommended to the legislature that it should be rendered always available by the importation of maize free of duty. We give therefore a short account of this valuable plant.

Of MAIZE, or INDIAN CORN, only one species is known, but there are several varieties which are thought to owe their distinctive character to the accidental modifications of climate, soil, and culture, rather than to any original variance.

Naturalists are at no loss in determining the native region of maize, which is confidently held to be America, the Indians throughout that continent having been found engaged in its cultivation at the period when the New World was first discovered.

This grain is of scarcely less importance than rice for the sustenance of man. It forms a principal food of the rapidly increasing inhabitants of the United States of America; it constitutes almost the entire support of the Mexicans; and is consumed in Africa to an extent nearly, if not quite, equal to the consumption of rice in the same quarter.

Of all the cerealia, maize is the least subject to disease. Blight, mildew, or rust, are unknown to it. It is never liable to be beaten down by rain, or by the most violent storms of wind; and in climates and seasons which are favourable to its growth and maturity, the only enemies which the maize farmer has to dread are insects in the early stages, and birds in the later periods of its cultivation.

American Indian Corn is the largest known variety of maize. It is found growing wild in many of the West Indian islands, as well as in the central parts of America; and there can be no doubt of its being a native of those regions.

This variety will rarely come to maturity in northern climates, and could never be securely relied on for any part of Europe. In the Mexican states, where this grain is known by the name of *Tlaouili*, there are few parts of either the lower districts—

tierra caliente—or of the table-land, whereon it is not successfully cultivated. In the former districts its growth is naturally more luxuriant than in the latter; but even at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, its productiveness is calculated to excite wonder, if not to provoke incredulity on the part of European agriculturists. Some particularly favoured spots have been known to yield an increase of eight hundred for one; and it is perfectly common in situations where artificial irrigation is practised, to gather from three hundred and fifty to four hundred measures of grain for every one measure that has been sown. In other places, where reliance is placed only on the natural supply of moisture to the soil from the periodical rains, such an abundant return is not expected; but even then, and in the least fertile spots, it is rare for the cultivator to realise less than from forty to sixty bushels for each one sown.

Humboldt states that in some warm and humid regions of Mexico three harvests of maize may be annually gathered, but that it is not usual to take more than one. The seed-time is from the middle of June to near the end of August. A great part of the internal commerce of Mexico consists in the transmission of this grain, the price of which varies considerably in not very distant stations, owing to the imperfect state of the roads, and the insufficient means of transport. As an instance of this, Humboldt mentions the fact, that during his stay in the intendancy of Guanaxuato, the fanega (five bushels) of maize cost at Salamanca nine, at Queretaro twelve, and San Luiz Potosi twenty-two livres. For want of a proper diffusion of commercial capital, the Mexican public is without the advantage of magazines for storing corn, and for preventing, by that means, great fluctuations in price. It is a fortunate circumstance, and one which should be mentioned as adding very materially to the natural value of maize in warm climates, that it will remain in store uninjured for periods varying from three to five years, according to the mean temperature of the district.

This kind of corn is generally planted in the United States of America about the middle of May, so as to avoid the mischance of its experiencing frost after it is once out of the ground. The Indians who inhabited the country previously to the formation of any settlement upon its shores by Europeans, having no calendar or other means of calculating the efflux of time, were guided by certain natural indications in their choice of periods for agricultural operations. The

time for their sowing of maize was governed by the budding of some particular tree, and by the visits of a certain fish to their waters,—both which events observation had proved to be such regular indicators of the season, as fully to warrant the faith which was placed on their recurrence. These simple and untaught people discovered and practised a method of preserving their grain after harvest, which afforded a certain protection against the ravages of insects, and which might be advantageously adopted in other situations, and in climates where this evil is very prevalent. Their method was to separate the corn from the cobb as soon as the harvest was finished; to dry it thoroughly by exposure to the sun, and to a current of air; and then to deposit it in holes dug out of the earth in dry situations, lining these holes with mats of dried grass, and covering them with earth, so as completely to prevent the access of air.

With the exception of artificial irrigation, to which recourse is not had in the United States, the method of sowing and managing maize is there singularly analogous to that pursued in Mexico. The proportionate produce, from a given quantity of seed or a certain breadth of land, is smaller, however, than that realized in Mexico, although the practice of manuring is universally followed. As compared with the yielding of other kinds of grain, maize cultivation is, nevertheless, highly productive in the United States. In Pennsylvania, where the average crop of wheat does not exceed from fourteen to seventeen bushels, that of maize amounts to from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre.

The second variety of maize has white grains. This kind, which is cultivated in Spain, Portugal, and Lombardy, is altogether a smaller plant than the variety just described, seldom exceeding six or seven feet in height; the leaves are narrower, and the tops hang downwards. The ears or spikes are not more than six or seven inches long. The French, among whom this grain is partially cultivated, have given to it the name of *Blé de Turquie*, doubtless because their seed was originally obtained from that country.

The third variety has both yellow and white seeds. It is even smaller than the last mentioned, seldom rising to a greater height than four feet: the ears do not often exceed four or five inches in length. In ordinary seasons, it will ripen its grains perfectly in England; and one reason why it has been presumed that its cultivation would prove advantageous to this country, is the shortness of time required for its growth, whereby the late frosts to which we are

sometimes liable in spring, and the early frosts of autumn, would be alike avoided.

Captain Lyon, in the narrative of his travels in Mexico, has given an amusing account of the mode of preparing *tortillas*, a species of cake made with the crushed grains of maize, which is eaten hot at the meals of all classes of people, the more wealthy using the cakes in the way we are accustomed to use wheaten bread,—as an auxiliary to more nourishing aliments—and the peasants being fain to enjoy them as a substantive food, seasoning them, when they have the opportunity, by the addition of chilies stewed into a kind of sauce, wherein the *tortillas* are dipped.

The various uses to which the maize plant and grain may be applied cannot perhaps be better enumerated than in the words of Dr. Franklin:—

“It is remarked in North America, that the English farmers, when they first arrive there, finding a soil and climate proper for the husbandry they have been accustomed to, and particularly suitable for raising wheat, they despise and neglect the culture of maize or Indian corn; but observing the advantage it affords their neighbours, the older inhabitants, they by degrees get more and more into the practice of raising it; and the face of the country shows that the culture of that grain goes on visibly augmenting.

“The inducements are the many different ways in which it may be prepared so as to afford a wholesome and pleasing nourishment to men and other animals. First, the family can begin to make use of it before the time of full harvest; for the tender green ears, stripped of their leaves, and roasted by a quick fire till the grain is brown, and eaten with a little salt or butter, are a delicacy. Secondly, when the grain is riper and harder, the ears, boiled in their leaves and eaten with butter, are also good and agreeable food. The tender green grains dried may be kept all the year, and, mixed with green *haricots* (kidney beans), also dried, make at any time a pleasing dish, being first soaked some hours in water, and then boiled. When the grain is ripe and hard there are also several ways of using it. One is to soak it all night in a *lessive* or lye, and then pound it in a large wooden mortar with a wooden pestle; the skin of each grain is by that means skinned off, and the farinaceous part left whole, which being boiled swells into a white soft pulp, and eaten with milk, or with butter and sugar, is delicious. The dry grain is also sometimes ground loosely, so as to be broken into pieces of the size of rice, and being winnowed to separate the bran, it is then boiled and eaten with turkies or other fowls, as rice. Ground

into a finer meal, they make of it, by boiling, a hasty pudding or *bowilli*, to be eaten with milk, or with butter and sugar; this resembles what the Italians call *polenta*. They make of the same meal, with water and salt, a hasty cake, which being stuck against a hoe or other flat iron, is placed erect before the fire, and so baked to be used as bread. Broth is also agreeably thickened with the same meal. They also parch it in this manner:—An iron pot is filled with sand, and set on the fire till the sand is very hot. Two or three pounds of the grain are then thrown in, and well mixed with the sand by stirring. Each grain bursts and throws out a white substance of twice its bigness. The sand is separated by a wire sieve, and returned into the pot to be again heated and repeat the operation with fresh grain. That which is parched is pounded to a powder in mortars. This being sifted will keep long for use. An Indian will travel far and subsist long on a small bag of it, taking only six or eight ounces of it per day mixed with water. The flour of maize, mixed with that of wheat, makes excellent bread, sweeter and more agreeable than that of wheat alone. To feed horses, it is good to soak the grain twelve hours; they mash it easier with their teeth, and it yields them more nourishment.”

The late William Cobbett, in his ‘Treatise on *Cobbett’s Corn*,’ as he chose to designate the Maize when he endeavoured to force its cultivation in this country, earnestly recommended it as food to be preferred

to any other for man, as well as for animals and poultry. There can be no doubt, however, that our climate is unfitted for its growth, and it will be far more productive of national benefit that we should be allowed to purchase it where it can be most cheaply produced; nor that generally we shall apply it to the support and fattening of animals, and continue ourselves to use wheaten bread as a principal food, though, as an agreeable variety, or in case of need as an excellent substitute, adopting some of the preparations known in America as *suppaw*, *mush*, *homany*, and *samp*. *Suppaw* is prepared from the maize flour, in the same manner as gruel, with either water or milk, or, like the Scottish *brosè*, with broth or pot-liquor. *Mush* is a composition somewhat more resembling the Scotch porridge or the English hasty-pudding, and is also mixed with either milk or water, and is eaten hot or cold, and frequently with the addition of milk in a separate vessel, into which the spoon with a little of the *mush* is dipped, and some milk added. This is called *mush and milk*, and resembles the Scotch porridge and milk. *Homany* varies but little from *mush*, and forms a principal part of the food of the negroes in the Southern States. *Samp* is prepared much like our pea-soup; the grains are hardened and skinned, and then boiled with pork or any other meat. The meal also is formed into very pleasant-eating cakes, and, mixed with wheat-flour, makes very good bread.

SHREDS OF THE PAST.

[BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.]

ONE of the most amusing books, full of odd gossip, is old Aubrey’s *Notices of eminent men*, which were published in 1813, from manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. These scraps were furnished by the writer in 1680 to Antony à-Wood, when he was compiling his *Lives of celebrated men of Oxford*. Aubrey, in a letter to his brother antiquary, says: “I have, according to your desire, put in writing these minutes of lives tumultuarily, as they occurred to my thoughts, or as occasionally I had information of them. They may easily be reduced into order at your leisure by numbering them with red figures, according to time and place, &c. ’Tis a task that I never thought to have undertaken till you imposed it upon me, saying that I was fit for it, by reason of my general acquaintance, having now not

only lived above half a century of years in the world, but have also been much tumbled up and down in it; which hath made me so well known. Besides the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city; before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their own relations or societies: I might add that I come of a longævous race, by which means I have wiped some feathers off the wings of Time for several generations, which does reach high.”

SIR MILES FLEETWOOD (RECORDER OF LONDON),

“Was of the Middle Temple; was Recorder of London when King James came into England. Made this harangue to the city of London: ‘When I consider your wealth, I do admire your wisdom; and when

I consider your wisdom, I do admire your wealth.' It was a two-handed rhetorication, but the citizens took it in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highwaymen, so that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner:—They lay in wait for him not far from Tyburn, as he was to come from his house at in Bucks; had a halter in readiness; brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tied behind him (and servants bound), and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called Ball. So he cried, 'Ho, Ball! ho, Ball!' and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along, which was half a quarter of an hour or more. He ordered that this horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so. He lived till 1646."

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY.

"He was always very contemplative, and the first that I hear of that was curious in anatomy in England. He had made dissections of frogs, toads, and a number of other animals, and had curious observations on them, which papers, together with his goods, in his lodgings at Whitehall, were plundered at the beginning of the Rebellion; he being for the king, and with him at Oxon. But he often said, that of all the losses he sustained, no grief was so crucifying to him as the loss of those papers, which for love or money he could never retrieve or obtain. When King Charles I. by reason of the tumults left London, he attended him, and was at the fight of Edge-hill with him; and during the fight the Prince and Duke of York were committed to his care. He told me that he withdrew with them under a hedge, and took out of his pocket a book and read; but he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station. He told me that Sir Adrian Scrope was dangerously wounded there, and left for dead amongst the dead men, stript; which happened to be the saving of his life. It was cold, clear weather, and a frost that night; which staunched his bleeding, and about midnight, or some hours after his hurt, he awaked, and was fain to draw a dead body upon him for warmth sake.

"I have heard him say, that after his book of the 'Circulation of the Blood' came out he fell mightily in his practice, and 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physicians were against his opinion, and envied him. With much ado at last, in about twenty or thirty years' time, it was received in all the Universities

in the world; and, as Mr. Hobbes says in his book 'De Corpore,' he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his life-time."

MR. WILLIAM LEE

"Was of Oxon (I think, Magdalen Hall). He was the first inventor of the weaving of stockings by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or else lived there. He was a poor curate, and observing how much pains his wife took in knitting a pair of stockings, he bought a stocking and a half, and observed the contrivance of the stitch, which he designed in his loom, (which (though some of the instruments of the engine be altered) keeps the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loom was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world but England. Oliver Protector made an act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I took from a weaver (by this engine) in Pear-pole-lane, 1656. Sir J. Hoskyns, Sir Stafford Tyndal, and I went purposely to see it."

HENRY MARTIN.

"His speeches in the House were not long, but wondrous poignant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceeding happy in apt instances; he alone hath sometimes turned the whole House. Making an invective speech one time against old Sir Henry Vane, when he had done with him he said,—'But for young Sir Harry Vane,'—and so sat him down. Several cried out,—'What have you to say to young Sir Harry?' He rises up: 'Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!' and so sat down, and set the whole house a laughing, as he oftentimes did. Oliver Cromwell once in the House called him, jestingly or scoffingly, Sir Harry Martin. H. M. rises and bows, 'I thank your Majesty; I always thought when you were king, that I should be knighted.' A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the House. H. M. stood up, and moved that all the fools might be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin House. He was wont to sleep much in the House (at least dog-sleep). Ald. Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the House, should be put out. H. M. starts up: 'Mr. Speaker, a motion has been made to turn out the Noddies; I desire the Noddies may also be turned out.'"

JOHN MILTON.

"He was a spare man. He was an early riser, sc. at four o'clock mane, yea, after

he lost his sight. He had a man read to him. The first thing he read was the Hebrew Bible, and that was at 4 h. manè $\frac{1}{2}$ h. + then he contemplated. At 7 his man came to him again, and then read to him and wrote till dinner; the writing was as much as the reading. His second daughter, Deborah, could read to him Latin, Italian, and French, and Greek. She married in Dublin to one Mr. Clarke (a mercer, sells silk); very like her father. The other sister is Mary, more like her mother. After dinner he used to walk three or four hours at a time (he always had a garden where he lived); went to bed about nine. Temperate, rarely drank between meals. Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, &c., but satirical. He pronounced the letter R very hard. He had a delicate tuneable voice, and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his house; he played on this most. His exercise was chiefly walking. He was visited by the learned much more than he did desire. He was mightily importuned to go into France and Italy; foreigners came much to see him, and much admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them, and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over into England was chiefly to see C. Protector, and Mr. J. Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home.

"John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admired him, and went to him to have leave to put his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

"His country-house was at Chelsea, in Middlesex, where Sir John Danvers built his house. The chimney-piece of marble, in Sir John's chamber, was the chimney-piece of Sir Thomas More's chamber, as Sir John himself told me. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gate-house, which was flat on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond; on this place the Lord Chancellor More was wont to recreate himself, and contemplate. It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying; 'Leap, Tom, leap.' The Chancellor was in his gown, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellow. My Lord had a little

dog with him: said he, 'Let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be;' so the dog was thrown over. 'This is very fine sport,' said my lord; 'fetch him up, and try once more;' while the madman was going down my lord fastened the door, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shut."

SIR JOHN POPHAM

"Was the son of — Popham, of —, in the county of Somerset. He was of the Society of —, and for several years addicted himself but little to the study of the laws, but profligate company, and was wont to take a purse with them. His wife considered her and his condition, and at last prevailed with him to lead another life, and to stick to the study of the law, which, upon her importunity, he did, being then about thirty years old. He spake to his wife to provide a very good entertainment for his comrades to take his leave of them; and after that day fell extremely hard to his study, and profited exceedingly. He was a strong, stout man, and could endure to sit at it day and night; became eminent in his calling, had good practice, called to be a serjeant—a judge."

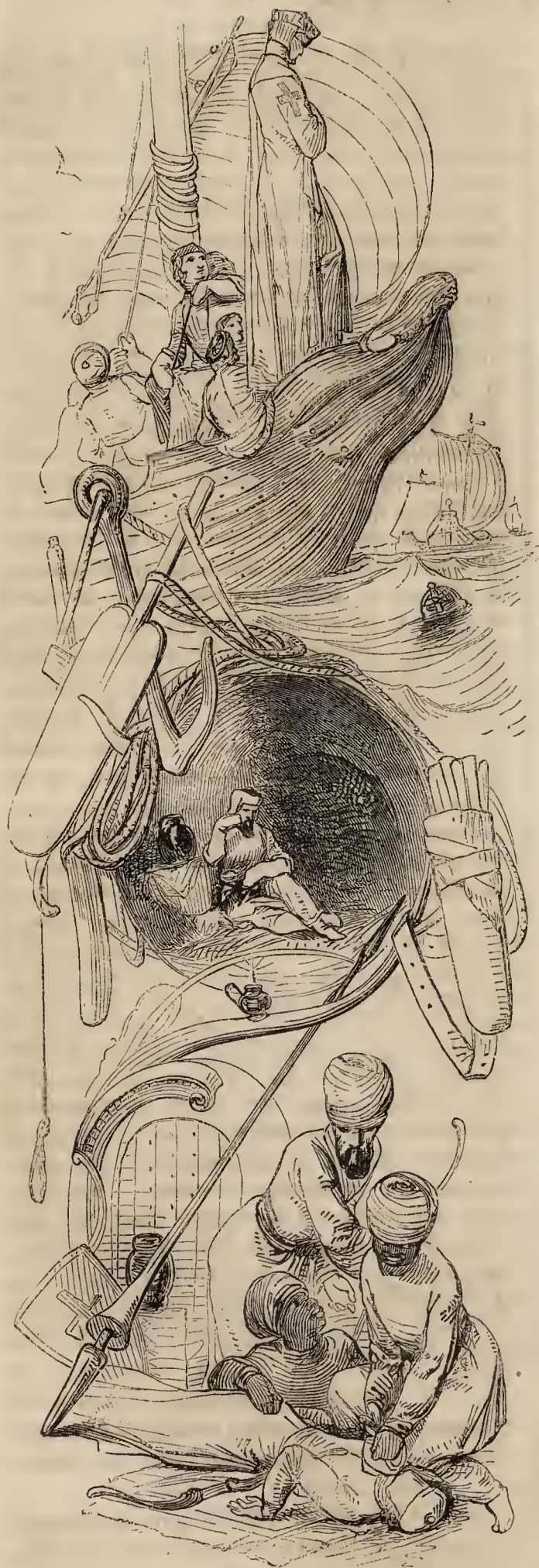
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"He was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In our part of North Wiltshire,—Malmesbury hundred,—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sir R. Poyntz' park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years it was scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeoman neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customs of it are the greatest his majesty hath."

BISHOP GROSTESTE.

"Bishop Grosteste, of Lincoln, told his brother, who asked him to make him a great man, 'Brother,' said he, 'if your plough is broken, I'll pay the mending of it; or if an ox is dead, I'll pay for another: but a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I'll leave you.'"

ENIGMA IV.



THE canvas rattled on the mast,
 As rose the swelling sail ;
 And gallantly the vessel passed
 Before the cheering gale ;
 And on my First Sir Florice stood,
 As the far shore faded now,
 And looked upon the lengthening flood
 With a pale and pensive brow :
 “ When I shall bear thy silken glove
 “ Where the proudest moslem flee,
 “ My lady love, my lady love,
 “ Oh waste one thought on me !”

Sir Florice lay in a dungeon cell,
 With none to soothe or save ;
 And high above his chamber fell
 The echo of the wave ;
 But still he struck my Second there ,
 And bade its tones renew
 Those hours when every hue was fair,
 And every hope was true :—
 “ If still your angel footsteps move,
 “ Where mine may never be,
 “ My lady love, my lady love ;
 “ Oh, dream one dream of me !”

Not long the Christian captive pined !—
 My Whole was round his neck ;
 A sadder necklace ne’er was twined,
 So white a skin to deck ;
 Queen Folly ne’er was yet content
 With gems or golden store,
 But he who wears this ornament,
 Will rarely sigh for more :—
 “ My spirit to the Heaven above,
 “ My body to the sea,
 “ My heart to thee, my lady love,
 “ Oh, weep one tear for me !”

HISTORICAL SCENES.

UNDER this head it is proposed to give a series of historical events as described by persons who witnessed them, or who were directly engaged in them. In historical composition a higher interest and a superior value always attach to contemporary authorities; but these authorities, though living in the times, were not, and could not always be witnesses of the facts and circumstances they relate. In such cases as they saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears, the value of their narration is of course infinitely increased. William of Malmesbury and several of our old monkish chroniclers were both spectators and actors in many of the events which they record, and living more or less familiarly with the personages they describe. This also was the fortune of Froissart, and, in a still more eminent degree, with Philip of Comines, who alternately lived with and served Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his mortal foe Louis XI. of France, and who frequently saw and conversed with our Edward IV., our king-making Earl of Warwick, and the other personages that principally figure in his historical drama, or dramatic history. In reading these old writers we seem to converse with men who have just quitted the society of the princes, great prelates, lords, statesmen and warriors of the middle ages, and their councils and actions, their conferences and their battles, their faithless plots and their unscrupulous counter-plots, are brought before our eyes in the most real and vivid colours. But even from chroniclers, and other writers of less eminence, many an interesting extract is to be made from those portions of their books wherein they plainly and unaffectedly relate the important things which they have themselves seen, the things they have themselves heard, or the catastrophes in which they themselves have been more or less sufferers. Such writers are of course not confined to the middle ages. On the contrary, they become more numerous as civilization and the faculty and the practice of writing increase. Were we to

turn over the history of Europe since the end of the fifteenth century we should find some eye-witness account of nearly every important event, some narrative far more real and vivid than any existing in the books of professed modern historians, whose general practice has been to mix several narratives of the same fact together, and to destroy identity by generalization. In making the selection, we shall not hamper ourselves by adhering to the chronological or to any other order. We shall take any interesting narrative as it falls in our way. At times we shall be guided by the magnitude, or general interest of the event; at other times by the skill or truthfulness of the narrator. In other words, we shall always endeavour to choose a story that is good in itself, or that is exceedingly well told; and we hope that by the time this selection shall be concluded, the reader will have before him much valuable and amusing matter, as well biographical as historical, which he can arrange in his own mind, or according to dates and countries.

We begin with an account, which we translate from the quaint old French, of the fearful massacre of the Huguenots, or French Protestants, which was perpetrated in the year 1572, and concerning which many disputes have been raised in modern times. Dr. Lingard, our living historian, in common with other writers of the Roman Catholic Church, has strenuously, and not very ingenuously laboured to allay the feeling of horror at those atrocities, by diminishing the number of the Protestant victims. Dr. Lingard received his answer from the late learned and impartial Mr. John Allen.* Among his contemporary authorities Mr. Allen quoted the great historian De Thou, who agrees with Adriani, De Serres, and other writers who were in Paris at the time, in stating the total number of victims who perished throughout France on this fatal day at thirty

* See No. LXXXVI. of the Edinburgh Review, and Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq.—Oct., London, 1827.

thousand. The lady whose account we are about to quote, speaks of the president De Thou. The president was father to the historian, who, at the time of the massacre, was a young man in his nineteenth year. Our lady was wife and biographer to that great champion of the reformed church in France, Philip de Duplessis-Mornay. But she was twice married, and at the time of the massacre, her first husband, Jean de Pas de Feuquierès, was but recently dead. Her maiden name was Charlotte Arbaleste, and she and all her family were devout Huguenots, and as such, and as persons of mark and consideration, they were obnoxious to the fury of the Papists. The young and handsome widow had an only child by her first husband—the little girl of whom mention is made in her simple narrative.*

I.—MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

“August, 1572. In order to divert myself from business, and for the sake of my health, I had made arrangements to pass the winter in the country at the house of my sister, Madame de Vaucelas; and because I had to leave Paris on the Monday after St. Bartholomew’s day, I wished to go on the Sunday to the palace of the Louvre, to take leave of Madame the Princess of Condé, Madame de Bouillon, the Marchioness of Rothelin, and Madame de Dampierre. But, while I was yet in bed, one of my kitchen maids, who was a Protestant, came in to me in a great fear, and told me that they were killing all the Huguenots. I did not take any sudden alarm; but, having put on my dressing-gown, I looked out of the window, and saw, in the great street of St. Anthony, where I was lodging, all the people in great agitation, and many soldiers of the guard, and every one wearing a white cross in his hat. Then I saw that the matter was serious, and I sent to my mother’s, where my brothers were staying, to know what it was. There, they were all in great alarm, for my brothers made profession of the Protestant religion. Messire Pierre Cheva-

lier, bishop of Senlis, and my uncle on the mother’s side, sent to tell me that I ought to put in some safe place all the valuables I had with me, and that he would soon send to fetch me away; but, as he was about to send for me, he had news that Messire Charles Chevalier, lord of Esprunes, his brother, who was very well affectioned to Protestantism, had been killed in the street De Bétizy, where he was lodging in order to be near the Admiral.* This was the reason that M. de Senlis forgot me; besides which, he himself, wanting to go through the streets, was stopped; and if he had not made the sign of the cross he would have been in danger of his life, although he was not the least in the world concerned with the Protestants. Having waited for him about half an hour, and seeing that the commotion was increasing in the said street of St. Anthony, I sent my daughter, who was then about three years and a half old, on the back of a servant, to the house of M. de Perreuze, who was master of requests in the king’s hostel, and one of my best relations and friends, who admitted her by a back-door, and received her kindly, and sent to tell me that if I would go myself I should be welcome. I accepted his offer, and went thither about seven o’clock. He did not then know all that had happened; but having sent one of his people to the Louvre, the man on his return reported to him the death of the admiral, and of so many lords and gentlemen, and told us that the massacre was raging over all the city. It was now about eight o’clock in the morning. I had scarcely left my lodgings when some of the servants of the Duke of Guise† entered it, calling upon mine host to find me, and searching for me everywhere. In the end, not being able to discover me there, they went to my mother’s, to offer that, if I would send them one hundred crowns, they would preserve my life, and all my furniture. Of this my

* The Admiral de Coligni, the head of the Huguenot party, and one of the first of those who were butchered.

† The Duke of Guise was the head of the Catholic party, and one of an atrocious cabal who had concerted with the queen-mother, Catherine de’ Medici, this detestable massacre.

* Mémoires de Madame de Mornay, sur la Vie de son Mari, &c., prefixed to Mémoires et Correspondance de Duplessis-Mornay, &c.—Paris, 1824.

mother sent me notice : but, upon a little thought, I could not see it good that they should know where I was, or that I should go to seek them. Yet I earnestly entreated my mother to give them to understand that she did not know what had become of me, and to offer them at once the sum of money they demanded. But as my mother did not receive this message in time, my lodgings were pillaged. To take refuge in the house of M. de Perreuze, wherein I was, there came M. de Landres and Madame his wife, Mademoiselle Duplessis Bourdelot, Mademoiselle de Chanfreau, M. de Matho, and all their families. We were more than forty ; so that M. de Perreuze, in order to remove suspicion from his house, was obliged to send and seek provisions for us at the other end of the town ; and either he himself or Madame de P. his wife, stood at the door of the house, to speak a few words now and then to M. de Guise, or to M. de Nevers, and other Catholic lords who passed and repassed thereby ; as also to the captains of Paris, who were pillaging all the neighbouring houses that belonged to Protestants. We remained there until the Tuesday ; but, however well M. de Perreuze played his part, he could not avoid being suspected ; and thus an order was issued that his house should be visited and searched on this Tuesday, after dinner. The greater part of those who had first taken refuge in it withdrew secretly to other houses ; and now none remained except the late Mademoiselle de Chanfreau and myself. And now must we hide ourselves as best we might : she and her waiting-maid went into an out-house where they kept the firewood, I and one of my women into the hollow space between the ceiling of the garret and the tiled roof of the house ; the rest of our people disguised themselves, and hid themselves as they were able. Being in that dark hollow space above the garret, I heard the cries and shrieks of men, women, and children, that the Papists were massacreing in the streets ; and having left mine own little daughter in the apartments below, I fell into such perplexity, and almost despair, that, but for the fear of offending God, I would have precipitated myself from the housetop, in order to escape falling alive into

the hands of that populace, or seeing mine own daughter massacred, which was what I feared more than death. A woman servant of mine took away the dear child, and carried it in her arms through all those dangers and horrors, and went and found out the late dame Marie Guillard, the lady of Esprunes, my maternal grandmother, who was yet living, and left the child with her, and the child remained with her until her death. And this same Tuesday, in the afternoon, was killed in the same street in which M. de Perreuze dwelt, and which was the old street of the Temple, the late President de la Place of happy memory, those who butchered him pretending that they were going to carry him to the king in the view of saving his life. M. de Perreuze, seeing himself menaced and assailed so near at hand, in order to preserve our lives, and save his house from being sacked, employed M. de Thou, King's advocate, and now president of his Court of Parliament. This tempest having passed by more hastily than we expected, we devised how we might disguise ourselves and seek some other hiding-place. Go to my dear mother I could not, for they had placed a guard in her house. I betook myself to the house of a farrier, who had married one of my mother's chamber-women, a seditious man, and one that was captain of his quarter ; but as he had received favours and benefactions from my mother, I promised myself that he would not willingly injure me. My poor mother came to see me at the farrier's in the evening ; she was rather dead than living, and much more petrified by fear than I was. I passed that night in the house of the captain-farrier, hearing nothing but abuse of the Huguenots, and seeing nothing but the pillage that was brought in from the houses of those who professed the Protestant faith. The captain-farrier told me in strong terms that I must go to mass.

" On the Wednesday morning my mother sent to the President Tambonneau and to her mother-in-law Made. Morin, to ask if they could not conceal me in the house they occupied. And about the hour of noon, I went thitherward all alone ; but because I knew not the way I followed a little boy, who went before

me to show it. They were lodged in the cloisters of Notre Dame, and there was nobody in the house except Made. Morin, mother to the wife of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Messire and Made. Tambonneau, Messire de Paroy their brother, and one of their servants named Jacques Minier, who knew that I was hid there within. Having entered quite secretly, I was concealed in the study of the President Tambonneau, and there I remained all that day and night, and all the next day. But on Thursday, towards the evening, we were warned that they were coming to seek therein for M. de Chaumont Barbesieux and Madame de Belesbat; and mine hosts, fearing that if they came they might find me, were of opinion that I ought to seek another asylum; which I did about midnight, being conducted to the house of a corn-factor, who was their servant, and a good man. There I lay hid for five days, being assisted and comforted by Messire and Madame Tambonneau, and by all of that house. Besides what I feel for them as my relations, there never can be a day of my life in which I shall not be grateful for the friendship and aid they afforded me at this crisis.

“On the following Tuesday, my mother, having recovered a little from her excessive agitation, and having found means to save my brothers from this wreck by persuading them to go to mass, thought to save me by the same means, and spoke to me of it through M. de Paroy our cousin, who, after many conversations which we had together, found me, by the grace of God, very much averse to it. On Wednesday morning, after my mother had made several attempts to change my determination, and after receiving from me not the answer which she wished, but only an entreaty to convey me out of Paris, she sent to tell me that she would be constrained to send me back my daughter. I could only reply that if it must be so I would take her into my arms, and that then we should be left to be massacred together; but at the same time I resolved to leave Paris, whatever might happen to me in the attempt, and I prayed those who carried this message to engage a place for me on board of a passage-boat, or in any boat

going up the Seine. All the time I remained in the corn merchant's house I was in great discomfort, for I was lodged in a room above that of Madame de Foissy (a hot papist), and so durst not walk up and down lest I should be discovered, nor could I venture to light a candle at night lest she or some of the neighbours should see it, and find me out. When they gave me to eat it was secretly; a few morsels were wrapped up in a napkin, and they came into my room under pretence of getting linen for the said dame de Foissy. At last I departed from that lodging on Wednesday, the eleventh day after the massacre, about eleven o'clock in the morning, and went on board a boat which was going to Sens. In this boat I found two monks and a priest, and two merchants with their wives. When we arrived at the Tournelles, where there was a guard of soldiers, the boat was stopped, and our passports were demanded. My companions all showed theirs, but I had none to show. Then they began to call me a Huguenot, and to threaten to drown me: and they made me get out of the boat. I begged them to carry me to M. de Voysenon, auditor of accounts, who was a friend of mine, and who managed the affairs of Made. d'Esprunes, my grandmother. He was known as a staunch Roman Catholic; and I assured the soldiers that he would answer for me. Two soldiers of the guard took me and carried me to the said house. It pleased God that these two men should stay at the door, and that I should be allowed to go up stairs alone. Poor M. de Voysenon was greatly astonished at seeing me, and although I was disguised he knew me and called me by my name, and told me about some other ladies who had fled to his house for concealment. I told him that I had no time to listen to him (for I feared that the soldiers were following me upstairs), that it appeared as though God willed he should be the means of saving my life, and that otherwise I could only look upon myself as one that was dead. He went down stairs, and found the soldiers, to whom he gave assurance that he had seen me in the house of Made. d'Esprunes, whose son was Bishop of Senlis, and who was herself a good Catholic and well known as such. The

soldiers replied that they did not want to know about Made. d'Esprunes and the Bishop of Senlis, but about me. M. de Voysenon told them that in former times he had known me to be a good Catholic, but that he could not answer for my being one now. At this moment an honest woman came up and asked them what they would do with me. They said 'Pardieu! It is a Huguenot that must be drowned! We can tell what she is by the fear she is in!' And in truth I did think that they were going to throw me into the river. The honest woman said to them: 'You know me, I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass; but I have been so terrified at that which I have seen done in Paris that for these eight days past I have had a fever upon me.' Then one of the soldiers said, 'Pardieu! and I and all of us have symptoms of fever upon us!' And so they carried me back to the boat, telling me that if I had been a man I should not have escaped so easily. At the very time that I was stopped in the boat, the lodging in Paris which I had quitted was ransacked; and if I had been found there great would have been my danger. We continued our voyage. All the afternoon, those monks and those merchants did nothing but talk joyfully of what they had seen in Paris; and whenever I ventured to say a word they told me that I spoke like a Huguenot. I could do nothing better than pretend to fall asleep, thus escaping the necessity of talking with them. When it was night we landed at a place called Petit la Borde. There I perceived the aforementioned Jacques Minier, who had been sent by Made. Tambonneau to know what would become of me, that lady being much troubled on my account, because she had heard that I had been arrested at the Tournelles. He made me a sign not to recognise him; but as it was he who had taken my place in the boat he was recognised as my acquaintance by the two women in the boat. I found means to let him know this without their observing it. He soon came into the inn where we all were, and told me that my mistress had sent him into the country to attend the vintage. At supper he sat at table with us, put on an air of ease, and calling me familiarly by my Christian name Charlotte, and bidding me

fill his glass for him. This removed all the suspicions that had been entertained of me. They had but one room in this inn, with three beds in it. The two monks and the priest lay down on one bed, the two merchants on another, and the two women and myself on the third. I was not without my fears and troubles. I had on a chemise of fine Holland cloth garnished with lace, which Made. Tambonneau had lent me, and I feared very much that, sleeping with these two women, they might guess from my attire that I was not what I pretended to be. On Thursday morning as we were going into the boat, the said Minier said that he would walk, as the motion of a boat always made him ill; but he told me, in a whisper, to beware of going to Corbeil or to Melun, of which places our family were the feudal lords, for it was to be feared that I should be known there in spite of my disguise, and so run into danger, and that I should remember to disembark at the village of Yuri, at the distance of a short league from Corbeil. When I saw the village, I asked the boatman to land me, which he refused to do; but as God willed it, the boat grounded just opposite to the village, and this obliged him to land us all. Having paid the fare, the said Jacques Minier and I went into the said village of Yuri. Being there, he took the resolution to conduct me to the Bouehet, a house belonging to M. the President Tambonneau, and place me under the care of the President's vine-dresser. In all we walked about fifteen miles on foot; and having left me with this poor vine-dresser, Minier went to Wallegrand to the house of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, to learn if there were any possibility of my being harboured with Made. his wife. But he found them all in great dismay, the King having sent down a strong garrison to the Chancellor's house, under the shadow of protecting it. The Chancellor's wife, who professed the reformed religion, had already been compelled to go to mass. The Chancellor sent through the said Minier, to offer me his house, telling me, however, that I could not stay there without going to mass, a thing which he never could think I would consent to do, seeing the desperate courage with which I had fled out of Paris in the midst of all

these dangers. I abode with the vine-dresser fifteen days, and Minier betook himself back to Paris. I had trouble almost as soon as I arrived at this place, called the Bouchet. The Queen's Swiss troops came ransacking all the villages to find some poor Huguenot, but it pleased God that they entered not the house wherein I lay concealed. The presence of these Swiss served me as an excuse for not going out of the house, and prevented the vine-dresser from pressing me to go to mass. This poor man deplored the hard fate of several Huguenot gentlemen who had lived in his neighbourhood, and who had been killed and massacred on the St. Bartholomew, declaring that in all the country there were no better men or men more charitable than they had been. He always permitted me to say my prayers in French, and really took me to be the servant of Made. Tambonneau, even as Minier had told him. At the end of the fifteen days I was anxious to get to the village of La Brye, where I might better concert what to do for the future. I borrowed an ass from the vine-dresser, and begged him to be my guide on the road. He agreeing, we set out, and soon crossed the river Seine between Corbeil and Melun, at a place called St. Port, and then we made for Esprunes, a mansion belonging to my grandmother. As soon as we arrived there, the serving women of the house knew me, and they all came forth to salute me, skipping with joy, and crying out, 'Madame, ah Madame, we thought that you had been killed!' My poor vine-dresser was greatly astonished and perplexed. He asked me if I was indeed a great lady? He offered me his house again, he offered to conceal me as long as I chose, and to prevent my being forced by his family to go to mass; and many excuses did he make for not having given me his best bed while I was lodging with him. And so the poor man returned to his home, and I stayed at Esprunes two whole weeks. I must not forget to remark that a certain priest, a chaplain of Esprunes, who lived at Melun, came to see me, and to console me, told me, among other things, that "Since the judgments of the Almighty have begun to declare themselves, the wicked and ungodly ought

to be in great fear." At the end of fifteen days I mounted another ass, and so travelled four leagues to Messire de la Borde, my eldest brother, who was in great trouble and perplexity of mind, having been constrained, in order to preserve his life, to go to mass, and being constantly beset by men who called upon him to abjure the reformed faith. Our friends of Paris, learning that I was in his house, and fearing that I might prevail upon him not to make the abjuration, sent to warn him that his ruin was certain if he kept me in his house and I still refused to go to mass. Being thus moved, my brother on the following Sunday led me into his chapel, where a Catholic priest was ready to officiate. As soon as I saw the priest, I turned my back upon him, and went away in great affliction. My brother then regretted what he had done. I took the resolution to stay there no longer. I employed a whole week in seeking out some waggoner that would convey me to Sedan.* Out of fifteen hundred francs that were owing to me at La Borde, I received forty crowns; and during my sojourn there one of my chamber-women and one of my men-servants came and joined me. My brother found my resolution very hazardous. Nevertheless he assisted me in procuring a waggoner, begging me, however, not to let my mother and our other friends know that he had willingly consented to my dangerous journey. In bidding me farewell, he said that he felt assured that, on account of my zeal and fidelity in serving God, God would bless my journey and protect my person, and this, by the heavenly grace, happened to me. I arrived at Sedan on the day of All Saints, being the first day of November, without having met with any hindrance, disturbance, or trouble on the way. So soon as I arrived I found many friends who offered

* The Lordship of Sedan was, at this time, an independent principality, possessed by the Duke of Bouillon, who, together with all his family, inclined to the reformed faith. The city of Sedan was a stronghold of the French Protestants. The house of Bouillon were afterwards obliged to cede the principality to Henri IV., and it was formally united to the crown of France in the reign of Louis XIII.

me all that they had. I was not one hour at Sedan ere I was properly attired as a lady of rank, everybody hastening to give me whatsoever I wanted. I received also much honour and friendship from the duke and duchess of Bouillon. And I resided quietly at Sedan until the time of my marriage with Duplessis-Mornay."

Duplessis-Mornay, who had escaped with the greatest difficulty, fled over to England almost immediately after the massacre. He was received with much honour and kindness by Queen Elizabeth and her court. He returned to France in the following year, 1573, and joined a league of Huguenots who had taken up arms against the Papists. As this league

was very unsuccessful he withdrew to Sedan, where he became acquainted with the fair young Huguenot widow, whom he married in 1575. The 'Mémoires of Madame Duplessis-Mornay' were written in the year 1595 for the instruction and edification of her only son, who was then setting out on his travels. This son, being in the service of the Protestant Prince of Orange, was killed at the siege of Wesel in 1606. His body was brought to France, and in the course of the following year his mother was laid by his side in a tomb which she had built for him with great care and expense. Duplessis-Mornay survived until the end of the year 1623.

THE CARICATURIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PORTRAIT II.—CHARLES CHURCHILL. BY HOGARTH.

THE quarrel of Hogarth with Wilkes produced, as we have mentioned, a quarrel between Hogarth and Churchill. Horace Walpole gives this account of the affair: "In September, 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of 'The Times.' It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe 'North Briton.' On this the painter exhibited the caricature of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his 'Epistle to Hogarth,' not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age, and which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much less had it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having composed but six months before one of his most capital works, the satire on the Methodists. In revenge for this epistle Hogarth caricatured Churchill, under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—*et vitulâ tu dignus et hic*—never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity."

Of this caricature Churchill himself thus wrote to his friend Wilkes: "I take it for granted you have seen Hogarth's print against me. Was ever anything so contemptible? I think he is fairly *felo de se*." Churchill, in his Epistle to Hogarth, did full justice to the great painter's powers as a satirist of general vices; but he was bitterly severe upon some of his imputed failings:

"Hogarth, stand forth; I dare thee to be tried
In that great Court where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account, you stand.
Speak, but consider well; from first to last
Review thy life; weigh every action past.
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain;
Take longer time, and view them o'er again.
Canst thou remember, from thy earliest youth
(And, as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth)



A single instance where, *Self* laid aside,
 And Justice taking place of fear and pride,
 Thou with an equal eye didst Genius view,
 And give to Merit what was Merit's due?
 Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
 And thy soul sickens at the name of Sense.
 Is any one so foolish to succeed?
 On Envy's altar he is doomed to bleed.
 Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
 The place of Executioner supplies.
 See how he gloats, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself by cruelty a Priest."

The caricature of Churchill bore this title: 'The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the Rev.), in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura, that so sorely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes.' Churchill complained that Hogarth had violated the sanctities of private life in this Caricature. He appears to have forgotten his own attacks upon Hogarth's age, and Wilkes's allusions to the painter's domestic infelicity. Churchill, in such a matter, was fairer game. However high his genius, his conduct was an outrage upon the decencies of a not very scrupulous age. Educated at Westminster—a remarkable boy, who had the distinction of being the friend of Cowper—he rushed from the schoolboy's real freedom into the fearful responsibilities of a most unhappy marriage. He finally took orders—became a curate in the country, and afterwards in London; had two sons—kept a school—became embarrassed in his circumstances—rushed to dissipation—separated from his wife—and was raised at once into notoriety by the publication of his 'Rosciad.' In a few months he became the most marked man of his time. He had a real hatred of hypocrisy; but he manifested that hatred by a contempt for opinion which looked, and really was, something different from virtue. He threw off his clerical dress, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons. He resigned his lectureship of St. John's, Westminster, and became the associate of Wilkes in the habitual profligacies of his private hours. It is a sad story. Churchill was fitted for better things. He has left much satire that is masterly in its temporary purposes. Had he not been prematurely cut off in the midst of his thoughtless career, he might have taken a high place amongst those who have filled the world with what the world "will not willingly let die."

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.

EVERY man of business is aware that a great effort is now making in the metropolis and the great provincial towns to obtain for shopmen, clerks, and other servants, a reduction in the hours of labour. This is a new principle, which was presented to men's minds only a few years ago, and which has gradually taken its root in public opinion. When this new principle was first promulgated, it

met with general reprobation on the part of employers, many of whom spoke their sentiments before they had consulted their judgments. They imagined that this reduction would be attended with a loss of trade to them, the amount of which was numerically identified with the hours thus to be surrendered. But other people argued very naturally that their customers would still buy what they wanted, though

they had only ten hours instead of twelve, or twelve hours instead of fourteen, to make their purchases. They were not always busy; they would have ample time left for business; and these, with a host of minor reasonings, united to that spirit of fair play and innate justice which are so indigenous in the English heart, have at length made converts of many considerable employers, and the opinion is fast gaining ground that their assistants ought to be relieved of some part of their present duty by adopting the new system of short hours. Some large firms have already had the good sense and the grace to set the example, by closing their warehouses at six or seven o'clock, instead of nine or ten.

The progress of public opinion during the last two years, especially among that important class the drapers, mainly owing to the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, has been so great as to warrant the expectation that the principle of short hours will before long be generally adopted throughout the kingdom.

But the new system of abridged labour must bring with it a great change in the habits of several hundred thousands of men, for which no preparation is being made, and which no man seems to anticipate! It is a moral revolution that the country is on the eve of witnessing, and this immense consequence is left to the chapter of accidents! What is the measure? Time, new time, given to several hundreds of thousands of industrious men. Two, three, or four hours which were full, are made empty. This new time must be *spent*, and the way in which it shall be spent will necessarily have an effect on the character of the whole of that vast class, and its consequences will operate on the entire nation. Let it be remembered that the two or three hours given up to the employed are *evening hours*. That these hours will mostly be spent out of doors, by men the major part of whom are young, a large number of whom are unmarried, isolated, having no homes properly so called, no domestic circles to frequent, and, finally, no preparation for the proper use of leisure.

The new time, we repeat, must be spent, and it will be spent, in seeking

amusement after labour in those places of public resort which exist for that purpose. Now we ask every man of experience, whether London, or Manchester, or Leeds, or Huddersfield, or Glasgow, or Edinburgh, presents at the present day, either in quantity or in quality, the opportunities for recreation and amusement which this new state of things must require? They do not. They are all very scantily provided with innoxious diversions; but, on the contrary, as if it were an understood thing that pleasure must always be left-handed, these great towns are but too amply furnished with pastimes which are both degrading and dangerous. The injury which these latter already produce on the morals of the class we refer to is obvious and great enough. It will be infinitely greater, unless the want of good and salutary amusements be acknowledged and provided for in due time.

The better to understand this subject, let us take a view of London during those hours which are set aside for recreation by those who have leisure. Let us follow this laborious population to their multiform diversions. Let us see what amusements there are, and how the liberated son of industry spends his time and his money before he goes to bed.

These resorts consist of theatres, taverns, other taverns with theatrical entertainments attached to them, the common public-houses, the shilling concerts, the dancing-rooms, with their weekly balls, the singing-rooms, and a few exhibitions.

There may be a class of young men so strongly fortified against the influence of these public resorts as to pass through them unscathed. Parental advice, fatherly warnings, a strong discipline in early youth, good education, a sound judgment, a firm mind, may enable, here and there, one young man in a thousand to visit these places without being seriously affected in his morals. But how different must be the consequence in respect to the majority!

Look at our THEATRES; look at the houses all around them. Have they not given a taint to the very districts they belong to? The Coburg Theatre, now called the Victoria, the Surrey, what are they? At Christmas time, at each of

these minor theatres, may be seen such an appalling mass of loathsome vice and depravity as goes beyond Eugène Sué, and justifies the most astounding revelations in Smollett.

But suppose we overlook the dependencies, and turn to the stage itself; what is there to recreate the weary spirit panting for diversion? The great instructive drama of our country is almost entirely banished from it, with one or two encouraging exceptions. What may be called a *good* play, a clever representation of our present habits, manners, and prejudices, does not appear once in twelve months. Most of the playhouses produce nothing but a series of translations from the French, so that they become the images not of what we are ourselves, but what our neighbours are. Thus all the minor theatres are so perpetually glutted with pieces of exciting interest, in which crime is made the moral, and the ruffian made the hero, that society seems to be turned upside down, so long as you bide within their walls. It is grievous to say so, but we are bound to tell the truth fearlessly, since we know it—the London theatres, with only one or two exceptions, are not in a state to be recommended to the class we are addressing. The young man who makes it a practice to frequent them will mis-spend his time; his leisure hours will not tend to his improvement, they will not even leave him where he was before.

That large class of TAVERNS, houses of public resort, at which more than one half of the recreation out of doors is sought for in London after candle-light, is rather to be studied and reflected upon by a man communing with himself, than to be frankly laid bare. The number of these houses is prodigious, and many a man of family, who ought to share his leisure hours with his wife and children, spends more money in these dull boxes year by year than would serve to pay his taxes, nay, sometimes even his rent! When a tradesman, or clerk, or young shopman, who is married, comes out of one of these houses at midnight, and closes the door, after spending his eighteen pence or his two shillings, the amount of what it may have cost his whole family to live upon that day, what must be his

remorse, if he is a thinking being? Almost everything that is sold there is adulterated and unfit for use. Gambling, in every variety of shape, is spreading like an epidemic amongst them. The frequenter soon becomes a sloven, and by-and-by a bankrupt of the worst class, that is, an insolvent through his own excesses.

Some contrivers, who have more ingenuity than social sympathy, have imagined a sort of duplex business, which combines the theatre and the taverns. The real object of this unnatural alliance is to prevail upon frequenters to stay longer and drink more than they otherwise would. These houses cannot be described here, but they are so bad in their tendency, that discipline ought to step in to rescue young men of industrious habits from their contaminating influence. It ought to be understood in regular houses of business that a young clerk or shopman, if he wished to retain any respect, would be expected to refrain from visiting them.

THE SHILLING CONCERTS are infinitely less liable to objection than the theatre, the tavern, or the tavern-theatre. As there is no drinking connected with them, they can do no harm, provided the money itself can be spared. But the moderate charge has the effect of admitting many bad characters, against whom all young men should be on their guard. In some great manufacturing towns there are admirable concerts connected with literary institutions, at which the admission is only threepence. This is indeed a real good.

DANCING-ROOMS in London generally belong to dancing-masters, where they have balls once or twice a week. It is unfortunate that a diversion in itself so entertaining and innoxious as dancing is, should be rendered liable to censure and discouragement by the promiscuous nature of the company. Besides, these houses are actually converted into taverns by the introduction of liquors of every kind.

Independently of the public resorts we have here enumerated, and to which thousands upon thousands throng every evening, there are others of a worse character still, that we do not wish to

allude to. They are not for men living within the social pale. They belong to the vagrant, and they lead directly to the hulks. Against resorts so infamous all warning is unnecessary, they carry in their very aspect a look which cautions and turns away all but those who appear to have been born with the elements of depravity, and whose very nature has a downward shelve.

Let any reflective mind look at this meagre roll of public amusements, and what must he think? How stunted the variety, even if otherwise without objection!

It is only fair to turn our eyes now upon those pastimes which London likewise affords of a beneficial character.

The most important of this class are the LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS, such as the Mechanics', the City of London, the Marylebone, the Southwark, &c. These excellent establishments are so many *gymnasia* for enlarging, developing, and strengthening the mind. The annual outlay, including the entrance fees, and the additional charges of two or three courses of lectures, is so small compared with the expense of frequenting the tavern, the theatre, and such like places, that it sinks into insignificance. And yet every penny spent in this manner is so much money laid up in a Bank, of which a man's understanding is the owner. It does not vanish in a moment, like other costly enjoyments, but it enters into a durable fabric, which a man of sense is continually building to make him respected by his fellow-men. These institutions deserve the countenance and are entitled to the encouragement of every man and woman in the metropolis who is sincerely desirous to promote the good morals of the people. The influence which they exercise already is altogether favourable and very great; but that still greater influence which they might be made to exercise if they were strenuously supported by the great mass of the inhabitants, who live under the authority of the laws and acknowledge obedience to sound social discipline, would change and renovate the whole framework of society.

There are certain things which might

be done by those who preside over these institutions, the effect of which would tend to diffuse the benefits we speak of. These gentlemen are called upon to play a great part in the revolution which is so closely at hand, and which will result from the system of short hours. Let them forbear a little to take man as he ought to be, and take him as he is. Let them remember that those who have yet to learn are but as children to those who know already. Let them bend and stoop to the class which for the first time is about to have leisure for mental improvement. Let them study the tastes as well as the wants of this huge army of unlettered but intelligent pupils, panting for instruction. Let them begin by teaching those things which will not press too heavily upon a new and raw attention, which at first possesses no strength, and must therefore be gently treated. To wean a population from the habits of indulgence to those of discipline is a noble but a difficult task, and it will ever be found either to succeed or to fail according to the alacrity with which the master removes the burden from the student's to his own shoulders.

The first step to be taken, if not by the existing institutions, but by others upon a larger scale, is to introduce a large variety of light and agreeable entertainments within their walls. Mathematics, chemistry, medicine, logic, and history, are capital things at due times and seasons, but they will not be found to hold that loadstone which will attract this vast congregation of new candidates. Still it would not be wise to surrender so great an opportunity of doing good, because the present system prevailing at the institutions requires some modification before the benefit can be extended. The point on which the institutions stand is this: *the young man who is possessed of a taste for instruction, who is already partly turned and fashioned by education, may come here and be rendered more learned than he was when he left school.* He has some knowledge before he steps over the sill; he *has* the taste for learning; he is a member of a very small body of the people; and this is why the institutions have but a small number of subscribers.

Now the point on which stand the host of young men, clerks, shopmen, and others, is this: *they have a taste and a propensity for mental stimulus*, and they think little of improvement. That is an idea the very germ of which must be generated for them. A few brighter natures and finer understandings most undoubtedly there are among them, and to these the whole class are indebted for the triumphant struggle now making to obtain the reduction in the hours of labour. But these will be the first to admit the truth of this important fact: that mental stimulus is the thing now demanded by the thousands and tens of thousands of young men who will be shortly released by the new system.

Amongst EXHIBITIONS the foremost are the Adelaide Gallery, the Polytechnic Institution, the Colosseum, the Panorama, and Madame Tussaud's. They are all much frequented, they afford instruction as well as amusement, and they prevent injurious outlay. The two first of these are extremely well calculated to promote the taste for refined recreation. But unless the proprietors of these establishments could contrive to set apart certain nights in the week, when the price of admission should be reduced to half what it is, the large majority of the class we are treating of will not relinquish the tavern and the tavern-theatre for a resort where there is no drink. We must not forget the position: that to improve a class of men we must begin at the point where they are.

It is not the settled thoughts of people we have to address, when we want to act upon numbers; it is much rather their floating whimsies. Everybody in England saw a memorable proof of this last year. On the same floor, at a house in Piccadilly, called the Egyptian Hall,

were two exhibitions of a very different order. In one of these a gentleman of great taste had collected during thirty years a great variety of original autograph documents, pictures, military accoutrements, &c. relating to Napoleon Bonaparte and the memorable characters of the French Revolution. No person of common understanding could pay even one visit to that exquisite collection without remembering it all his life; yet when you visited this museum you seldom saw thirty persons in the room after ten. We have seen a tavern on the top of an Alp more frequented than this great historical collection of relics in that fashionable thoroughfare teeming with life.

Close to this museum was exhibited, in an adjoining room, a little boy of ten or twelve years old, whose merit consisted in his stature, which was counted by inches instead of feet. There was nothing to be seen in this room except that undergrown little boy, and the presents he had received from his patrons. One minute was enough to take your view; there was no variety, nothing to study, nothing for the mind; and yet this little boy, whom a grenadier might have carried off in his cap, used to fill the room with his admirers. For one person who visited the magnificent museum we have named, a hundred went to see Tom Thumb. He is said to have made as much money by showing himself in one year, as the gentleman laid out in thirty to collect all his relics. This comparison is at first very startling; it certainly shows that our people are not so grave, after all, as we sometimes fancy them; but it likewise shows what the human mind is, and what it seeks, when it goes in quest of diversion.

NATIVE INDIANS OF THE OREGON TERRITORY.

[From a Work on the subject, about to be published in the series of the Weekly Volume.]

THE Indian natives of Oregon may be divided into three classes, differing in habits and character according to their locality and means of sustenance—the Indians of the coast, the mountains, and the plains. The

former feed mostly on fish, and weave cloth for clothing from the wool or hair of the native sheep, having to a great extent settled residences, though these last characteristics are rapidly disappearing: the

second, trappers and hunters, wandering for the most part in pursuit of game; and the latter, the equestrian tribes who on the great plains about the waters of the rivers chase on their fleet horses the gigantic bison, whose flesh supplies them with food, and whose hide covers them. The former bear some resemblance to the native inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific. The two latter are in every respect Red men. Those on the coast were first known, and when visited by the early voyagers had the characteristics which from contiguity to white men have deteriorated in the south, but which have been retained in the north—high courage and determination, and great ingenuity; but joined to cruelty and faithlessness; and as the South Destructive Island obtained its name from their savage cruelty, so does the coast throughout its length afford the same testimony. Cook, who first discovered them, says, "They were thieves in the strictest sense of the word, for they pilfered nothing from us but what they knew could be converted to the purposes of utility; and had a real value according to their estimation of things."

Their form is thick and clumsy; but they are not deficient in strength or activity; when young, their colour is not dark, nor their features hard, but exposure to the weather, want of mental culture, and their dirty habits soon reduce them all to the same dark complexion and dull phlegmatic want of expression which is distinctly marked on all of them.

In Cook's time, and till the white men settled among them, their dress was a flaxen mantle ornamented with fur above, and tassels and fringes, which passing under the left arm, is tied over the right shoulder, having the right side open; this is fastened round the waist by a girdle; above this, which reaches below the knee, a circular cape perforated in the centre to admit the head, made of the same substance, and also fringed in the lower part, is worn; it covers the arms to the elbows. Their head is covered with a cap, conical but truncated, made of fine matting, ornamented at the top with a knot or tassels. Besides the above dress, common to both sexes, the men frequently throw over their garment the skin of a bear, wolf, or sea-otter, with the hair outwards; they wear the hair loose, unless tied up in the scalp-lock: they cover themselves with paint, and swarm with vermin; upon the paint they strew mica to make it glitter. They perforate the nose and ears, and put various ornaments into them.

But besides these common habits, they had official and ceremonious ones, when they wear

beautiful furs and theatrical dresses and disguises, including large masks; and their war-dresses, of which a thick doubled leathern mantle of elk or buffalo skin, frequently with a cloak over it, on which the hoofs of horses were strung, forming an almost impervious cuirass. Their love for music, general lively dispositions, except when provoked, and their determination in avenging insult or wrong, are testified by all.

Cook also gives a full description of their houses and manner of life. Of the former, he says they are made of split boards, and large enough for several families, who occupy small pens on each side of the interior. They have benches and boxes, and many of their utensils, such as pipes, &c., are frequently carved; as are also gigantic human faces on large trunks of trees, which they set up for posts.

In their persons and houses they were filthy in the extreme, in their habits lazy; but the women were modest and industrious. Their principal food was fish, but they had edible roots and game from the land. A favourite article of food was also the roe of herrings, dried on pine-branches or seaweed. Their weapons were spears, arrows, slings, and clubs, similar to the New Zealanders; also an axe, not dissimilar to the North American tomahawk, the handle of which is usually carved.

They made garments of pine-bark beaten fine; they were woven by hand with plaited thread and woollen, so closely wove as to resemble cloth, and frequently have worked on them figures of men and animals; on one was the whole process of the whale fishery. Their aptitude for the imitative arts was very great. Their canoes were rather elegantly formed out of trees, with rising prow, frequently carved in figures. They differ from those of the Pacific generally, having neither sails nor outriggers; they had harpoons and spears for whale fishing. Vancouver, when at Port Discovery, saw some long poles placed upright on the beach at equal distances, the object of which he could not discover, and it was not till the last voyage of discovery despatched from the United States under Commodore Wilkes, that they were ascertained to have been used for hanging nets upon, to catch wild-fowl by night; their ingenuity in this and in netting salmon, is very remarkable. They use two nets, the drawing and casting net, made of a silky grass found on the banks of the Columbia, or the fibres of the roots of trees, or of the inner bark of the white cedar. The salmon fishing on the Columbia commences in June, the main body of the fish dividing at the mouth of the tributary streams to

ascend them to their sources, according to the habits of this fish. At the rapids and falls the work of destruction commences with a bag-net, similar to a European fisherman's landing-net, on a pole thirty feet long; the Indians take their stand on the rocks, or on platforms erected for the purpose, and throwing their nets into the river above their standing-places, let them float down the rapids to meet the fish as they ascend. By this means many are caught; they have also stake-nets and seines with stones for leads; they also catch many with hook and line, and sometimes, now they have fire-arms, shoot them. Their mode of fishing for sturgeon is also peculiar. The line, made of twisted fibres of the roots of trees, is attached to a large wooden hook and let down over the side of a canoe; those used for this purpose are small, having only one or two men at most in them. Having hooked a fish, they haul him gently up till he floats on the water, then, with a heavy mallet, with one blow on the head they kill him. With singular dexterity they contrive to jerk a fish of three hundred pounds over the lowered side of the canoe by a single effort. They catch whales also by means of harpoons with bladders attached. The oil is sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. It has been said that their houses were made of boards, but some constructive art is displayed in their erection; as was much ingenuity in procuring the materials before axes were introduced among them; they, however, contrived to fell trees with a rough chisel and mallet. The houses are made of centre posts about ten feet high, upon which a long pole rests, forming the ridge of the roof, from whence rafters descend of a similar form, but not more than five feet from the ground; to these again, cross poles are attached, and against these are placed boards upright, and the lower end fixed in the ground; across these again, poles are placed, and tied with cords of cedar-bark to those inside on the roof, which are similarly disposed; the planks are double. These houses are divided on each side into stalls and pens, occupied as sleeping-places during the night, and the rafters serve to suspend the fish, which are dried by the smoke in its lengthened course through the interstices of the roof and walls. In their superstitions, theatricals, dances, and songs, they have much similarity to the natives of Polynesia. Debased now, and degraded even beneath their former portrait, fast fading away before the more genial sun of the fortunes of the White man, the Indians on the southern coast are no longer free and warlike, but being in subjection to the Hudson's Bay Company, English manu-

factures are substituted for the efforts of their native industry.

The mode of burial practised among the Indians on the coast is very peculiar. The corpse is placed sometimes in a canoe raised a few feet from the ground, with arms and other necessaries beside it. These are not unfrequently spoilt beforehand, to prevent their being stolen, as if they thought they might, like their owner, be restored to their former state in a new world. Sometimes they are put in upright boxes like sentry-boxes—sometimes in small enclosures—but usually kept neat, and those of the chiefs frequently painted. Mount Coffin, at the mouth of the Cacolitza, seems to have been appropriated to the burial of persons of importance: it is about seven hundred feet high, and quite isolated; on it were to be seen the canoe-coffins of the natives in every stage of decay; they were hung between the trees about five feet from the ground. This cemetery of the Columbia is, however, destroyed; for the American sailors under Wilkes neglecting to put out their cooking fires, it spread over the whole mountain and continued to rage through the night till all was burnt. A few small presents appeased the Indians, who but a few years before, would only have drowned the remembrance of such a national disgrace in the blood of those who caused it.

Among the tribes about the lower part of the Columbia the singular custom of flattening the head still prevails, though not to the extent it did formerly.

The principal tribes are the Shoochans and Walla Walla, between whom, as between the former and the Blackfeet, there has been continual war. The Shoochans dwell between the Rocky and Blue Mountain ranges, the Walla Walla about the river of that name, the Blackfeet at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, principally, but not entirely, on the eastern sides. Warlike and independent, the Blackfeet had for a long time the advantage, having been earlier introduced to the use of fire-arms; but by the instrumentality of the Hudson's Bay Company they have been of late years more on an equality; they are friendly to the whites, but the Blackfeet are their mortal enemies; their hill-forts, overhanging the passes of the Rocky Mountains, make the future safety of the passes into the United States depend on the temper of this fickle and bloodthirsty nation, who have been well termed the Arabs of the West; for truly their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them, and though seriously lessened in number by war and disease, they still dwell in the presence

of all their brethren. The Shoohans feed frequently on horse-flesh, and have also large quantities of edible roots, which stand them in great stead during the winter. When the men are fishing for salmon, the women are employed in digging and preserving the roots. There is indeed one tribe inhabiting the country of the salt lakes and springs to the south of the head-waters of the Snake or Saptain's River, who have no wish beyond these roots, living in the most bestial manner possible; these, from their lighter occupation, have been named Diggers. Above the Walla Walla also there is a tribe called the Basket people, from their using a basket in fishing for salmon. The apparatus consists of a large wicker basket, supported by long poles inserted into it, and fixed in the rocks; to the basket is joined a long frame, spreading above, against which the fish, in attempting to leap the falls, strike and fall into the basket; it is taken up three times a day, and at each haul not unfrequently contains three hundred fine fish. The Flat-Heads dwelling about the river of that name are the most restless of the equestrian tribes; their characteristics are intelligence and aptitude for civilization, yet in the early history of the country their fierceness and barbarity in war could not be exceeded, especially in their retaliation on the Blackfeet, of which Ross Cox gives a horrible account. The usual dress of these tribes is a shirt, leggings, and moccasins of deer-skin, frequently much ornamented with fringes of beads, and formerly, by the braves, with scalps; a cap or handkerchief generally covers the head, but the Shoohans twist their long black hair into a natural helmet, more useful as a protection than many artificial defences: in winter a buffalo robe is added to the usual clothing. Horses abound among them, and they are usually well armed. Through the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, these tribes are becoming amalgamated by intermarriage, and will doubtless, from their pliability of disposition, readiness of perception, and capability for improvement generally, no less than their friendship for the whites and devotion to the Company, gradually lose their identity in acquired habits and knowledge, and become the peaceful proprietors of a country rich in flocks and herds even, and very much cattle. The more northern Indians inhabiting the mountainous country round the head-waters of the Oregon River and the branches of the

Columbia, evidence an origin similar to the Chippewyan tribes on the east of the Rocky Mountains. Mackenzie found but little difference, when travelling from one to the other, and his guides were generally well understood; like him, they have exchanged their shirts and robes of skins for European manufactures, and their bows and spears for fire-arms. Among them the greater part of the furs exported by the Hudson's Bay Company are procured, and the return of the traffic supplies all their wants: they differ, however, in manners and habits; for among them is found the tribe of Carrions, whose filthiness and bestiality cannot be exceeded; whose dainties are of putrid flesh, and who are eaten up with disease; nevertheless they are a tall, well-formed, good-looking race, and not wanting in ingenuity. Their houses are well built with logs of small trees, buttressed up internally, frequently above seventy feet long and fifteen high, but, unlike, those of the coast, the roof is of bark: their winter habitations are smaller, and often covered over with grass and earth; some even dwell in excavations of the ground, which have only one aperture at the top, serving alike for door and chimney. Salmon, deer, bears, and wild-fowl are their principal food; of the latter they procure large quantities.

Their mode of taking salmon is curious. They build a weir across the stream having an opening only at one place, at which they fix a basket, three feet in diameter, with the mouth made something like an eel-trap, through which alone the fish can find a passage. On the side of this basket is a hole, to which is attached a smaller basket, into which the fish pass from the larger one, and cannot return or escape. This, when filled, is taken up without disturbing the larger one.

Of the religion and superstitions of the Indians little need be said; the features of polytheism being everywhere as similar as its effects. Impudent conjurors are their priests and teachers, and exert over them an unlimited sway; but under the satisfactory proofs of the value of scientific medical practice, and the tuition of the missionaries, it is to be hoped that their claims to respect will be negatived; and as the natives have evinced great aptitude to embrace and profit by instruction, it may perhaps be hoped that secular knowledge may combine with religious to save them from the ill effects of their present superstitions.

HISTORICAL SCENES.

II.—DEPOSITION OF KING RICHARD II.

A FRENCH knight or gentleman, whose name has not been preserved, has left a most interesting account of the sudden and tragical downfall of one of the unhappiest of English sovereigns. Like many of his countrymen he was attracted to England by Richard's marriage with a princess of France. He came over to London in the spring of the year 1399, and remained in close attendance on King Richard about seven months, and until that fallen sovereign was brought to London as a prisoner by Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster. Then, returning to his own country the Frenchman immediately wrote an account of all that he had seen of the behaviour and sufferings of Richard. His manuscript, which formerly belonged to Charles of Anjou, earl of Maine and Mortain, is now among the treasures preserved in the library of the British Museum. Metrical histories were common at the time of its production. It is written for the greater part in French verse or rhyme. Considered as a poem its merits are small, but as a narrative of facts it is exceedingly valuable, and the facts themselves are of the most moving and interesting sort. It offers an original circumstantial account of the fall of Richard II.; it bears sufficient internal evidence of its authenticity; and it has been considered as the best document of that kind, relative to the above fact, which has been transmitted to us. Its value has been well appreciated by many English writers. Among our old annalists, both Holinshed and Stow made great use of it, and from Holinshed Shakspeare drew many of the materials which he wove into his grand and pathetic historical play.* In more modern times Tyrrel, Rapin, Turner, Lingard, and other historians have made great use of this French metrical history, quoting it as an authoritative document of an otherwise very obscure part of English history. But the manuscript itself was never published in a perfect form until the year 1824, when the

* Richard II.

Rev. John Webb enriched the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia* with it, together with an admirable English translation in prose and copious explanatory notes. From this translation, which, with the foot notes, occupies two hundred and forty pages of a quarto volume, we will select a few passages, which relate more immediately and personally to the ill-fated Richard.

Richard's expedition to Ireland, in the summer of 1399, opened the way into England to the exiled Henry Bolingbroke. Our French knight accompanied the King to Ireland, and wrote an account of the short but difficult campaign in that country. He was with Richard at Dublin when the fatal news was brought to him that Bolingbroke had landed on the English coast, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly preached a sermon in his favour, and that the great body of the nobility as well ecclesiastic as lay had joined him. He describes how the King's face turned pale thereat, and how many of the nobles with him treacherously detained him in Ireland for many weeks, with the view of facilitating the progress of Bolingbroke. He heartily sympathises with Richard, and still more heartily curses his rivals and the nobility and people of England, like one that has forgotten or that has never known the enormous faults and errors of the sovereign. Yet he honestly confesses that his partiality is owing in good part to Richard's fondness for Frenchmen. He says,

"I sincerely loved him, because he heartily loved the French: and besides he was humble, generous, gentle, and courteous in all his doings He gave most largely, and his gifts were profitable. Bold he was, and courageous as a lion. Right well and beautifully did he also make ballads, songs, roundels, and lays. Though he was but a layman, so gracious were all his deeds, that never, I think, shall that man issue from his country in whom God hath implanted so much worth as was in him."

At last Richard reached Milford Haven

But before he landed a great army which had gathered in Wales for his service was either disbanded or won over to Bolingbroke. In his great fear he disguised himself like a poor Franciscan friar, and set out at midnight from his host attended by only a few persons, of whom our Frenchman was one. He travelled hard all night and reached Conway by break of day. There he learned that his enemies had reported him to be dead, and that well-nigh all was already lost. He uttered many pious ejaculations; but he knew not what course to take. At length he resolved to send the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Surrey to tell Henry of Bolingbroke that he was doing much amiss, but that he, the rightful King of England, would pardon him and reinstate him in all his honours and lands, if he would but desist. Henry, who was at Chester, made Exeter and Surrey his prisoners. Upon receiving this intelligence, the king, who had "continued all sorrowful at Conway," with his intimate friends "all sad and distressed," went straight to Beaumaris. There was a strong castle there that could not have been taken in ten years if it had only been victualled and furnished with a sufficient and faithful garrison. But there were provisions in none of the King's castles in these parts, and there was fidelity and affection to him in no place whatsoever. Not being able to stay at Beaumaris he went to Caernarvon castle, which he found totally unfurnished.

"In all his castles to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie down upon but straw. Really he lay in this manner for four or six nights, as, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or of anything else was to be found in them. Certes, I dare not tell the great misery of the King."

Richard returned to Conway, where he greatly bewailed his young absent wife, who, by this time, was in the hands of the Bolingbroke party. He also bewailed that he was by day and by night in danger of bitter and certain death. While he was lying at Conway doing nothing but bewailing his hard fate, the Earl of Northumberland waited upon him from Duke Henry who prevailed upon him to put himself in his hands, and trust to the

decisions of the English parliament, the Earl, it is said, swearing upon the eucharist that no harm should befall him. Richard quitted Conway—where he certainly could not have stayed much longer—and soon found that he was a prisoner, for the Earl of Northumberland had placed a numerous body of troops in ambuscade on one of the mountain-passes.

"When the king beheld them he was greatly astonished, saying, 'I am betrayed! What can this be? Lord of Heaven help me!' Then were they made known by their banners, that might be seen floating. And then were all in bitter dread. I could have wished myself at that time back in France. There did the king demean himself so very sorrowfully, that it was pity to behold!"

The Earl of Northumberland told him that he must carry him to Duke Henry; and they rode away together towards the castle of Flint, the king still wearing the cowl and dress of a monk.

"And now," says our metrical chronicler, "I shall treat of the afflictions and sorrows of King Richard in the castle of Flint, where he awaited the coming of the Duke of Lancaster, who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday the 22nd day of August, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord 1399, with the whole of his force, which I heard estimated by many knights and squires at upwards of 100,000 men, marshalled in battle array, marching along the sea-shore with great joy and satisfaction, and eager also to take their rightful and natural lord King Richard; who, early on the morning of the said Tuesday, arose, attended by sorrows, sadness, afflictions, mourning, weeping, and lamentations. He heard mass most devoutly with his good friends, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroope, and another knight named Ferriby, who for no adversity, nor any disaster that befell the king, would desert or relinquish him. There was, moreover, with them one who was son of the Countess of Salisbury, whom King Richard had newly knighted in Ireland. . . . There was likewise Jerico, a Gascon squire, who showed well the true love that he had for King Richard; for never, for threats of knights or squires, nor for any entreaty

whatever, would he put off the device of his lord the king. . . . King Richard, having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide on the inside, to behold the Duke of Lancaster, as he came along the sea-shore with all his host. It was marvelously great, and showed such joy and satisfaction that the sound and bruit of their instruments, their horns, pipes, and trumpets, were heard even as far as the castle. Then did King Richard commend himself unto the holy keeping of our Lord and of all the saints of heaven. . . . And he spake to the Earl of Salisbury, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and to the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby, weeping most tenderly, and greatly lamenting upon the said walls of Flint Castle. So that I firmly believe no creature in this mortal world, let him be who he would, Jew or Saracen, could have beheld these five together without being heartily sorry for them. While they were in this distress they saw a great number of persons quit the host, pricking their horses hard towards the castle, to know what King Richard was doing. In this first company were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Percy, and the Earl of Rutland. . . . These came the very first to the castle of Flint, bearing the order of Duke Henry. The archbishop entered first, and the others after him; and they went up to the donjon. Then the king came down from the walls, to whom they made very great obeisance, kneeling on the ground. The king caused them to rise, and drew the archbishop aside, and they talked together a very long while. What they said I know not; but the Earl of Salisbury afterwards told me that the archbishop had comforted the king in a very gentle manner, telling him not to be alarmed, and that no harm should happen to his person. The Earl of Rutland, at that time, said nothing to the king, but kept at as great a distance as he could from him, like one that was ashamed to find himself in that presence. They mounted their horses again, and returned to Duke Henry, who was drawing very nigh; for between the city of Chester and the castle there are but ten little miles, which are equal to five French

leagues, or thereabout. And there is neither hedge nor bush between them; nothing but the sea-shore, and on the other side lofty rocks and mountains. And be assured that he made a fine show with them as they came; for they were right well marshalled, and their numbers were such, that for mine own part, I never saw so many people together. I think that the chief captain of all the duke's army was Sir Henry Percy, whom they hold to be the best knight in England.*

"The king went up again upon the castle walls, and saw that the army was two bowshots from the castle. Then he, together with those who were with him, began anew great lamentations; bewailing most piteously his consort Isabel of France, and calling upon our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . While the king spake, the host approached the castle, and entirely surrounded it, even to the sea, in very fair array. Then the Earl of Northumberland went to Duke Henry, who was drawn up with his men at the foot of the rock. They talked together rather a long while, and concluded that he should not enter the castle till such time as the king had dined, because he was fasting. So the earl returned to the castle. The table being laid, the king sat down to dinner, and caused the Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Salisbury, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby, to be seated, saying thus: 'My good, true, and loyal friends, being in peril of death for maintaining loyalty, sit ye down with me.' In the meantime a great number of knights, squires and archers quitted the host of Duke Henry, and came to the said castle, desiring to behold their king; not from any good-will that they bore him, but for the great thirst they had to ruin him, and to put him to death. They went to see him at dinner, and published throughout the castle, that as soon as the duke should be come, all those that were with them, without any exception, would have their heads cut off. And they moreover said, that it was not at all certain whether the king would escape. At the hearing of this news every one had great fear and dread at heart for himself; because nature teacheth every creature to fear and dread death more than anything

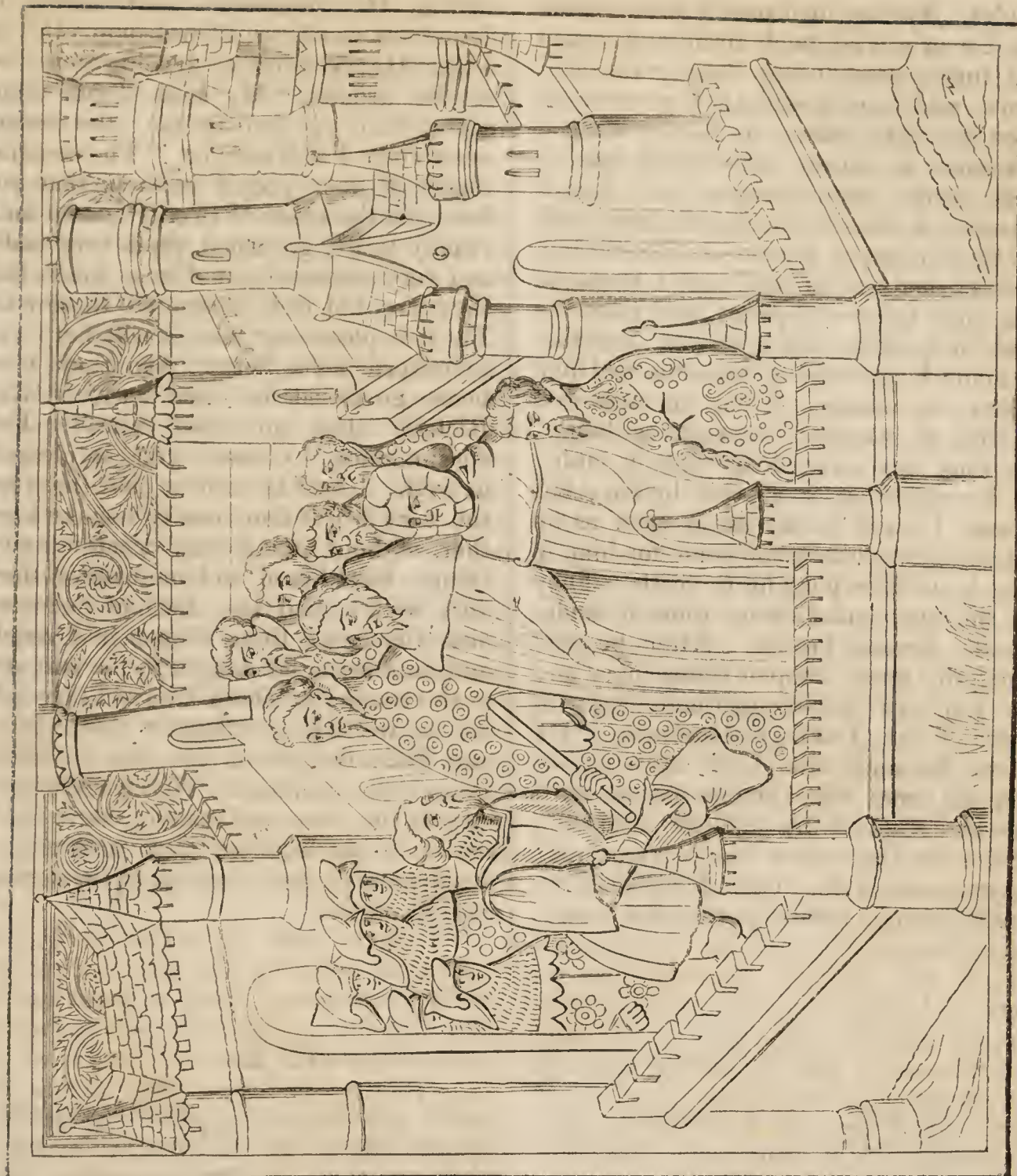
* The Harry Hotspur of Shakspeare.

besides. For my own part I do not think that I ever was so much afraid as I was at that time; considering their great contempt, and how unwilling they were to listen to right reason or loyalty. And forasmuch as nature constrained me to dread death, my companion and myself consulted Lancaster the herald, who with a great number of persons had come into the said castle to the king: so I besought him that for the love of our Lord he would help us to save our lives, and that he would be pleased to bring us to Duke Henry his master. Then he answered us, that he would do it right willingly. The king was a very long time at table; not for anything at all that he ate; but because he well knew that as soon as he had dined the duke would come for him, to carry him off, or put him to death. They also let him remain a long time at table, because he was fasting. After he had dined, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Northumberland went in quest of the Duke of Lancaster. He quitted his men, who were drawn up in very fair array before the castle, and with nine or eleven of the greatest lords who were with him, came to the king. At the entrance of the castle, Lancaster, the herald, brought us before the duke, kneeling on the ground; and the herald told him in the English language that we were of France, and that the king had sent us with King Richard into Ireland for recreation, and to see the country, and earnestly entreated him to save our lives. And then the duke made answer in French, 'My young men, fear not, neither be dismayed at anything that you behold, and keep close to me, and I will answer for your lives.' This reply was a most joyful hearing for us. After this the duke entered the castle, armed at all points, except his basinet, as you may see in this history. Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and as they approached each other he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet,* and spake

* The metrical poem is illustrated with drawings, of one of which, representing this scene, the wood cut is a fac-simile.

first in this manner:—'Fair cousin of Lancaster you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me; the reason, wherefore, I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well. And the Earl of Salisbury also rehearsed them to me in French, and another aged knight, who was one of the council of Duke Henry. He told me as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had, from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king, and that if I were in his castle he would shew it me in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass, saying thus:—

“There shall be a king in Albion who shall reign for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years in great honour and in great power, and shall be allied and united with those of Gaul; which king shall be undone in the parts of the north in a triangular place.’ Thus the knight told me it was written in a book belonging to him. The triangular place he applied to the town of Conway, and for this he had a very good reason; for I can assure you that it is in a triangle, as though it had been so laid down by a true and exact measurement. In the said town of Conway was the king sufficiently undone; for the Earl of Northumberland drew him forth, as you have already heard, by the treaty which he made with him, and from that time he had no power. Thus the knight held this prophecy to be true, and attached thereunto great faith and credit; for such is the nature of them in their country, that they very thoroughly believe in prophecies, phantoms, and witchcraft, and have recourse to them



right willingly. Yet in my opinion this is not right, but is a great want of faith.

"Thus, as you have heard, came Duke Henry to the castle and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby; howbeit unto the Earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner: 'Earl of Salisbury, be assured that no more than you deigned to speak to my lord the Duke of Lancaster, when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last past, will he speak unto you.' Then was the earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that

the duke mortally hated him. The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses;' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs; the king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other. Every one got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle of Flint about two hours after mid-day.

"In form and manner as you have heard did Duke Henry take King Richard, his Lord; and he brought him with great joy and satisfaction to Chester, which he had quitted in the morning. And know, that with great difficulty

could the thunder of heaven have been heard for the loud bruit and sound of their instruments, horns, buisines, and trumpets; insomuch that they made all the sea-shore resound with them. Thus the Duke entered the city of Chester, to whom the common people paid great reverence, praising our lord and shouting after their king, as it were in mockery. The duke led him straight to the castle, which is right fair and strong, and caused him to be lodged in the donjon. And then he gave him in keeping to the son of the Duke of Gloucester, and the son of the Earl of Arundel, who hated him more than any one in the world, because King Richard had put their fathers to death. There he saw his brother the Duke of Exeter, but neither durst nor was able to speak to him. Presently after, the duke sat down to dinner, and made the Archbishop of Canterbury sit above him, and at some distance below him the Duke of Exeter, brother of King Richard, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Rutland, the Earl of Northumberland, and Sir Thomas Percy, all these were seated at Duke Henry's table. And the king abode in the tower with his good friends the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two

knights; and from thenceforth we could never see him, unless it were abroad on the journey; and we were forbidden to speak any more to him, or to any of the others."

The interest of the Frenchman's narrative ends here, for he ceases to be an ear and eye witness, and the melancholy journey of the King to London is described better by other Chroniclers. He returned to France without waiting the issue of the proceedings in Parliament, which placed the crown of England on the head of Henry Bolingbroke. He gives a sequel and conclusion to the sad story, but merely on the report of "a clerk whom Duke Henry [Bolingbroke] had taken him when he departed from Paris, and who had remained in London until some short time after the announcement of the death of King Richard. Upon that mysterious and much debated fact, the authority of this French clerk does not appear to be entitled to much weight. His notion is that Richard died broken-hearted and self-starved in prison. His friend the knight is of a contrary opinion, believing that the King was yet alive and well, though most secretly immured in some prison or castle.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.—No. 2.

READING-ROOMS.—The sagacious inquirer who looks about him as he paces through the streets of London, may observe these two words—Reading Rooms—either painted or printed on a great many shops. Now this is an embryo fact, a new forthcoming principle which will hereafter make the fortunes of the first few clever men who see a new requirement in time to anticipate competition, and provide for it accordingly. London is destined to have by-and-by a great number of reading-rooms, as this painted or printed promise foretokens; at present, in 1846, it has not one.

No, not one; for where we see this advertisement now, we are sure to find it in conjunction with coffee and tea. The coffee-rooms, then, already begin to re-

present themselves as reading-rooms; the reading-rooms without coffee will follow, and the opportunity of spending an intellectual evening for the small sum of a penny or twopenny will leave many Licensed Victuallers to look in vain for their old customers.

In several of the London coffee-rooms the proprietors have gradually put together small libraries of entertaining works. The monthly magazines, bound up every six or twelve months in volumes, 'The Penny Magazine,' 'Chambers' Journal,' a few of our old novels of real life, the splendid fictions of Scott, a set of Shakspeare's plays, a History of England, a Gazetteer—these and similar works usually constitute the library of the coffee-room. The attraction produced in these rooms

by so small a variety of works is hardly credible. In some houses a dozen or twenty volumes, which may have cost as many shillings, have actually brought an improved set of customers, whose visits in the course of a few days must have repaid the outlay. Nothing can exceed the avidity with which these books are read; it is quite equal to what may be seen in the *salons littéraires* in Paris. No man of the least general habits of reflection and inference can once witness this thirst after knowledge in the young mechanics, apprentices, shopmen, and clerks frequenting such rooms, without feeling convinced that the time is come to open extensive reading-rooms in the metropolis, especially for these classes. This important opportunity for evening employment can hardly be overrated. The poorest of the class can afford the expense, for a whole evening thus spent will not cost so much as a quarter of an hour spent at the tavern.

Every encouragement ought to be given to the spread of these reading-rooms, whether combined with the coffee-room or not.

At the same time care must be taken by those who, after reading these papers, might be led to frequent a room of this kind, to ascertain its character. There are many small coffee-rooms now, especially about the theatres, which are what they call night houses, being open all night, and these must be shunned by every respectable young man.

DEBATING SOCIETIES have existed from time to time, and there still exist certain societies which have weekly meetings to discuss or debate some given question. These societies afford very amusing and instructive entertainment, but they are seldom constructed upon any regular plan, and, it is grievous to say, are almost invariably held at some tavern or public-house. The debating societies open to the class affected by the new system of short hours are of course the only ones we refer to. This is another main point to which the attention of this class of our industrious population should be permanently directed. The results to mental improvement by means of a good method of public debates among themselves would be great indeed. Most of the knowledge

that men have now, or may have hereafter, might be brought within the compass of such societies, and distributed by one to another. Public discussion is an exercise abounding with that stimulus which the present age demands, and the diffusion of men's ideas may be effected by it with much less labour even than reading. Because the reader sits down singly to the work, and can only address himself to one subject; whereas the debater is constantly interchanging ideas with men who have each brought his budget to the meeting.

How easy it would be for a body of young men desirous to live economically and prudently, desirous also to withdraw from scenes of bad habits and vicious examples, to found a debating society for these mental exercises. Suppose that one hundred of them, or say even fifty, club together. They take an empty room, in which they place a long table and a few forms. They want nothing at first but a little stationery: books can be bought by subscription, and by degrees, as they are wanted. The payment of 1s. entrance-money by each member, and 3d. a week afterwards, would defray every expense.

Try it by all means, young men who wish to save time and money, character and health! The occasion for evening employment, which sometimes presses very hard indeed upon young and unmarried men, will then in a great measure be provided. If you have one or two nights in the week for your debates, you will still have something to occupy you on other evenings, in preparing your arguments and arranging your thoughts. Many of you will feel this preparation tedious and cumbersome at the beginning. But persevere notwithstanding. Whoever you be, the question to put to your own mind is this: Shall I use this life, or shall I abuse it? Shall I make an effort to be a man alert, active, and efficient; or shall I neglect myself as some inferior thing, unfurnished with the common faculties of my species, and court the pity instead of the emulation of my fellow-creatures?

The new time produced by the new system of short hours must either be used or abused, must be either serviceable or

injurious ; must either make a young man better or worse. He cannot stand still. The employment of his time must and will have its effect ; and as the number of young people concerned will be very vast, it behoves every thinking man to look to it.

If we compare the opportunities which exist for the employment of this time with each other, the good with the bad, how these latter preponderate ! We are startled at the very aspect of things as they now stand ; the countless throng of places of resort where vitiating influences prevail ; the small and scattered retreats where moral exercises are promoted. The thought will occur to one born in a community like ours, that we are a people almost exclusively laborious ; that our labour had been for a long series of years our only amusement ; and that requiring no diversion from that labour, the light of fancy had at length burnt down into the socket, and the very name of pastime been extinguished with the image it reflected of yore. And so it was, and must still have been, had not the present contest been engaged in by those brave and hearty spirits, who, feeling the vitality of their own intellect, and a consequent craving for its proper nutriment, have appealed to public opinion for a reduction in the hours devoted to labour. They felt that an existence exclusively animal, without due recreation and mental employment, was unworthy of an enlightened race. Their arguments have been heard, their opinions have penetrated deeply into the universal mind of this nation ; the rest of their fellow-countrymen sympathize with them.

We would address a few words of humble but honest advice to those who are interested in this abridgment of the hours of labour.

EMPLOYERS, under whose authority these industrious men live of whom we have been speaking, much will depend upon you in this new state of things. You stand in the place of parents to them ; the influence that you have over them cannot be measured. If you show, as indeed you ought, a sympathy with them in these their hours of recreation, it will enhance their pleasure in the enjoyment, and increase their devotion to your ser-

vice. Knowing, as you cannot fail to do, what London is, or any large town where you may chance to be, you will hardly let these useful servants out into the streets like so many heads of cattle upon a common. You will feel bound to use some little caution for their welfare. Some of you will offer them the means of recreation within doors, which is the very best measure. Some of you, conscious of the different characters you employ, will recommend the young and giddy to the more adult and prudent. You do not wish to see the depraved morals of the town brought within your own walls. You would feel it a reflection on your own characters and abilities as masters, if any of your assistants had to stand hereafter at the bar of a criminal court, in consequence of your own disregard to their behaviour. Those among you who will not exert yourselves to maintain the good morals of your servants, are very unfit to have them under your sway.

Do you not see the efforts which are making in some of our prisons to reclaim those who have erred ? And can you see these efforts without being smitten in your consciences, if you neglect to make as much effort to prevent misconduct in those who are pure ? A kind word of warning goes so far with young people, and will often live and flourish in their hearts for years like a plant in a garden ! Some of you have immense property in hand, and derive therefrom all the very natural pleasure which such independence gives. But there could never have been any fixed and settled property in England without that order and moral influence which has been produced by good men and good laws. Seeing such strong and conspicuous instances of what a little foresight will do when it comes from people of authority, it is to be hoped that you will take a pride in using the advantages of your position and influence to lessen, if not to remove, the dangers which your dependants will have to meet as a consequence to the new system of short hours.

There is a cutler living in * * * * * Street, in the City, whose house deserves the attention of the whole country as an instance of what a wise master may do to promote the welfare of his servants and

his own interest at the same time. A system adopted several years back by that judicious tradesman, has now been fully tried under his own keen and benevolent eye. He has been a friend, a father, a guide, and an example to them all: he has studied to exercise their minds in doing what was right both during their hours of duty and those of relaxation. He has planted and fostered in them a love of reading, advised them in their choice of books, stimulated their studies, and even shared in them. Every assistant that he has is a man long exercised in good mental employment. His servants all love their duty and love their master. This man has risen in trade along with the advance which his prudent foresight effected in the morals of those about him. He has passed through the several stages of trust, credit, competence, and wealth. The moment you push open those brilliant doors, there is a feeling comes over you that a mind of no common order has been at work. There is a quietude, a calmness about the place; every one is so busy at his duty, every article is so soon forthcoming when demanded. The stamp of the master may be seen everywhere at every moment: he is always with them, they know him so well. Then how neat they all look, how civil without servility. There is not one of them who wears that wolfish look of sordidness so prevalent in other shops, in which they are bent on picking a customer as bare as a fish-bone. This house of business, though it belongs to a tradesman, is in fact a government on a moderate scale, of which the master is the ruling mind.

The large class of INSTRUCTORS whose avocation consists in giving lessons as teachers of certain branches of education, will find ample room for filling up their vacant hours by the proposed reduction. They have been for many years fellow-sufferers with this vast body of labourers. As the majority of the teachers were poor and could seldom obtain pupils among the affluent, they were pushed back for employment to the ranks of the industrious. Among these very few could find time for study, and the consequence has been, that the poor teacher has had to live on something little better than water-gruel for very many years.

But now the difficulty will be to attend to the number of students. For one pupil they used to have, they will have twenty. In order to test the truth of this assertion, all they will have to do will be to accommodate their terms to the means of the class. By reducing their charges to half-a-crown or three shillings a month, and teaching, like Monsieur Robertson in Paris, to classes of eighty or one hundred at once, they may realise good livelihoods for their families, and draw thousands of these young men away from the taverns and such places.

SONS OF INDUSTRY, which road will you take, the road to honour or the road to shame? Will you fortify yourselves by honest discipline and learn to live in this life as men ought to do, or will you live to play the wantons with your time, and deform your characters in the eyes of men? We address you as secondary teachers only. The higher sanctions of religion speak the same counsels.

ECONOMY OF A GERMAN VILLAGE.

(From 'Agriculture on the Rhine,'—unpublished.)

In any of the sequestered villages along the romantic part of the Rhine, which present little that is interesting on the subject of corn-growing or dairy-farming, the traveller will find a good opportunity of studying what may be called the foundation of German nationality. The feeling of nationality has its deepest roots in the village economy, which we before

described in general terms. The villages hold the people together, and in them the first attempts at association on a large scale have been made, and, perhaps, contain the germ of a healthy and useful development. At all events it behoves all in this age of change and reformation not to pass over the picture presented to us by the Germans, of what a people can

preserve through difficulties, if we do not find in it how far judicious enterprise might be carried.

In the German village, to begin with the higher elements, the church is neither the property of the patron nor of the incumbent, nor is it vested in trustees for the benefit of the inhabitants. It belongs to the parish, or "Gemeinde," as the associated householders are called in German. The school, in the same manner, and all public institutions or buildings, roads, or water-courses, often mills and industrial establishments, that have been constructed at the expense of, or presented by patrons to the village, are the property of the little community. But it will be said that persons must represent all corporations, to sue and to be sued. The German village is represented by one or more headboroughs, according to its size, who have the honourable charge of protecting the public property, both against official and private aggression. The consequence of this retention of the management of their affairs in the villagers' own hands, has been a remarkable conservation of village property, and every member of a Gemeinde has the satisfaction of thinking that he is not alone herded with others in a county division for the purpose of facilitating taxation or militia returns, but that he is a member of an active association, which has life imparted to it by a sense of its holding property which must be managed and turned to account. It is most interesting to hear the men to whom the direction of these village affairs is intrusted (and the office was long elective, being given only to such as deserved public confidence) on the manifold questions arising from the management of this property. Their circumspection, blended with the quiet manner of expressing themselves which is peculiar to respectable men of all classes in Germany, has often the appearance of slowness; and to those not better acquainted with them, would seem to indicate a good-natured easiness that would lead them to be duped. This notion is soon dispelled when business has to be transacted, and it then becomes evident that the peasant has often best considered his opinion before he pronounced it, and others are often glad to come round to it. Within a short

period the privilege of electing their headborough has been taken from the villagers of Prussia. The central point of meeting in every village is some favourite inn. At nightfall the men of any standing usually resort to it as a lounge. They meet there the officials of the magistracy, if there be any, the tax-gatherer, and those who, either having no establishment, are boarders with the host, or who seek the spot to exchange opinions with their neighbours. In the early part of the evening the pastor may be seen amongst them, and his presence indicates that propriety is not supposed to be violated by such meetings so long as order is maintained. Whoever is sufficiently master of the language to follow the peculiar tone of the conversation, which is anything but wordy—if he be indurated to tobacco fumes, will carry away with him, from a few sittings, the idea of a people managing their own little interests with full consciousness—with an attention to economy that is most praiseworthy, and with a regard to propriety that must call for admiration. Although a newspaper is to be found in every village, and transatlantic proceedings now interest nearly every German family, yet politics are not much discussed until they assume the tangible form of interfering with village property. The disputed points respecting general or provincial parliaments, freedom of the press, and constitutions granted or subverted, do not, in the present state of things, sufficiently excite the peasant, who is more on his guard against innovators, and against other preponderating influences in the state, than against the growth of the prerogative. We have already attributed to this village system the feeling of a separation of interests which we have observed between the peasants and what are called the higher classes. The tie arising from large landed properties, for the privilege of using which the tenant in England was long considered as indebted to the favour of the landlord, is here not to be found. Every man usually occupies his own land and lives in his own house—not so comfortably as an Englishman often does in a house that is rented—but, certainly, independently. On the other hand, the ill-will that threatens from a pressing de-

mand for land for manufacturing purposes in England, need not here be feared, for the minute division of the land, united with the security conferred by the officially registered title, facilitates the necessary transfers. In the small villages the police is left to the management of the headborough, who receives his instructions from the chief town of the circle, and the popular element in this system reconciles the people to the strict registration of the inhabitants, with their occupations, and property in land and cattle, which is insisted upon. This registration is again a source of credit, as mortgages must also be registered to be effective, and titles to land are clear and inexpensive to make out. Transfers of real property are often made in Germany under these official titles; the expense of conveying which in England would more than absorb the purchase money. The village registers are of ancient date in Germany; and since the military surveys have been completed for the repartition of the land-tax, are accompanied by maps that afford a minute view of the country, such as leaves the most ardent statician nothing to desire. We are only beginning to use the detailed information that can in this way be collected, and the Prussian government has contributed liberally to our stock of knowledge respecting Central Europe. From the constitution of the village government that we have endeavoured to describe, it is evident that the most detailed and authentic information must be at the minister's command. Out of this state of publicity regarding private affairs a peculiar tone of moral feeling necessarily arises. Every man's proceedings in the village being known, and the state of his property being no secret, there is little room for an affectation of prosperity that does not exist. On the other hand, the poor know and keep each other in countenance by their number. Nor do feelings of false pride in these villages prevent young men and women from going into service in the place where perhaps their parents occupied an independent position. There is a kindly tone prevalent, very different from that which separates the servant from the master in England. One table generally unites the whole family at meals,

and the small land-owner, as well as his wife, shares the field labour with the "Knecht," or servant, and with the "Magd," or servant girl.

The village or common property comprises woodland as well as grazing-land, and, as has been said, frequently includes watercourses, public places and buildings, as well as money invested in the public funds. The revenue derived from all these sources is applied, as far as it goes, in alleviation of parochial and county taxation. From this fund the few poor persons that become chargeable are supported. We have been told of parishes where the members of the village corporation receive a dividend out of the common property. To obtain admittance to the rights of a villager a stranger must pay a certain sum, which is large or small according to the wealth of the corporation. He then enjoys the grazing and fuel rights, and the modification in taxation which the annual revenue procures. In the Rhenish districts the fee on admittance is high when compared with Central Germany. It is, we believe, highest in Rhenish Bavaria, where, in some villages, it amounts to 1500 florins, or 120*l*.

The various official personages of the village, such as the field-police, the cow, swine, and goose herd, the schoolmaster, the headborough and his officer or bailiff, receive their salaries from this fund, out of which, too, all public expenses, where it suffices, are defrayed. The church has generally its own foundation.

We cannot omit a very important service rendered by the government in the appointment of district physicians, who are bound to go wherever they may be required, and to report on the general state of the public health. The poorest person can demand their assistance without feeing them, but the richer peasants never fail to give some compensation. This excellent institution is completed by the appointment of official druggists in all district capitals, who are bound to keep only the best drugs, and to sell them at a fixed tariff. In no country is medical relief less expensive and more easily accessible than in Germany.

Some of these village arrangements, although savouring of antiquity, are calculated to rouse the inquiry whether the

spirit which called them into existence, and the calculation upon which they are founded, might not be acted upon still to the great advantage of society.

In the first place, to the mill of the lord of the manor, to which the peasants, while serfs, were bound to bring their grain to be ground, a village mill has succeeded, occasionally forming part of the corporation property, sometimes owned by shareholders who have purchased the mill of some once privileged owner. As it is still usual all over Germany for peasants to grind their own corn, there may be seen a table in all these mills in which the miller's fee, usually a portion of the meal, is expressed for all the quantities commonly brought. The feeling of security conveyed by the power of doing without extraneous help—a relic, perhaps, of the times when communications were liable to constant interruption, and bad roads made carriage difficult or impossible—still gives price to these mills. We have known instances of large sums being refused for mills that were sought for manufacturing purposes; the ground assigned being that the village could not do without it.

A public baking-oven is another appendage to a German village, although every rich peasant has his own. The oven is heated by those who use it in succession, each person bringing his own wood. In autumn the flax, after steeping or dew-rotting, is dried in this oven. The tendency of modern times is to dispense with these efforts to attain, by association, what was difficult or expensive for individuals to establish. We cannot help thinking that more may be said in defence of these common institutions than in praise of much that has superseded them. The great article of consumption, bread, is, for instance, enjoyed at least in purity by the aid of the village mill. Cheapness, of course, is at present not attained by the peasant, who never calculates the value of the time he spends in procuring food, and who certainly does not rank the exemption of the females of his family from drudgery amongst his luxuries. They are allotted their full share of outdoor work, as well as all the care of the household.

The expense incurred by labour lost or

inefficiently applied is, however, no result of the institutions which under their present management demand the sacrifice. It would only be necessary to place the mill, for instance, on the footing of a private trading concern, and to value the corn delivered and the meal received in money, to make all waste apparent, and to suggest the requisite means of economy. Were the forests and grazing commons treated in the same manner, a like result would take place. The invaluable control retained by the villagers over their miller, of displacing him for misconduct, would secure their meal from the adulteration of which the inhabitants of towns so justly complain. We cannot help thinking that a judicious development of this German village system would secure to the people many of the advantages which they hope, by what are called socialist or communist unions, to attain, without exposing them to the dangers which these innovations threaten. Food of all kinds and clothing, cheap and good, might be secured by village shops, or by the establishment of district magazines, on a plan like that of the Apothecaries' halls that are now found in all German towns under the inspection of the government. The adulteration of colonial wares, that is notorious, forms as heavy a drain on the health as the overcharge for retailing in small portions does upon the purses of the great mass of the people in all countries. Their resources might everywhere be made to go much further everywhere than they now can. To secure these advantages no revolution in political or religious institutions is requisite. A far more searching change in public opinion is, however, indispensable—the recognition of the fact that the cheapness of necessities is a private as well as a public benefit.

Like the moral side of the village system, the material aspect and arrangements of the village itself, its houses, its roads, its public and corporation edifices, have two points of view from which the stranger must judge of them. The position of nearly every old village was usually determined by flowing water, and the care bestowed upon the stream that runs apparently disregarded in its irregular meanderings through the mass of houses, whose

position has, by its course, been no less irregularly fixed, is greater than a superficial glance would lead one to suppose. Endless are the difficulties which the preservation of this running water in its full purity opposes to changes, and often to improvements. Prosaic as it may seem, we are inclined to ascribe the early use of liquid manure amongst the German peasantry to the obligation enforced upon all neighbours to the stream to prevent the issue of drains into it. This restriction does not apply to rivers, which in Germany, as elsewhere, are made the means of impoverishing the people by ministering to their wasteful convenience. But the brook, which is the centre round which village arrangements revolve in their daily homely course, is consecrated to cleanliness, being, we are sorry to say, almost the only sacrifice on the altar of the deity that is conspicuous. The details of the best managed farm-yard suppose some portions of ground devoted to what in its place is prized as highly valuable, but out of its place is mere filth. A German village is an assemblage of diminutive farm-yards, where the dung-heap, with all its accompanying odours, and unsavoury streams, subdivided like the land they are destined to fertilise, is reproduced at every house; and, as the near and ingenious contrivances to keep these matters out of sight, which are impracticable on a large scale, are out of the question when they require to be repeated in innumerable varieties around every man's tenement, they are of course dropped altogether. The multiplicity of small dung-heaps, exposed to the heat of a Rhenish sun, unquestionably taints the air and affects the health of the villagers; but it would be as hard to suppress the pleasure with which every member of the family regards the heap that is to supply their yearly food, as it is to drive the Irishman's pig out of the cabin of which he pays the rent.

We know several books, well penned and full of good advice, that are circulated at a cheap rate for the benefit of Irish cottiers. In one we remember a tirade against horses, the inclination to indulge in which is deeply implanted in Paddy's nature. The author has calculated, perhaps too moderately, the expense of the

keep of a horse, and shows that a horse to five acres of land, as he finds is kept in part of the county of Wexford, is a palpable absurdity. But besides making no allowance for the fact that five acres of land leave a man time enough to earn money in other ways, and the trade of a carrier is everywhere a profitable one, the account is summarily balanced against the peasant without allowing anything for the manure of his stable. How friend Martin Doyle could overlook this point, as well as the fact that horse-dung, in the wet soil of Ireland, is likely to be more suitable manure than the dung of the cow, which he would substitute for the horse, we cannot explain. In Germany no one recommends the peasant to diminish the number of his herd, nor do any pretend to prescribe the keeping of one animal for another, experience having long since made the peasant wiser on this point than his adviser, who cannot follow all his minute calculations. Directions for building pits, and treating the heaps so as to promote or check fermentation, as it may be necessary, are circulated by the agricultural societies, but the time has not yet arrived for observing whether the heap be exposed to the public gaze or not. As long as the existence of the mass of the people is only secured by the subdivision of the nourishing soil, that is to say, as long as manufactures do not at home afford means of exchange for agricultural objects, and trade is not allowed to seek them abroad, so long must the villager be a small landowner; and one of the responsibilities he lies under is, that of contributing his share, however diminutive, towards keeping the land in heart.

If the stream destined to furnish the indispensable beverage for man and beast is kept as pure as possible, this, under the circumstances, is done at the expense of nearly every other channel or conduit into which the impurities can drain, or are conducted to be kept until wanted. It is matter of difficulty to traverse the ups and downs of village roads and paths in any part of Germany with dry shoes. Taking the small stream as a point of departure, it is easy to see how the houses have agglomerated successively in various rows and angles, which their isolated

position does not show at a cursory glance. But could we read the annals of these German parishes, we should find much comparative value created by the vicinity of the stream, as allowing of an easier carriage of water to the stable, or a shorter drive for cattle to water, to say nothing of the convenience to ducks and geese, who can waddle and sleek their feathers in the brook almost under the eyes of their owner, and of its utility to the washing part of the family, whose bare legs and much-used linen are unanimously voted in no way to contaminate the living stream, which indeed they rarely tincture with soap.

The houses themselves offer a contrast to the diminutive holdings of which they are representatives. As we have already observed, they are out of all proportion large. In the Duchy of Cleves, they are moderate for the most part, owing to the gradually obtaining distinction between the agricultural and the other industrious classes, which tends to take land away from the one, and to augment the holdings of the others. In Westphalia we have noticed the extent of ground occupied by farming offices, which abstract considerably from the cultivated land, and entail great expense by outlay for repairs.

In the villages the houses are usually built of wooden frames, whose beams and standards are mortised into each other and bound and supported by sloping stays, the mortises being fastened by pegs throughout. Where timber abounds the wood most in use is oak. Near the Rhine fir and pine wood are used. The thickness of the wood is usually seven inches square, which conveniently holds a layer of bricks laid breadthwise in each compartment. The bricks are not always burnt, and the compartments are sometimes filled up with strong wicker-work which is plastered over. When the house is coated with lime or clay and white-washed, the wooden frame is left conspicuous all over, and is often painted in fanciful colours. The value of the building is indicated by the thickness of the timber shown to be employed in this framework. Formerly, while timber was abundant and cheap, this style of building was recommended by economy; now

stone, which is almost always to be had, and bricks, are less expensive, excepting to the owners of forests. The house usually contains one or two sleeping-rooms, besides a sitting-room and kitchen; sometimes the same number of rooms is found in an upper story. The roof is invariably lofty, and serves the purpose of storehouse and barn. In its spacious cavity the thrashed corn, the hay, and often the vegetable store for winter use are kept. The housewife dries her clothes in winter on the cross-beams. A cellar is invariably found in better houses, and in general when a stranger is told that these are the abodes of people little above the station of cottiers, he finds them splendid. When he hears that these cottiers are the landowners and masters of the soil, he scarcely knows how to estimate their position.

With the best will it is scarcely possible for a family employed in manual labour to keep a spacious house clean. Dirt accumulates in its passages, in its neglected or too much thronged rooms. Outside, the extensive front precludes all hope of constant neatness, and the expensive luxury is ultimately abandoned in despair. The distance at which these village houses lie from the land their owners have to till absorbs the spare moments that might be employed with the broom, and the want of plan in laying out building-plots, where every man applies his own land to the purpose, constantly allows a neighbour to foil the best-directed efforts.

These drawbacks to cleanliness and external neatness are in part an effect of the German village system. In Holland the small farm-houses, with the road neatly clinkered in front, and unincumbered with useless buildings, offer a pleasanter picture to the English eye. But in Holland, as in England, trade has favoured that division of labour which is favourable to individual comfort, and in Germany this powerful lever has hitherto had little influence. What is most pleasing in the German village is, that *the* school is an indispensable requisite, and often a conspicuous ornament of the place. The village school is not intrusted to any bedridden dame or superannuated person of the male sex who

volunteers his services. The schoolmaster has been regularly educated to fill his post at seminaries destined to train teachers. He must have obtained his certificate of qualification and good conduct before any patronage can help him to his post; and usually he spends some years as assistant or usher in some school of larger resort before he is intrusted with the management of even the smallest village institution.

Amongst the injunctions he receives upon assuming office, the duty of encouraging improved processes of agriculture is enforced, in which, however, his influence goes no further than making trials of what is recommended by authors or occasionally by the government. Thus the schoolmasters in many parts have made trials in the breeding of silkworms,

which the German governments have very much recommended, and which has been sufficiently shown to be practicable. It will be long before a country struggling with the difficulty of raising food will show a general disposition to produce an article of luxury like silk on an extensive scale. In this as in many other points experience is a more influential teacher than the schoolmaster. Yet the time may come when his task may be extended to the inculcation of simple and convincing views of industry, and of sounder and more sociable doctrines than our narrow-minded age has hitherto professed. Then will it be evident how much a nation gains by having a ready sower to distribute the good seed, and by the previous pains taken to prepare the ground that is to receive it.

INDIAN CORN MEAL.—[We have given a Paper on this subject in a recent Number, but we add the following from a correspondent, whose observations are the results of his own experience.]—Among one of the beneficial relaxations of our Protective system is the admission of Indian corn meal free of duty. This valuable grain cannot be cultivated successfully in any part of the British Islands, owing to the want of sufficient heat: at any rate it would be a very uncertain crop. The exclusion of this valuable article of food by a high duty is as absurd as if we were to exclude rice by high duties. The Indian corn is well adapted to fatten animals, and it is also an excellent article of food. It is very nutritious and very wholesome. Still it is possible that it may be some time before it comes into general use as an article of food, and it is probable that those who can get good wheaten bread will not care for Indian corn bread. The English poor are more likely to be prejudiced against the use of it than the classes who are less poor and more frugal and managing.

In the southern and western states of North America cakes of Indian corn meal are much used, and they form a large part of the food of the slaves. If the meal is made into flat cakes, half an inch in thickness is perhaps enough; but those who try the experiment may suit their own taste. Few people will like the cakes when they are cold, and perhaps they are rather heavy food when eaten in that state. If eaten

warm, they are sweet and wholesome, and probably few persons will find any bad effects from them. Instead of preparing the meal to the consistency of dough, it may be made just thick enough to pour out of a ladle, and in this state it may be baked on a tin or iron, and will produce a cake very much like a bun in size and shape. This is to our mind one of the best ways of using the meal. With a little good butter the warm cake will make a breakfast fit for a duke; and with a good cup of coffee or tea, or a basin of milk, it is a treat to any man with a good wholesome appetite.

The meal when prepared warm to the consistency of oatmeal porridge makes a very excellent dish with treacle or molasses. The molasses which they use in the United States is a much better thing than the ordinary treacle that is sold in England.

If a little flour is mixed with the Indian corn meal, it will make an excellent pudding by boiling it in a bag. A good housewife will probably find that the meal may be used in various ways that are not mentioned here; and we advise all thrifty people with good appetites not to be discouraged if they can't at first cook the thing to their liking. They must try till they please themselves, and rest assured that the Prime Minister is giving them a right good article to work upon, which the legislation of those who would *protect* us against our will, and to our heavy cost, has so long excluded from the list of our eatables.

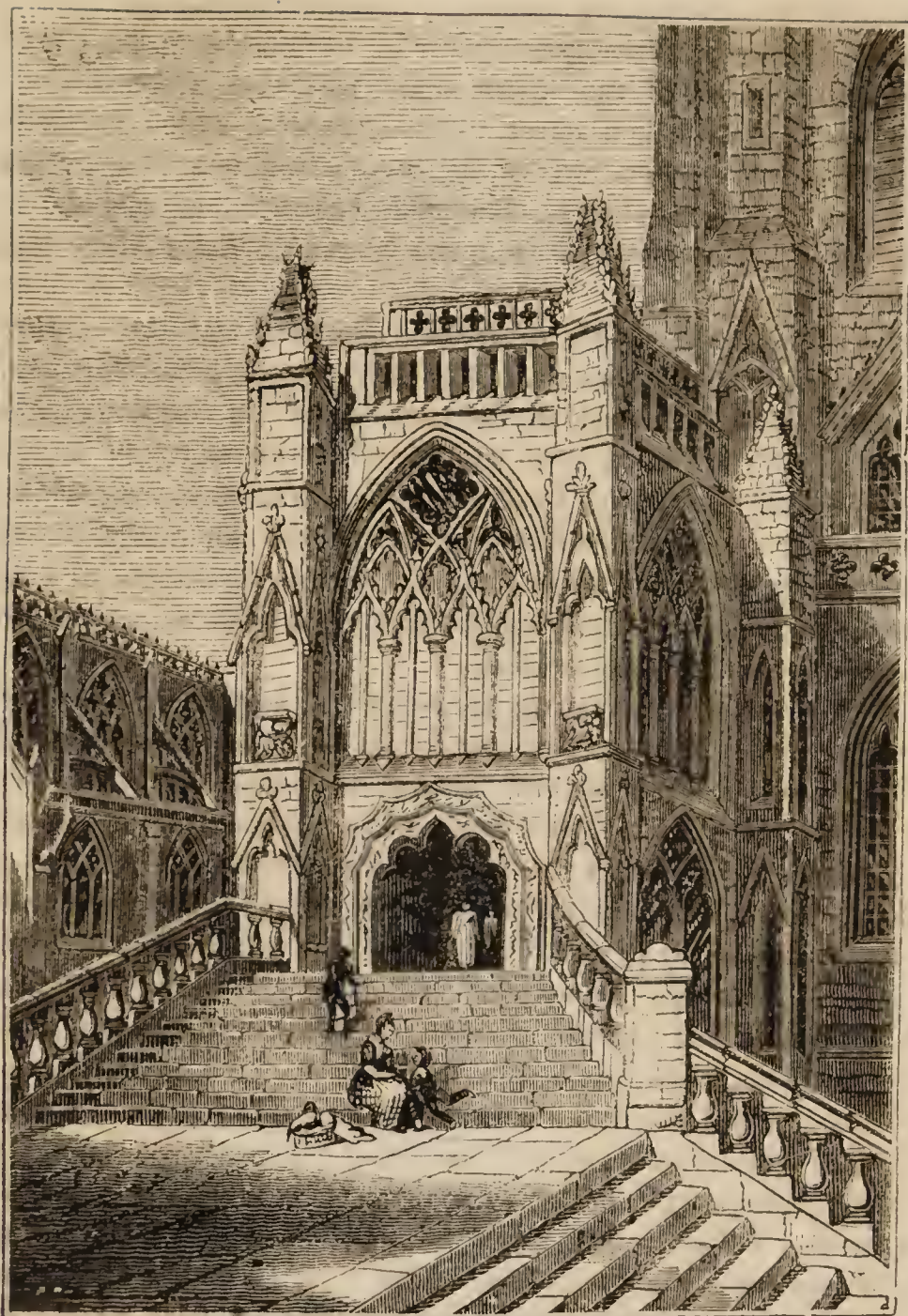
ENIGMA V.

Uncouth was I of face and form,
 But strong to blast and blight,
 By pestilence or thunderstorm,
 By famine or by fight ;
 Not a warrior went to the battle plain,
 Not a pilot steered the ship,
 That did not look in doubt and pain,
 For an omen of havoc or hurricane,
 To my dripping brow and lip.

Within my second's dark recess
 In silent pomp I dwelt ;
 Before the mouth in lowliness
 My rude adorers knelt ;
 And ever the shriek rang loud within,
 And ever the red blood ran ;
 And amid the sin and smoke and din,
 I sat with a changeless endless grin,
 Forging my first for man.

My priests are rotting in their grave,
 My shrine is silent now,
 There is no victim in my cave,
 No crown upon my brow ;
 Nothing is left but dust and clay
 Of all that was divine ;
 My name and my memory pass away ;—
 And yet this bright and glorious day
 Is called by mortals mine !





CHATTERTON : A ROMANCE OF LITERARY LIFE.

§ 1.—THE BOY AND HIS AMBITIONS.

It was one of the long winter nights, towards the close of the year seventeen hundred and sixty. Within the gloom and shadow caused by a huge pile of Gothic architecture, which loomed through the foggy atmosphere, like a shadowy Titan keeping watch over a great city, was a small and mean-looking house, over the door of which was fixed a sign-board, battered and blistered by long exposure to wind and sun, on which was written in half-obliterated characters, “Sexton of Redcliffe.” The lower part of the tenement was scarcely visible through the obscurity of night; but from the window of an upper chamber streamed forth a sickly and feeble ray, emitted from the flame of a solitary candle, that half illuminated a chamber in which sat a woman attired in the weeds of widowhood, and two children—a girl and a boy.

Everything in that room was indicative of extreme poverty, but at the same time neatness was evident in the arrangement of the simple articles of furniture. A time-stained print of William Halfpenny's, a view of the neighbouring church, was pasted on the wall, and a series of the sexton's annual verses adorned the mantel-piece. In one corner was a large oaken chest, quaintly carved, which seemed strangely out of character with the other furniture of the room; and near it were heaped together pieces of broken Gothic mouldings, battered fragments of corbels, and grotesque heads, which Time had struck down from the venerable Saint Mary Redcliff with his passing wing.

The female who occupied this miserable chamber was the mother of the two children to whom we have referred. Her late husband had for many years been sexton of Redcliff, and had died in the exercise of his vocation, leaving her with a little girl and a child as yet unborn, to depend on the mercy of a cold world. The scanty pittance which she earned by her needle was eked out by trifling sums which she received for her assistance in cleaning the church, an occupation which afforded her boy numerous opportunities of visiting the beautiful edifice, to which he became extraordinarily attached. Of the daughter not much need be said, as with the events of this narrative she has little connection.

The boy, at the period to which we are referring, might have seen seven summers, but, judging from the precocity of expression in his features, a casual observer might have allotted to him nearly double that number of years. His dark chestnut-coloured hair, parted on his broad intelligent forehead, streamed over his shoulders in glossy profusion; his large prominent eyes, dark as night, and soft as those of the gazelle, were remarkable for their intensity; when he became excited they literally glowed; and one of them seemed to possess this power in a remarkable degree. Unlike the generality of boys of his age, he avoided the sports and pastimes of youth, and never was so well pleased as when poring over an old black-letter family bible, from which indeed, and from some fragments of an old musical manuscript, found by his father in the church, he learned to read. The neighbours termed him a strange child; the master of a neighbouring charity-school dismissed him with the remark that he "was a dull boy, and incapable of further instruction;" and he was thrown entirely upon his mother's hands; but she, more acute than the pedagogue, let her son pursue his own solitary course, and the event proved the wisdom of her treatment of him, for no sooner had he mastered the few first difficulties incident to the acquirement of knowledge, than he made a sudden start, and ere long distanced every competitor in the race of learning.

The boy had for some little time been intently gazing through the casement on the dim outline of the church, every now and then turning to ask some question of his mother relative to its builders and history. At length the moon arose; and descending from the window-seat on which he had so long been standing, he put on his little cap, and strolled forth alone into the churchyard—even at so early a period his favourite place of resort; and so frequent had been his visits to this (for a mere child) strange place, that it had ceased to attract attention; and the only remarks made by the neighbours, as they saw his tiny form among the gravestones, were to the effect that he was a "half-saved idiot."

The church of St. Mary Redcliff, one of the noblest specimens of the middle-age architecture, stands on an eminence in the ancient city of Bristol. It was commenced hundreds of years ago, by Simon de Burtonne, and completed by one of the merchant-princes of the olden time, William Canynge, whose remains were buried and whose

tomb is yet to be seen in it. As a noble specimen of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture it is unequalled; and although Time and Ruin have done their united work upon the saintly edifice, it remains a magnificent fragment of the days of architectural beauty, and thousands annually repair to the place which the genius of the hero of our narrative has hallowed.

It was a strange and striking thing to witness this young child fearlessly perambulating the place of skulls—a spot which older and wiser people than he usually avoided. Higher and higher rose the moon, and as its beams silvered flying buttress and traceried pinnacle, and shimmered on the high arched windows, “where pictured angels sweetly smiled on pictured cherubim,” his little eyes glowed with almost unearthly fire: now he disappeared in the deep shadow of the building, and presently he came out into the bright glare, looking more like a spirit than a being of flesh and blood. At last he bent his steps toward the house of the new sexton, and shortly afterwards that functionary and young Chatterton entered the church itself together.

An old Gothic church by moonlight! what a magnificent spectacle it presents! How profoundly impressive is the silence! how solemn and startling the echoes of one's footfalls as we pace the aisles, floored with marble slabs and monumental brasses:

“And in truth it is a solemn sight
To see such place in the noon of night,
With its empty pews, and its closed books,
And its stonen men with awful looks
Carven in niches or lying in nooks:
And its pulpit with never a parson there;
And its clerk's desk with no one to mutter a prayer:
And its organ hushed, and no girls and boys
To lustily sing with heart and voice.
And all looking ghostly, and quaint, and odd,
In the hushed and desolate House of God.”

Chatterton and the old man paced the aisle in silence, the boy gazing admiringly on the lofty fretted roof, and the graceful shafts of the pillars which supported it. Through the magnificent east window streamed floods of moonlight, which falling on the marble pavement of the chancel, turned it, as it were, to many-coloured gems. The panes were adorned with quaintly depicted effigies of saints and martyrs, whose heads, circled with radiance, assumed a spiritual appearance in the mellow light. Over their heads, and against a pillar, were disposed some pieces of old armour, and a few tattered banners, which had formerly belonged to Admiral Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania, who lay entombed beneath; but these attracted not the curiosity of the boy, who, on reaching the centre of the transept, abruptly turned towards the monument of Canynge, the “Bristowe Merchant;” and who was, as we have already intimated, the monastic completer of the pile.

“Would that I had lived in the olden time,” murmured the boy to himself, “when this place shone in all its glory. Much as people abuse the monks, they were not, after all, such blockheads as some would have us believe.”

And so he passed on from monument to monument—now contemplating a marble dean, who lay robed, and bare-headed, with palms reverently placed on the breast, as if continually praying; and now gazing on the effigy of Robert de Berkeley, a Knight Templar, who lay in grim state in chain armour, with legs crossed, and his mailed hand ever on the hilt of his marble sword. Then he marked a grotesque family

group of father and mother, frilled to the cheek-bones, and quaintly attired, kneeling in front of a file of gradually diminishing children, before open books, placed back to back on a stand; and occasionally he stooped to decipher the legend or examine the engraving of some old monumental brass. Not an inch of ground was there with which he did not seem perfectly familiar; the edifice appeared to be a portion of his very being; and its history was his favourite study. In it, and of it, he dreamed by day and mused by night; and whilst many deemed him an idler, he was busily employed in laying the foundation of his wondrous fictions.

On his return home that night his widowed mother gently chid him for his long absence, and placed his frugal supper before him. He put away the meat from him, and refused to taste anything but bread and water, observing that "he must not become more stupid than God had made him."

Who shall explain the workings of the young mind as it groped amongst the darkness of past ages, and called up from the gloom of centuries shadows which baffled the prying eyes of learned men and acute critics? Let others seek to fathom the mystery of his mind and its motives: I have only to do with events.

Eight years had that dreaming boy numbered, and on his latest birthday an acquaintance asked him and his sister what toys he should present them with.

The girl chose some childish plaything, but the proud boy drew himself up to his full height, and, as he handed to the questioner a piece of old parchment which he had procured from the oaken chest, he exclaimed—

"Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet, that he may trumpet my name over the world!"

Perilous ambition! and glorious hope of fame! Ambition destined to be gratified; and fame, fated to be won; but alas! at how fearful a cost!

§ 2.—THE LADDER OF FAME.

One fine morning many of the grave and sober-minded citizens of the ancient city of Bristol were thrown into a very whirlwind of excitement by the appearance, in one of the local journals, of an account of a procession of friars over the old city bridge at the time of its being opened many years before.* Now, be it known, that at the period to which I refer, there were many wise and would-be profound antiquarians in the "ancient cittie;" and so, grave were the discussions, and sundry and divers the conjectures to which this account of the monkish procession gave rise. Where could the editor have procured it? by whom was so precious a relic discovered? How was it that it appeared so opportunely, just as a new bridge, in place of the old one, was about to be erected? Such were the proposed questions, which, however, elicited no replies save open mouths and staring eyes. At length the editor of the newspaper was applied to, and he stated that the manuscript was left at his office by a boy dressed in the habiliments of a charity-school, who went away without saying a word.

Who could this boy be? Certainly not the author; for the document was too characteristic of another age. The obsolete spelling, the diffuse quaint style, the monastic idioms, and the descriptions of costume, were all so correct, and bore so unmistakeably the stamp of the past, that it could not be other than a genuine transcript of some precious and musty document. In order to acquire further information, the editor accompanied his friends on a voyage of discovery to Colston's school, and

* We give this account in Appendix A.

the boys having been called forward, one of them was instantly recognised as the lad who had taken the mysterious paper to the office of the journal.

The lad came forward at the summons of his master, blushing, and somewhat confounded ; his eyes were downcast, and, in reply to the question of a burly and substantial pewterer, who pompously demanded his name, the blue-coat boy replied coldly, Thomas Chatterton. A peremptory demand that he should state whence he procured the manuscript in question was met and answered by a disdainful smile : persuasions were tried, but in vain ; rewards offered, but without effect ; and threats he defied. All he would admit was, that he had been employed by an old gentleman to transcribe some ancient parchment, and that more old documents were in existence. So the matter rested for a time, but the circumstance established an acquaintance between Chatterton and the pewterer, which the young antiquary very soon turned to account.

One day as Mr. Burgum was poring over his ledger, he was interrupted by the entrance of Chatterton. It should be stated, that the worthy citizen was one of the vainest of mortals, his weak point being an eternal hankering after dignified or noble ancestors. Like the sage of old, Chatterton rushed into his presence, exclaiming " I have found it."

" Found what ?" exclaimed the astonished pewterer.

" Why, your pedigree," exclaimed the cunning blue-coat boy ; " here is your coat of arms, which I found among some old parchments, and there is as much of the pedigree as I have been, as yet, enabled to procure."

And he produced a crumpled parchment, which bore indisputable marks of great age ; it was yellow, time-stained, and begrimed with dirt. Attached to it was a seal of antique mould, and on the shield were displayed quarterings emblazoned with the nicest skill. Beneath it was the name of DE BERGHAM, and the ingenious device was further worked out by an elaborately drawn up pedigree, in which the ancestors of Mr. Burgum figured among the highnesses and mightinesses of past generations. The deception was complete.

In ecstacy at having acquired so valuable a document, the pewterer presented the blue-coat boy with the munificent sum of five shillings, and with this money an old Saxon dictionary was procured by Chatterton—to him the most valuable of books, for reasons which will ere long be apparent.

But he was not exclusively engaged in the fabrication of pedigrees. To one Barrett, a credulous historian of Bristol, Chatterton furnished a number of documents purporting to be copies from old parchments, illustrative of the history of the various churches of Bristol. These compositions were, apparently, so authentic, so full of learning, and so perfectly exhibited all the characteristics, both in orthography and style, of the age in which they were said to have been written, that Mr. Barrett incorporated them with his history of Bristol which he was then writing, little suspecting them to be the productions of a charity-boy. Prodigious, indeed, must have been the fabricator's acquirements !

But these minor deceptions were only to pave the way for the appearance of those productions, which were, years afterwards, to place him in the bright ranks of genius. A visible change came over him ; he withdrew almost entirely from society, was frequently locked up in his chamber for hours, and a great portion of his time was passed in a way of which he would give no account. A fervent lover of Nature, he sought her at times in her most retired haunts ; but he only returned to shut himself up in his chamber. During this period he occasionally contributed to newspapers and

magazines under assumed names. For the plodding Bristolians he entertained the most profound contempt, and those of them with whom he associated he merely used as tools. All this time he struggled hard with pinching poverty, and on his quitting school his mother's circumstances compelled him to become clerk in an attorney's office. Seldom was he released from his drudgery; but when he obtained an hour's respite he was away to his chamber, of which he always possessed the key, where he employed every energy in proceeding with his mysterious work.

§ 3.—STRAWBERRY HILL.

Not many miles from the metropolis stood, at the date of this narrative, and still stands, a mansion of a singularly eccentric appearance. It would be impossible to refer its style to any existing order of architecture, for, in truth, it seemed to be a medley of them all. A square window might have been seen beneath a Gothic arch; twisted chimneys surmounted flat roofs; in fact, caprice, instead of consistency, seemed to have directed the builder's operations. There were sufficient indications of elegance, and abundant proofs of a fantastic taste; and the interior of the edifice was just what might have been expected from a view of its exterior. It is not, however, our intention to give a catalogue of the contents of the building—that was done by the auctioneer when the place was dismantled some years ago. We beg the reader's company to one apartment only.

It is near to eleven o'clock in the morning—so we learn from the enamelled dial of a clock in an elegant filigree case on a bracket over the richly carved fire-place—a *chef-d'œuvre* of Grinling Gibbons. The windows of the room command an enchanting view of a thoroughly English scene: and a lawn, mown so smoothly, and of verdure so rich and soft, that it looks like vegetable velvet, stretches from the folding glass-doors which open upon it, to a shrubbery, which serves also as the boundary to a flower-garden laid out in the style of those at Versailles. The pannelled walls are hung with pictures, chiefly of Court beauties, by Lely, Kneller, and Thornhill; and exquisite sculptures, costly intaglios, rich bronzes, old china, and delicate nicknackeries of all descriptions, lie scattered in profusion about the room. Mirrors reflect every portion of the apartment, around which are ottomans and luxurious sofas, and on the rich flowered carpet lie cushions of purple velvet tasselled with bullion, on which in fat beatitude lay silken-haired poodles and Italian greyhounds. The atmosphere was redolent of civet and all sweet odours from “Araby the blest,” and everything bespoke the luxurious habits of the dweller in that refined region.

And there he sits, reclining languidly on an easy chair, sipping at intervals from a small cup of Sèvres china the fragrant infusion, which a page, attired in blue and silver, hands to him as he requires it on a silver tray. His face is very vivacious and even sprightly in expression, and now that his hair is unpowdered, one may perceive that Time has made free with his locks, and left his marks in the shape of straggling silvery gray hairs. But it is a face whose habitual expression would rather repel than attract. Caution, if not cunning, was stamped there; and a perpetual fidgetiness of the body connected with it, told plainly enough of an irritable and uncertain temper. This gentleman was attired in a brocaded silk dressing-gown, his fingers were profusely decorated with rings, and his feet were cased in elegantly worked slippers, on which his initials and crest were embroidered.

Whilst partaking of his morning repast, HORACE WALPOLE, for such was the individual whom I have attempted to describe, occupied himself by reading perfumed

billets, the newspapers of the day, and by running his eye over some proofs of a new book, then in progress of publication by himself, for, as all the world knows, he had a private press at Strawberry Hill. After reading several letters, he selected one for reperusal, muttering to himself—

“So—the young trickster in hot haste demands back his manuscript. Would that I had not committed myself by giving an opinion as to their authenticity! And he has the audacity to lampoon me, too. Ha! good morning, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, as two personages were shown into the room, whom I may as well describe.

One of them was a man of the middle height, very fastidious in his dress, and precise in his deportment; he wore a wig of the newest mode, the powder from which fell on the collar of a claret-coloured coat richly wrought on the front and over the seams; his vest was of flowered silk, and a pair of sparkling knee-buckles, silk clocked hose, and a pair of French boots, completed his costume. I must not omit to mention his ruffles, nor his cane which dangled negligently from his wrist, nor his three-cornered hat which he carried with studied ease beneath his left arm. He stepped mincingly forward, touched the tip of Walpole’s finger with his own, and then gracefully disposed his well-shaped limbs on a satin fauteuil.

The other gentleman was plain in dress and almost coarse in manners. He was attired in sober black, and his face strikingly contrasted with the set primness of his companion’s. He did not seem to be at home in that elegant apartment, and after the usual salutation he strolled to the window, where he amused himself by throwing pieces of sweet cake to a peacock which strutted on the lawn.

The names of these individuals, of one of them especially, are well known to all lovers of poetry: the dapper gentleman was GRAY, and his companion was MASON.

“There,” said Walpole, tossing a letter to Gray, “is an epistle from a lawyer’s clerk in Bristol, who tells me that he is in possession of some ancient documents on the subject of painting, in the handwriting of one ROWLEY, a monk, and which he discovered in a chest in some old church. He sent me some time since a specimen, which I certainly thought very curious; but because I do not choose to patronize him, he being miserably poor, he presumes to lecture, and absolutely abuses me. After all, I believe from my soul that the fellow forged them.”

“And, if he did,” said Mason, suddenly turning to Walpole, “who set him the forger’s example?”

Walpole bit his lip, looked somewhat mortified, and was about to make some remark, when Gray interposed, by saying,

“Surely, Mr. Mason, the fraud (if one) of passing off the ‘Castle of Otranto’ as the transcript of an old document was no forgery, and if so, it was comparatively harmless, whereas——”

“Ay, and so is this of Rowley by the boy Chatterton,” was Mason’s rejoinder.

“But, curse the fellow, why did he play off his tricks on me? why entrap *me* into acknowledging my belief of the authenticity of the documents?” said Walpole. “I help him! No; let him rot in Bristolian obscurity. He seems to be a rhymers too.” And the great man smiled maliciously on both Gray and Mason, both of whom he only tolerated on account of the fame of the one and the amusement afforded by the other. “Singing birds,” he continued, “should not be too well fed.”

“The fellow has mettle in him,” observed Mason, who, rather stung by Walpole’s remark, read with marked emphasis the following lines which Chatterton had written on the sheet of paper which contained his application to Walpole for the return of the documents which he had forwarded to Strawberry Hill:—

“Walpole ! I thought not I should ever see
 So mean a heart as thine has proved to be :
 Thou, nursed in luxury’s lap, behold’st with scorn
 The boy who, friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
 Asks thy high favour : Thou mayst call me cheat—
 Say—didst thou never practise such deceit ?
 Who wrote *Otranto* ? But I will not chide ;
 Scorn I’ll repay with scorn, and pride with pride.
 Still, Walpole, still—thy prosy chapters write,
 And flimsy letters to some fair indite ;
 Laud all *above* thee—fawn and cringe to those
 Who for thy fame were better friends than foes—
 Still spurn the incautious fool who dares to plead
 And crave thy service in the hour of need.

* * * * *

Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
 Not poor and mean—Walpole ! thou hadst not dared
 Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
 By Rowley’s side, when thou art dead and damned !”

“Gray, have you seen Thornhill’s ‘Graces ?’ The picture is in the next room ;” and Walpole, so saying, led the way thereto, glad to change the conversation ; for, heartless as he was, he was excessively mortified by the bitter satire of Chatterton.

“By the way, Walpole,” maliciously inquired Mason, “do you know what Dr. Johnson has said about these Rowley poems ? The old bear was dancing attendance at Mrs. Thrale’s the other night, and on some one quoting a passage from ‘Ælla,’ he exclaimed, ‘The whelp ! he has a good deal in him, and if we *must* have a forged literature, I would rather have paper from Rowley’s chest than from the Strawberry Hill press.’ ”

A sneer from Walpole was his only reply as the party quitted the breakfast-room for the picture-gallery.

§ 4.—THE CLOUDS ARE GATHERING.

Over the north porch of Saint Mary Redcliff Church, one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical doorways in England, is an octagonal room, which was in former times the depository of several huge coffin-like chests, which contained the records of the Monastery of St. Mary’s ; hence it was styled the muniment-room. For many years prior to the period at which our tale commences, the place had been deserted, save by numerous birds who there built their nests in fearless security, for no one ever cared to visit the room excepting the sexton, who occasionally went to the chests for the sake of procuring old papers and parchments to light fires with. From his childhood, owing to the situation his father formerly held, Chatterton had been intimately acquainted with this apartment, and now it was peculiarly fitted for his purposes, for there he could pursue his plans without molestation, and with no inquisitive eyes to penetrate into his secret.

His frequent visits to Mr. Barrett with transcripts of the ancient documents which he alleged to have found in the old chests, naturally excited in that gentleman a wish to see some of the precious parchments themselves. Day after day the boy produced poems of great length and extraordinary beauty ; the learning evinced by them was prodigious, and the knowledge of manners and customs of the times in which they

professed to have been written so profound, that whilst a few cautious persons hinted doubts of their authenticity, the belief in their genuineness was almost universal. The periodicals of the day were filled with speculations respecting them; learned bodies discussed the topic, and the most profound inquirers were baffled. Chatterton affirmed that Rowley was a monk of Saint Mary's Monastery, the friend of its builder, and he produced manuscript letters from the ecclesiastic to his patron, accounts of expenditure, pieces of old music, and scraps of sermons, to prove his assertions.*

It was drawing towards midnight when, wearied by the toils of the day, with a lantern concealed carefully under his cloak, Chatterton ascended the winding staircase which led to the muniment-room. As he entered it, some birds, disturbed by the glare of his lantern, flew to and fro like familiars; but he heeded them not, and seating himself on the lid of one of the chests, he drew from a recess in the wall a box containing some materials for manufacturing antiquities, and proceeded with his solitary work.

Selecting from among the fragments of parchment lying in the chests a piece suitable for his purpose, he commenced operations by writing a poem upon it, which he had previously composed, and rendered into obsolete English by the aid of the dictionary before referred to. The ink used he had himself manufactured for this particular purpose; it was of a rusty yellowish colour, and what was written with it resembled old and half-faded caligraphy. The poem, or rather the fragment of one, having been transcribed (for he never produced complete manuscripts), he crumpled the parchment, rubbed it over with ochre and other pigments, then passed it over the flame of the lamp, and finally stamped upon it with his feet. After having undergone this process the parchment presented all the appearances of a genuine antique; and so expert had he become in this mode of manufacturing manuscripts, that the very best judges of such matters were effectually deceived.

Pale and haggard, he at length ceased from his anxious and singular toil, and rising, paced the chamber with gloomy brow and uneven steps, muttering audibly.

“Another laurel for the monk's cowl! How, when, will this labour end? Well enough do I know that, were I to publish these poems as my own, they would fail to procure me bread: as the supposed productions of Rowley the monk, they will yield me both food and fame. And yet I may be branded as a forger, and treated with contumely, as I have been by my fellow-forger Walpole! But what am I to do?—scorned as I am because of my poverty, whilst I see the idiots of commerce ride by flaunting their gaudy trappings in my very face. London is the place to which my destiny points; that or the grave must ere long be my portion; for with my unconquerable pride I cannot and will not live in this accursed city, crowded as it is with the venal sons of trade. Bristol may keep her prudent maxims; I scorn her prudence, whilst raving in the luxury of ink I dare to publish my sentiments.”

And thus he communed with himself, until a sudden thought seemed to flash across his mind. Quickly snatching up his lamp, he descended the steps, and left the church.

But he went not towards his home. Threading many tortuous streets and lanes, where old-fashioned houses abounded, the upper stories projecting far over the foot-path, he soon arrived at the bridge which had formed the subject of his first daring fictions. He stood for a few minutes, gazing gloomily on the dark waters, as they glided on beneath him, as if he envied the repose which might be found in their

* See Appendix B.

sullen depth, and then passed up the High Street of the city, pausing every few moments to mark some singular effect of light or shade, and to note some locality to be introduced into his ballad of 'Sir Charles Bawdyn,' a portion of which, in fact, had just been copied on the parchment in the manner we have attempted to describe.* Proceeding on his solitary walk, near to where the old castle stood, close by whose site frowned the high and black walls of the city prison, and passing within their broad shadow, he came to a burying-ground, the low wall of which he scaled, and then took his way towards a part of it which seemed not to be unfamiliar to him.

Cemeteries were unknown in those days, but even then in the better class of burial-grounds there were gorgeous sepulchres, on which were graven and gilded lies in the shape of epitaphs; but the place in which Chatterton stood in the gloom of the midnight was not tenanted by those whose friends could afford them

“the line
Which makes its subject seem almost divine.”

No willows bent over marble urns—no comfortable-looking cherubs reposed on stony clouds: it was the last home of the poor—the workhouse burial-ground!

And a dreary and forlorn spot it was; mean dark houses enclosed it in every side, and from their back windows, whose panes were dingy and cracked, filth was thrown out, and had accumulated in disgusting heaps on the already sodden and greasy mould below. Not a blade of grass vegetated on that dark patch of earth, and cracked and mutilated flat stones alone indicated where lay some dreamless sleeper.

Arrived at the spot which he sought, and which was marked by a stone larger and of better quality than the rest, Chatterton paused, and with folded arms gazed for a few moments on an inscription which was scarcely visible in the moon's waning light. It consisted but of the name of him who rested beneath—a name familiar enough in English literature—one connected with strange tales of crime, recklessness, and depravity, at the revolting details of which the heart sickens. It was the grave of him who furnished Dr. Johnson with the subject of his best biography—**RICHARD SAVAGE!**

Yes! on the grave of him who had died, forlorn and wretched, in the neighbouring prison, and who had been laid in that spot at the expense of his humane gaoler, stood one who, though young, was already beginning to crave the quiet of the tomb. Perhaps Chatterton felt that a brother child of song should not lie in his grave “without the meed of some melodious tear.” After he had remained for some time, riveted to the spot, he exclaimed, “And is Bristol to starve another Savage in me! Would to God that my course were ended like his.” And so saying, he quitted the place of graves, and repaired to his garret in the house of his master. The morning was bitterly cold—the wind swept by with a mournful sound, making the casement crack and strain, and groan like a tortured thing: but the war of the elements without was as nothing—as a calm, indeed, in comparison with that which raged within the young poet's heart. Poverty stared him in the face, and, conscious of his mental gifts, he cursed in the bitterness of his heart the neglect shown him by the ignorant and purse-proud. The neglect and contumely heaped upon him by Walpole had stung him to the quick, and the insults and even blows of the brutal lawyer, his master, were not to be endured—suicide had unhappily become familiarized to his mind, and, oppressed by gloomy forebodings, before he slept he penned, by the light of his

* See Appendix C.

solitary taper, that most extraordinary document—his ‘Will,’ the original of which, in his prim and peculiarly neat handwriting, is still in existence.

In this ‘Will’ he distinctly announced his determination to commit suicide, but with the morning calmer reflection came; and on awaking, finding that he had long overslept the hour at which he was wont to commence his daily drudgery, he hastily quitted his chamber, leaving behind him, in his hurry, the document he had written a few hours before.

Chatterton was seated in his master’s office when Mr. Lambert entered, holding the ‘Will’ in his hand. On his sternly inquiring whether the document was in his handwriting, and receiving an answer in the affirmative from the somewhat confused young man, he peremptorily ordered him to quit his house and service.

There was no necessity for a repetition of the command, for the fiery youth indignantly closed the detested book in which he was writing, and quitted the place for ever, exclaiming, as he passed the threshold, “And now for LONDON.”

§ 5.—THE LAND OF PROMISE.

One of Chatterton’s favourite maxims was that the Deity had sent man into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if he would be only at the trouble of extending them; and that a man was equal to any task which he determined to perform. “Impossible” was not a word in his vocabulary; and indeed there were very few things undertaken by him in which he was not a proficient. Without assistance from any person, he had made himself master of old English manners and customs; indeed he dared not *ask* for information, lest the paternity of his Rowleian fictions should be suspected: his acquaintance with heraldry was profound; and in the grandeur of his conceptions, and the boldness and sweetness of his poems, he was almost without a rival. And yet he was the only son of a poor widow—a boy educated at a common charity-school, and a continual struggler with poverty. But never, even in the heart of earth’s noblest son, did pride reign with a more desperate sway, for, as he himself admits, it constituted nine-tenths of his composition. And yet, as a son and brother, he was most affectionate and kind; his heart overflowed to the last with affection for his poor old mother; and, with the single exception of the Rowleian forgeries, his love of truth was remarkable. In the case of these remarkable fictions, he doubtless felt that if published as the productions of a by-gone age, they would at once attract admiration and become popular, for his knowledge of human nature convinced him that anything from the pen of an obscure boy of Bristol would only meet with certain neglect. And, after all, it was but a harmless deception—no one was injured thereby; but the lovers of true poetry were vastly benefited; and now that the petty mortifications of mistaken partisans have ceased to exist, and Chatterton’s genius blazes out from beneath the monk’s cowl, the foible is forgiven, and the author of ‘The Battle of Hastings’ and ‘Ælla’ takes his place among the poets of England.*

And the most gifted among the sons of song have done him honour. Byron lauded him; Shelley writes of his “solemn agency;” Wordsworth has bestowed on him the title of the “Marvellous Boy;” Coleridge indited a noble Monody; and Keats dedicated ‘Endymion’ to his memory. In France, Alfred de Vigny founded a drama on his history; and, lastly, seventy-five years after his death, his native city has erected a monument to his memory; but, alas! a monument without a tomb!

* See Appendix D.

The dawning of a new day now burst upon Chatterton's mind ; he flung his moodiness and misanthropy to the winds, and, with a slender stock of worldly goods, but rich in glorious hopes, after embracing his mother and sister, and having gazed his last on Saint Mary's church, he set out for mighty, magnificent, perilous London.

The metropolis was then, to a greater degree than it is even now, the great reservoir of talent ; and unto it, as unto a Mecca of letters, continually resorted the pilgrims of genius ; but how few comparatively realized their hopes. It is one thing to shine in the provinces, and another to climb over the heads of thousands who seek fame and fortune in London. There, modest merit is trampled in the mire, whilst impudence and conceit bear away the glittering gifts. There, long-cherished hopes find in their non-fulfilment a sad fruition, whilst by a chance revolution of Fortune's wheel some lucky adventurer secures a golden harvest. Oh ! there are thousands who, day after day, and year after year, enter that mighty city sanguine in heart and hope, who either sink unnoticed into nameless graves, or who, broken in heart and crushed in spirit, curse the fate which hurried them into its treacherous whirlpool. There, pride is abased—conceit stripped of its plumes—talent bowed to the dust—ignorance unmasked, and virtue unrewarded. It is at once the resort and the grave of genius—the mother and the devourer of those who seek her favours ;—the Seducer and the Destroyer !

Chatterton was in the seventeenth year of his age when he first set foot in the streets of the mighty Babylon—unknown, yet dependent for daily bread upon his pen. But he had all the energies of youth ; he was conscious of the divinity within him ; and in the blindness of his enthusiasm, and his joy at the change in his situation and prospects, he forgot the fate of Savage, at whose grave he had so lately shed such bitter tears.*

By dint of untiring industry he managed to procure, for some time, a precarious subsistence ; but finding no market for antique literature, he turned his attention to politics and satirical writing, in which latter style of composition he greatly excelled. An Ode to Beckford, then Lord Mayor of London, procured him an introduction to, and plenty of promises from that worthy—promises, of course, never to be kept. Booksellers employed, but neglected to pay him, and to procure food he commenced under an assumed name a series of political letters of great merit. In addition to these, such was the versatility of his genius, he wrote sermons for clergymen, and furnished three or four burlettas for Vauxhall, which place was then in the heyday of its popularity.

But gloom had again darkened his spirit. Disappointment and vexation chased him, and he became sullen, moody, and irritable. He spent much of his time alone ; and as his hopes passed away, one after another, the friendless, forlorn young man, wearied of existence and its countless woes, looked forward to the grave as his only refuge. He was annoyed, too, by the abuse of those who savagely attacked him, as if for a crime, for producing his ' Rowley Poems.' The propriety-hunters marked him as their victim, and his sensitive spirit bled under the inflictions. A stricken deer, he wandered over life's desert—

" Actæon like, and now he fled astray,
 Whilst his own thoughts along that rugged way
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey."

* See Appendix E.

§ 6.—THE MIND-WRECK.

Five months—months of severe toil, patient endurance, and of intense suffering—had passed away since Chatterton commenced his career in London; that career upon which he had entered with so light a heart, and which to him appeared so likely to lead to fortune and happiness! Now the gaudy bubble had burst; and faint, weary, and heart-sick, with gaunt looks and fierce despair depicted in strong lines upon his visage, he stood at the door of Fell, the bookseller, to whom he had applied in vain for a small sum due to him.

Three days had elapsed since he had tasted food, with but one exception, when a crust of dry bread and a little water allayed in some degree the pangs of hunger: too poor to purchase and too proud to beg, he suffered rather than sought relief. Sinking exhausted on the steps of a church, he indulged in bitter thoughts. What was life to him? what had his talents done for him? No friend pitied him—no heart sympathized with him; the only two beings on earth who loved him were far away, and he was alone in populous London, a thousand times more solitary in its crowds than if he had been a wanderer on bleak wilds or in interminable forests.

At length he arose, and, unnoticed and heeding none, he proceeded towards his home in Brook Street, Holborn, at one time hurrying on as if for life, and then gloomily dragging along his weak and exhausted frame. Hundreds and thousands of people went by on busy feet, jostling him, and he was thrust hither and thither by the living stream, but he cared not. One mighty purpose was to be accomplished, and it seemed as if he hastened to complete it, lest his resolution should fail. Once only he paused in his career. It was at an apothecary's shop, which he entered, and, assuming all the coolness necessary, asked for arsenic. There was no difficulty in those days in procuring such an article; and having paid the last penny he owned in the world for the poison, he hurried home.

The next morning he was found lying dead on his miserable pallet. The floor of his chamber was strewn with torn-up manuscripts—but his Rowleian secret was well kept. Like the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire, he had inflicted his own death-wound. Let us remember his own words, and “judge not,” for who shall dare to limit the mercy of God!

* * * * *

Night upon London! dark, dense midnight! From a hundred steeples sounds out the hour, and the great bell of St. Paul's, deep, solemn, and sonorous, is heard above them all. Gloomy masses of cloud sail heavily across the sky;

Dark as the heavens above!

Dark as the earth beneath!

Dark as the latest hour of him

Who forced the gates of death!

A sound of hurrying footsteps is heard, and four men are seen bearing a coffin towards a pauper burying-ground in Shoe Lane—just such a dreary spot as that in which Savage was laid. A hole is already dug, and into that unblest grave the coffin is carelessly flung, and the heavy mould quickly shovelled. Just as the grave was closed, a wandering star shot athwart the gloom and obscurity of the heavens, and was suddenly extinguished in the “blackness of darkness”—fitting emblem of the just buried poet, whose genius only flashed to reveal his tomb.

Such was the termination of a literary life in 1770.

APPENDIX.

(A.)—ACCOUNT OF A PROCESSION OF FRIARS.

"To the Printer of Farley's Bristol Journal."

"Oct. 1, 1768."

"The following description of the fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers.

"Yours,

"DUNELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS."

"On Fridai was the time fixed for passing the new brydge. About the time of tollynge the tenthe clocke, Master Greggoire Dalbenye mounted on a fergreyne horse, informed Master Mouer all thynges were prepared, when two beadils went fyrst streying stre. Next came a manne dressed up as follows, hose of goot skynne crine part outwards, doublette and waistcoat; also over which a white robe without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left shoulder, rechede also to his hands on the right and doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby representinge a Saxon earl-derman.

"In his hands he bare a shield; the maistre of Gille a Brogton, who painted the same, representinge Sainte Warburgh crossynge the foord; then a mickle strong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came six claryons and six minstrels, who song the song of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Master Maier, mounted on a white horse, dight with sable trappyngs wrought about by the nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and silver, his hayre braded with ribbons, and a chaperon with the auntient armes of Bristowe fastened on his forehead. Master Maier bare in his hande a goulden rodde, and a congean squire bare in his hande his helmet, waulkinge by the syde of the horse. Then came the earldermen and city broders mounted on sabyell horses dyght with white trappyngs and plumes, and scarlet caps and chaperons, having thereon sable plumes;

after them the preests and frears, parish mendicant and secular, some syngynge Sainte Warburgh's songe, others sounding clarions thereto and others some citrialles.

"In thilke manner reachynge the brydge, the manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne with the sheelde, after him the minstrels and clarions; and then the preestes and freeres, all in white albes, making a most goodly shewe, the maier and earldermen standinge round, they songe with the sounde of claryons, the songe of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the manne on the top threw with great might his anlace into the sea, and the clarions sounded an auncient charge and forloyne. Then theie song again the song of Sainte Warburge and proceeded up Xts hill to the crosse, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, and with sound of clarion theye againe went to the brydge and there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye in sports and plaies, the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing the play of the knyghtes of Bristowe, meekynge a great fire at night on Kynslate hill."

(B.)—ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.

"Soone as bryght sonne alonge the skyne,
Han sente hys ruddie lyghte;
And fayryes hyd yune Oslyppe cuppes,
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,
The mattyn belle wyth shryllie sounde,
Reeckode throwe the ayre;
A troop of holie freeres dyd,
For Jesus masse prepare.
Arounde the highe unsaynted chyrche
Wythe holie relyques wente;
And every door and poste aboute
Wythe godlie thynges besprent.
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreste,
And mytred holylie;
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse,
Wyth rosarie dyd hie.
Before hym wente a throng of freeres
Who dyd the masse songe synge,

Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,
 Tryckd lyke a barbed kynge,
 And then a rowe of holie freeres
 Who dyd the mass songe sound;
 The procurators and chyrche reeves
 Next prest upon the ground,
 And when unto the chyrche theye came
 A holie masse was sange,
 So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce,
 The heven so hie it range.
 Then Carpenter dyd purifie
 The chyrche to Godde for aie,
 Wythe holie masses and good psalmies
 Whyche hee dyd thereyn saie.
 Then was a sermon preeched soon
 Bie Carpynterre holie,
 And after that another one
 Ypreechen was bie mee:
 Then alle dyd goe to Canynges house
 An Enterlude to playe,
 And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode
 And praie for him for aie."

(C.)—SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

"Upon a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.
 Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:
 The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte:
 Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles
 came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.
 Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend.
 Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes in trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:
 Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrells came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:
 Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
 And theyre attending menne echone,
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt:
 And after them, a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge.
 And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 "O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 Washe mie soule clean thys daie!"
 At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
 The kynge ynne mycle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate."

(D.)—THE MYNSTRELLES SONGE, IN ÆLLA.

"O! synge unto mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.
 Blacke his cryne² as the wyntere nighte,
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde³ hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale⁴ he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.
 Swote⁵ hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quyeke ynn daunce as thoughte came bee,
 Defte⁶ hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
 Mie love is dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

¹ *Reynynge*, running.

² *Cryne*, hair.

³ *Rodde*, complexion.

⁴ *Cale*, cold.

⁵ *Swote*, sweet.

⁶ *Defte*, neat.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie⁷ Seyncte to save
Al the celness⁸ of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente⁹ the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,¹⁰
Ouphante¹¹ fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie style schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete,¹² or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownde wythereytes,¹³
Bere mee to yer leathalle¹⁴ tyde.
die; I comme; mie true love waytes:
Thos the damselle spake and dyed."

(E.)—EXTRACT FROM KEW GARDENS.

"But ah! that satire is a dang'rous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting;
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen, (for some, indeed,
For want of education cannot read;

⁷ Hallie, holy.

⁸ Celness, coldness.

⁹ Dente, fasten.

¹⁰ Gre, grow.

¹¹ Ouphante, elfin.

¹² Nete, night.

¹³ Reytes, water-flags.

¹⁴ Leathalle, deadly.

And those who can when they aloud rehearse
What Collins, happy genius! titles verse,
So spin the strains sonorous through the nose,
The hearer cannot call it verse or prose,)
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At your maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died!
Go to * * * * and copy worthy * * * *
Ah! what a sharp experienc'd genius that;
Well he prepares his bottle and his jest,
An alderman is no unwelcome guest;
Adult'rate talents and adult'rate wine
May make another drawling rascal shine;
His known integrity outvies a court,
His the dull tale, original the port:
Whilst loud he entertains the sleepy cits,
And rates his wine according to his wits,
Should a trite pun by happy error please,
His worship thunders at the laughing
Mease;

And * * * * inserts this item in his bill,
Five shillings for a jest with every gill.
How commendable this to turn at once
To good account the vintner and the dunce,
And, by a very hocus pocus hit,
Dispose of damag'd claret and bad wit.
Search through the ragged tribe who
drink small beer,
And sweetly echo in his worship's ear
What are the wages of the tuneful nine,—
What are their pleasures when compar'd
to mine?

Happy I eat, and tell my num'rous pence,
Free from the servitude of rhyme or sense;
Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in
the year

With joy to Briton's king and sovereign
dear,

And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;¹

Yet such the sorry merit of his muse,
He bows to deans and licks his lordship's
shoes.

Then leave the wicked, barren way of
rhyme,

Fly far from poverty—be wise in time—
Regard the office more—Parnassus less—
Put your religion in a decent dress;

Then may your interest in the town ad-
vance,

Above the reach of muses or romance."

REMARKABLE GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

A GREAT part of Germany is under deep obligation to the labours of Paul Johann Anselm, afterwards Ritter von Feuerbach, or, as we should say, Sir Anselm von Feuerbach. By his learned and able disquisitions on the principles of law, he excited public attention, till, in 1804, he was intrusted with the formation of a criminal code for Bavaria, which with very trifling modifications yet forms the law of that country, and has been more or less generally adopted by Saxony, Würtemberg, Hanover, Oldenburg, Saxe-Weimar, and some of the cantons of Switzerland. In 1817 he was appointed second president of the court of appeal at Bamberg, and in 1821 first president of that of Anspach. In his judicial capacity he took a part in the investigation of the celebrated and mysterious case of Caspar Hauser, and his own assassination in 1833 is supposed to have had some connection with that affair. Of his code, our limits do not allow us to give an extended view, but it has been characterised as embodying "logical connection, strict deductions, complete development of the principles of penal law, correct generalization and specification of crimes and misdemeanours, and precise determination of penalties." The last two divisions we may be allowed to designate as somewhat too pedantic, abstruse, and revolting. One remarkable peculiarity of this code is, that the office of the jury is altogether dispensed with, and the investigation and decision of causes intrusted wholly to judicial functionaries. Among other valuable works, Feuerbach left one entitled *Aktenmässige Darstellung merkwürdiger Verbrechen* (Exhibition of remarkable Crimes, from official Documents), a most extraordinary book of its kind, from its subtle investigations into the human heart, and its development of the passions and motives leading to crime, redeeming it, and distinguishing it thoroughly, from anything in common with our own 'Newgate Calendar.' From this work a translated selection has been made recently by Lady Duff Gordon, who in her *Narratives of remarkable Criminal Trials*,

has certainly succeeded well in rendering the story, but has considered it expedient to omit much of the reasoning and remark which has been generally held to constitute the great value of the original. We shall endeavour to supply this omission in a few cases—enough to show the peculiarities of the system—and afford an opportunity of comparing its merits and defects with those of our own administration of criminal justice.

The best means of securing life and property from the aggression of crime has always been felt as a social necessity; but the problem is one upon which the most intelligent of men have differed, and probably will ever differ, as none have yet been wholly successful. The discovery and punishment—whatever the punishment may be—has, however, universally been considered as indispensable, though the method in which this is to be effected varies in almost every country. A collection, therefore, of the remarkable criminal trials of a foreign state affords a useful standard of comparison with the proceedings adopted in our own; and those of Germany are peculiarly interesting in this point of view, as being the country whence many of our own institutions are derived. It is with reference to this analogy that we shall endeavour to consider a few portions of the great work of Feuerbach, without attempting to pander to the vitiated taste that can find excitement and interest in the mere details of revolting murder or vulgar crime. To do this effectually, we must first give a hasty sketch of the criminal law of England.

Till within a comparatively recent period our criminal code was not unjustly stigmatised as bloody, and even in our own times was certainly unjust to the prisoner, who was in some cases allowed no counsel. At a more remote period his witnesses could not be examined on oath, nor could they be compelled to attend. His chief reliance was on the forms of the law, the impartiality of the judge, the good sense of the jury, the fact of the trial when once commenced being pursued uninterrupt-

edly to the end, and the verdict final, subject, in the case of conviction, to the mercy of the crown. The defects have been in great part removed, and the law has now fenced the personal security of the subject so strongly, the mere forms are considered so indispensable, that we are occasionally disgusted by an utter failure of justice by a mere technicality. We have seen a father acquitted of the murder of his illegitimate infant child because it had been described in the indictment by its father's name instead of its mother's. Another acquittal from a charge of shooting with intent to kill takes place because a man gives his card as Captain Harvey Tuckett, while he had been baptized as Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, Lord Denman declaring that no year passes without some examples of acquittals taking place in some of the courts by reason of mistakes or defects of this kind. Such occurrences are lamentable, but the error is at least on the side of mercy, and though these technicalities may occasionally serve the guilty as loopholes of escape, they are strong safeguards for the innocent, preventing the looseness of procedure which might otherwise easily degenerate into injustice.

The basis of the English law is that every man is presumed to be innocent till *proved* to be guilty to the satisfaction of twelve impartial men. This guilt may be proved by witnesses or by circumstances, and of the credibility of the witnesses and the probability of the circumstances the jury are the sole judges. The prisoner himself cannot be examined, and though his confession may be taken, it is only when it is entirely voluntary, and not obtained by any inducement either of threats or promises; nor can his evidence be taken against others till he has himself been pardoned for the participation in the crime as to which he is then allowed to testify. The evidence must be confined, directly or collaterally, to the crime or crimes of which the prisoner is accused, and no investigation takes place into his previous life, not even into a previous conviction, though good or bad character may have an influence on his punishment; and his trial takes place within a short time of his apprehension, when he is either convicted and punished, or acquitted and

set at liberty. We do not contend that the law and form of procedure might not be improved, but at least there is here much to admire in the caution taken to prevent prejudice acting unfavourably to the prisoner, or his being entrapped into making admissions that might be used against him; he is indeed properly considered as innocent of every crime save that of which he stands accused, and on this alone the decision takes place; and the decision and punishment following so promptly upon his trial, cannot but be more effective as an example than when they take place after a tedious interval of many years, to say nothing of the injustice of the detention when the investigation ends in an acquittal.

Feuerbach's criminal code proceeds in a totally different direction. A crime having been committed, or supposed to have been committed; no effort and no means are spared to discover the offender, but a final conviction cannot take place without the confession of the offender. Years may elapse without this being attained; but though there can be no reasonable doubt of the criminality of the offender, no sentence can be pronounced and no punishment for the crime inflicted while he remains obdurate. In the mean time he has to endure imprisonment, hard labour, scanty fare, the most subtle, appalling, and searching examinations at frequent intervals, till at length he is forced or entrapped into confession, and then he is sentenced to, perhaps, the rack and the sword before the public gaze. All whom he may choose to accuse during these interrogatories, with any show of probability, are swept into the net of the law, and though they may be ultimately discharged, the investigation which takes place, extending to the whole of their previous lives, will often bring to light matters that might have better lain in obscurity, and the imprisonment must necessarily injure if not destroy their worldly prosperity.

We shall now give one of the narratives which has been translated entire by Lady Duff Gordon (abridging the early part of it, as being too long for our limits), which exemplifies the last-mentioned defect of Feuerbach's system.

James Thalreuter, the illegitimate son

of Lieutenant-Colonel von Rescher and Barbara Thalreuter, was born at Landshut, September 10, 1809, and was left, on the death of his parents, to the protection of a Baron and Baroness von Stromwalter, a couple possessing a moderate property, who treated him as their own child. The Baron was a simple, easy, and very old man, who left the management of all his affairs to his wife, a credulous and imperious woman. She conceived a strong affection for the young Thalreuter, whose disposition was lively, though he early evinced a disposition for lying, which the Baroness took for the marks of a precocious genius. She sent him to the Catholic school, where, however, he profited little, writing a bad hand and making gross mistakes in spelling, but, when only fifteen or sixteen, displaying a great knowledge of commercial and pecuniary affairs. The older the boy grew the firmer became his ascendancy over this singular couple, though his behaviour was ever void of any respect towards them, and though he even proceeded so far as to strike the old baron. He kept low company, and incurred debts, which the baroness discharged, and liberally supplied him with money; yet he plundered her at every opportunity, at one time purloining seven hundred florins from her desk, upon which, instead of checking him, she merely took the precaution of securing the keys in future. This circumstance, it is supposed, induced him to devise a plan by which he might obtain money from her; and in the summer of 1825 he began to announce, at first mysteriously, and then declared openly, that he was in reality the son of the reigning Duke of B——, by whom he had been confided to Colonel Rescher, and who was about to reclaim him. The simple couple believed this, though they knew his origin, and had the certificate of his birth. From time to time Thalreuter showed letters from the duke, and from his confidant, a certain Lieutenant-Colonel von Hautbing, containing promises of great rewards to the baron and baroness, one naming 10,000 florins as a recompense for their services, and one conveying a present of six strings of pearls for the baroness, which pearls, however, he had purchased at a toy-shop for about two shillings with money he had stolen, and another letter contained

a pair of ear-rings derived from the same sources. All the letters were such serawls as a schoolboy would have been ashamed of, but Thalreuter made this an excuse for always reading them himself. He also exhibited a portrait of his supposed father, and views of estates purchased by him as a reward for the kindness of the old people. On one occasion, when the baroness was absent, he pretended that the duke had been to see her, but could not stay, and on another gave a letter of invitation from Von Hautbing to the baron to meet him; but before the baron could get ready to attend the appointment, another note came to say that he had been obliged to depart. Transparent as the fiction was, the old people implicitly believed all. He next announced that the duke had negotiated a marriage with the daughter of a very wealthy family for their son, an officer in the army, and that 10,000 florins were required to place in the military fund (as a security for the ability of a person in the army to support a wife), but that the duke would advance the greater part. He thus obtained from the credulous baroness 2700 florins, which he soon squandered in reckless extravagance. He then procured another 1000 florins on a pretended necessity of obtaining the release of Lieutenant Stromwalter from an arrest on a charge of sedition, and to raise this the baroness had to sell a part of her furniture. Other sums were procured in a similar manner, and he even succeeded in getting their signatures to bills of exchange for various sums without allowing them to see what they signed. When money could not be obtained he took the moveables. "Chairs and tables, plate, copper and tin utensils, glass, clothes, bedding, pictures, clocks, watches, snuff-boxes, and every sort of article, even to a mousetrap, were mentioned among the list of things he had carried away on various pretences." One of his stories was, that the duke had purchased for his foster-parents a large house in the town of A——, and, under pretence of furnishing the new palace, he carried off nearly the whole of their remaining furniture. All he obtained was dissipated among low companions in the most profligate and ridiculous manner—displaying fireworks, pouring costly wines into the ponds, moistening the wheels of

his carriage with eau de Cologne, making presents, and throwing expensive viands from the windows to be scrambled for. Of a toyman, named Stang, he purchased trinkets in one year to the amount of 6700 florins; and when the toyman, doubtful of the correctness of his proceedings, inquired of the baroness, she assured him that he would soon "have more money than he could possibly spend," and said she rejoiced that he had chosen so respectable an associate as the toyman instead of his former companions. The profligate conduct of young Thalreuter soon attracted the attention of the police, and at length they found a case for their interference. A creditor of the name of Block having applied to him for his debt, Thalreuter took a cheque from his pocket, which he said was drawn in his favour by Dr. Schroll for 450 florins, and which he was about to get cashed. Block immediately applied to Dr. Schroll, who denied any knowledge of such a cheque, at once informed the police of the affair, and demanded an investigation. The judicial proceedings we give at length from Lady Duff Gordon's translation.

"In consequence of this accusation upon oath a search-warrant was issued and Thalreuter arrested on the 11th January. Early next morning Baroness von Stromwalter hastened to the court and begged that her foster-son might speedily be set free. "It was indeed true," said she, "that he had robbed her at various times of sums amounting to not less than 700 florins, but that she had forgiven him this offence long ago, and did not wish him to be called to account for it." She at the same time declared herself ready and willing to be answerable to the whole extent of her property for any injury he might have done to a third party. She said that she had already paid 700 florins for him, and offered, without hesitation, to pay all his fresh debts, which might amount to a few hundred florins more, and then all that had happened might be as though it had never occurred. But the astonishing confessions which Thalreuter made at his first examination soon induced the Baron and Baroness to alter their tone, and to represent themselves as unfortunate victims, who had slept securely on the brink of a precipice and were only awakened by their fall. They now declared that they had always believed their foster-child to be the son and heir of the reigning Duke of B——, but that now he had himself con-

fessed that he, whom they had treated like their own son, had deceived them in the most shameful manner, and had cheated and plundered them of all their possessions, and even of their good name, and reduced them to absolute beggary; that they accordingly renounced all their parental duties towards him, and left him to justice and his well-merited fate. In spite of this declaration, hopes from time to time revived in them that this manifest reality might after all be only an illusion, and that the Duke might at last appear as a *Deus ex machina* to release his darling son from duration vile, and them from want and misery.

"Thalreuter confessed with the utmost frankness, but without the slightest remorse, or compassion for his poor old foster-parents, not only the forgery of the draft upon Dr. Schroll, but also of an order upon a bank for 445 florins, which, however, he said, was not intended to be presented. He likewise recounted the long series of deceits and thefts which he had practised upon his foster-parents; but it was impossible, accurate as Thalreuter's memory was, to ascertain the precise amount of that which he had robbed from them, as he very naturally had kept no accounts. The old Baron von Stromwalter could give no information whatever with regard to the state of his own affairs, and referred everything to the superior knowledge of his wife, and she, who had blindly committed everything to the hands of her James, had nothing to trust to but the vague and general impressions on her own weak memory. Thus much, however, is certain, that during little more than one year Thalreuter, by various dishonest means, got from them between 6000 and 8000 florins.

"Such a varied and ingenious tissue of falsehoods, such a complication of deceits so long and so successfully practised by a boy of fifteen upon two old people of rank and education, seemed impossible without advisers and accomplices [we do not see the impossibility, however]; and accordingly Thalreuter, with the same apparent frankness with which he had confessed his own crimes, now met the questions of the judge [which we do not see the propriety of putting; they were evidently leading questions] by the assertion that Stang, the toyman, had persuaded him to the forgery of all the false documents, that he had dictated the false bank order and fabricated the royal seal upon it, and that he had devised the scheme for cheating his foster-parents and had assisted in the execution of it. That among other things Stang had once appeared at

Baron von Stromwalter's dressed in a brilliant uniform and covered with orders, and had given himself out as an envoy from Thalreuter's pretended father. He added that a considerable part of the money thus obtained had been employed by Stang in increasing his business and enlarging his shop, and also that many of the things stolen from his foster-parents had fallen to the share of Stang; and, not content with these accusations, he charged Stang with being a cheat and a forger by trade, with carrying on a regular fabrication of forged drafts, lottery tickets, exchequer bills, and tontine scrip, and with selling plated articles stamped with the mark of real silver. All these charges were supported by detailed statements of specific facts. Thus, for instance, he enumerated a long list of bills forged by Stang, specifying the persons by whom they purported to be drawn, the houses on which they were drawn, the persons who accepted them, and the time when the bills were negotiable, accompanying his statements with so many minute circumstances, that it would have been easier to doubt the light of the sun at noonday than the truth of his assertions. At every fresh examination these charges were strengthened by new disclosures or new accusations, which, according to Thalreuter, recurred by degrees to his memory. Among other things Thalreuter even asserted that, in order to open a fresh supply to the failing resources of the Von Stromwalters, Stang had proposed to poison Baroness von Stromwalter's rich brother, and that he had prepared the poison, which he kept in a bottle in a place which Thalreuter described.

"Stang, a married man, and the father of a family, was not exactly the sort of person whom one would suspect of such actions. He maintained himself, to all appearance honestly, by his business, which he had greatly extended by his activity, cleverness, and economy, and which was quite sufficient to support himself and his family respectably. But previous to the establishment of his toy-shop, which had happened within a few years, his life had not been altogether free from suspicion. He was originally a tailor, and then entered the service of a merchant, who discharged him in a short time, and gave him but a doubtful character. He then wandered about the country as a conjuror. It was notorious that Thalreuter and Stang were continually together, and that the latter took part in all Thalreuter's dissipations, and also that he lorded it in the Stromwalters' house. Moreover it appeared impossible for a lad of fifteen to have conceived or executed all that has been already re-

lated, without assistance; and Thalreuter's frank confession afforded sufficient ground for presuming that Stang was his accomplice, and for arresting him accordingly.

"Thalreuter's accusations were not, however, confined to Stang; several other persons figured in this story as accomplices in a greater or less degree. Wolositz, a wealthy Jewish merchant, was pointed out by him as the receiver of Stang's bills, knowing them to be forged; and the accusation was supported by a statement of circumstances which gave it every appearance of truth. He likewise named an innkeeper called Brechtal, as one intimately associated in all Stang's criminal secrets, and whose business it was to travel about and pass these forgeries in the disguise of an officer. Thalreuter accused both these men, but more especially Brechtal, of instigating him to rob and cheat his foster-parents, and stated that he had bought for the latter out of the stolen money a horse, a butt of wine, &c.; and that inside of this butt hung a small water-tight barrel, in which Brechtal kept Stang's forged bills. Wolositz and Brechtal were accordingly taken into custody, and four other persons were involved in the same suspicion by Thalreuter's charges.

"In order to obtain proofs of the truth of the various charges, and to secure the articles designated by Thalreuter as belonging to the Stromwalters, the houses of the suspected parties were searched; Stang's house repeatedly, for no sooner was one search ended than Thalreuter prepared some new charge against Stang, which rendered a fresh search necessary. Thalreuter, who was present on these occasions, employed himself in pointing out to the authorities either those things which belonged to his foster-parents or had been bought with their money, or the materials, proofs, and instruments of the various forgeries. Each search led to fresh discoveries on Thalreuter's part, until at length the rooms appropriated to the purpose were crowded with effects of all sorts. In Stang's private dwelling the authorities seized silver spoons, tin and copper utensils, glasses, bottles and jars, napkins and table-covers, bedding, children's toys, and even articles of clothing, such as Stang's boots and trowsers. Out of his shop they took all sorts of objects of the supposed plated material, and other articles of value, watches, lace, buckles, telescopes, eyeglasses, ladies' reticules, rouge-boxes, cosmetics, scented pomatums and soaps. The innkeeper Brechtal fared no better: they took from him his gun and a pair of waterproof boots (for Brechtal was also a shoe-

maker); his horse out of the stable, and all the wine out of his cellar.

"While these domiciliary visits were going on, the gaoler one day discovered, while changing Thalreuter's prison, seventeen florins concealed in his straw mattress. On examination, Thalreuter confessed that he had taken the opportunity of one of these visits at Stang's house, to steal this sum out of his writing-desk. When asked how this was possible, as one of the officers of the court constantly had his eye upon him, he replied that the presence of the officer had not prevented his gaining possession of the money by a sleight of hand which he had learnt from Stang himself.

"When the charges against Stang and others came to be sifted, many of them proved to be utterly false. A lottery ticket found in Stang's possession, and denounced as a forgery, was pronounced at Frankfort to be genuine: several bills which he was accused of having forged and put in circulation were never presented. It was moreover discovered that no such firms existed as those on which some of the other bills were said to have been drawn. When this was represented to Thalreuter on his twelfth examination, he not only retracted a great part of his accusation against Stang, but declared his whole statement about Wolositz and the four others, who were most respectable persons, to be sheer calumny. His motives for making all these false charges were various. One had excited his hatred at a fight, another had abused him; a third had found fault with him behind his back, while a fourth had laughed at his bad riding. Stang and Brechtal did not get out of the scrape quite so easily, but every step in the inquiry was the means of discovering some fresh falsehoods, more especially with respect to Stang. For example, all the articles which Thalreuter had asserted to be plated were found to be real silver: many of the things said to have belonged to Baroness von Stromwalter were not hers, but were proved to have been long in the possession of Stang and his family. The small secret barrel concealed in Brechtal's butt of wine never could be found, and the bottles said to contain poison for Baroness von Stromwalter's rich brother were filled with most innocent scent and hair-oil. Thalreuter, however, retracted only so much of his accusation against Stang as was proved to be false, and although forced to declare one charge after another to be mere inventions, he still persisted through several examinations in accusing his boon companion

of enough to ensure him an imprisonment of several years with hard labour. It was not until his twenty-second examination that he declared all his accusations against Stang to be pure inventions dictated by revenge, adding that he could never forgive Stang for taking advantage of his youthful inexperience, and encouraging him in all his debaucheries and excesses. But these excuses for his false accusations were also false. In his twenty-sixth examination he was compelled to retract even this, and to own that he had no other reason for involving Stang in this criminal prosecution than that Stang had charged him too much for his wares: neither had he any cause for accusing Brechtal, beyond that he had occasionally scored a double reckoning against him.

"Thus it was proved beyond doubt that this young villain not only had no assistance in effecting the ruin of his old foster-parents beyond that of his own wit and the weakness and simplicity of the old people, but that he had also used the criminal court itself as a stage upon which further to display his instinctive talent for stealing and lying.

"Those innocent persons who had been taken into custody upon Thalreuter's accusations were immediately released. Thalreuter, in consideration of his youth, was sentenced, on the 25th September, 1826, to eight years' imprisonment with hard labour, for his forgeries, thefts, and other deceits. He was to receive twenty-five lashes on his entrance into prison as a further punishment, and to have warm food only on every third day. Directions were also given that this young criminal should receive all necessary instruction, and that the greatest attention should be paid to his moral and religious training.

"Fortunately for the community and for himself, Thalreuter did not outlive the term of his imprisonment. He died in 1828, in the Bridewell at Munich."

The innocent persons were released! It is thus that Feuerbach coolly dismisses the case. Innocent persons imprisoned on the random assertions of a notorious liar and vagabond, assertions that the slightest inquiry would have proved to be unfounded, and which the judicial officials must have been nearly as credulous as the baron and baroness to have believed, or so eager in the pursuit of crime as to have altogether overlooked the character of the accuser and the improbability of the offences!

MODERN PROPHETS.

MANY were the echoes caught of old from the far 'To Come ; oracles spoke to the Greeks from the silence of rock and fountain ; stars, to the Chaldeans' gaze, cast their light upon futurity ; and the Seythian shepherd saw the shadows of coming years in the clouds that flitted across the sky of his desert ; but the old prophet voices, haunting grot and grove of the early world, are gone. The earth has outlived the mystery as well as the faith of her childhood. We have left the Grecian Pythoness, the Roman Sibyl, and the Crusader's astrologer, far behind among the débris of the past. The German prophets, the French visionists, and all of the Solomon Eagle school, rest with the swords of the 'Thirty Years' War, the shades of the Huguenots, and the ashes of the Covenant, save when some rag of their time-tattered mantle descends on the shoulders of a Mormon among the slave-markets that illustrate "American Freedom." The future is now indeed our Isis with the still unlifted veil. Yet, even in this age of steam and commerce—the two great allied sovereigns that share our world between them ; amid the flutter of railway scrip, the flourish of pens, both steel and goose-quill ; the rattle of types, and the buzz of growing factories—we have our prophets yet ; ay, reader, and prophetesses too, who deliver their oracles with a good will that rarely waits to be consulted. It may be the very liberality of their wisdom at times makes it undervalued, for even diamonds, when given away, are despised, as the lately discovered mines of Bahia are expected to prove ; but certain it is, that most of our modern prophets share the fate of Cassandra, for they find few believers, though marvellously strong in the faith of their own revealings.

But let us descend to particular description for the benefit of those who may not have met with a specimen of the inspired.

They are found in all ranks of society, from the palace to the hovel, but most frequently in that widely diffused though rather indefinite order known as "The Middle Class." The external appearance of their fleshly tabernacles, however, differs considerably from those of the far-seeing souls of elder time, whose wasted frames, haggard faces, and dishevelled hair proclaimed how fearful a thing it was to draw the curtains of fate. But the Jonahs that warn our modern Ninevehs are, on the contrary, portly, well-dressed, "well-to-do-in-the-world-looking" individuals, rather elderly,—for we never knew either man or woman take to prophesying earlier than thirty ; and, from our own observation and experience, we believe that inspiration seldom becomes habitual till after the fortieth year.

They are, moreover, generally married. Bachelors rarely utter predictions, except they happen to own a considerable sum in the funds, and a proportionate number of nephews and nieces in the neighbourhood ; and old maids never, except in extreme cases, or when "coming scandals cast their tattle before."

But whether in single or double blessedness, it is a fact not to be disputed, that the prophets and prophetesses of our age are invariably in possession of more of the current coin of the realm than the whole of their kindred and acquaintances, to whom they are usually most bounteous of advice, and ready on all occasions—particularly when the least dissent from their opinions is expressed—to inform them what shall befall them in their latter days.

The most notable prophet of our acquaintance—and it has comprehended some originals, including ourselves (peace to their shades who have gone before us, for we begin

to be alone), but the most remarkable in the prophesying line was Samson Heavyside. Samson was or rather had been the principal shopkeeper of Chatterford, a small country-town known to our memory as home, in the years when home was precious as a place of friends and holidays; that stood out in brilliant contrast with the cold and tiresome school. Well, we remember it yet; its broad great streets, where a row would have made an era, and a crowd was never known; its old-fashioned brick houses with their narrow windows, and the girls that looked out at them, are all changed since, except in our dreams; its small sober-looking shops, that seemed to our childhood's fancy rich with a wealth we never found in all the world of men; but above all we remember—Samson Heavyside. Politeness would have termed him a rather stout gentleman, for his circumference considerably exceeded his altitude, which was at the best a something below the middle stature; in youth he had been handsome—at least Mrs. Heavyside said so, and we suppose she ought to know; but the period had passed before our recollection, and to us he appeared with a countenance round and rosy as the full rising moon,—poets, forgive the simile; a globular head bald as that of the seer of old, for Time himself had shaven it; and a pair of small blue eyes filled with an unvarying expression of self-satisfaction, for he had grown rich, and was listened to in Chatterford; and he also possessed such a peculiar knack of closing the said windows of his soul against our external world and all its vanities on occasions of high and solemn prediction, that the act served as a signal to his acquaintances, informing them that prophecy on a great scale was about to commence.

Samson had been in business almost from his boyhood, and seemed one of those destined by nature to “have and to hold,” as the church service hath it; with knowledge just sufficient to carry on trade in the country; habits that were constitutionally regular and steady; and a mind that never strayed beyond the same narrow circle of commonplace ideas. He had scraped and plodded on in the village where he was born, and though gifted with little energy and less enterprise, had contrived to become the Rothschild of Chatterford, while scores of his contemporaries with better abilities and more prosperous beginnings, were still struggling amid the thousand difficulties which beset fathers of large and respectable families.

Fortune had charmed Samson from all such drains on the purse, for he had no family except what was constituted by himself and Mrs. Heavyside—a thrifty but simple-minded dame, remarkable only for her activity in housekeeping, and an immovable trust in the prophetic powers of her husband. They had married prudently, though somewhat late in life, yet with a due consideration of each other's worldly possessions; and after saving and managing together for more than twenty years, during which Samson's ability and readiness for prediction increased with every additional hundred that swelled his credit at the bank, Mr. Heavyside at length made up his mind to retire from business to a large house which he had built—to use his own words—“on purpose for himself,” leaving the now empty shop and long brick edifice which he had formerly occupied to a widowed sister with two sons and as many daughters, who managed to keep up a decent appearance by their united industry, and also afforded matter for their uncle's foretelling wisdom when other subjects were scarce in Chatterford. Often were their fortunes declared, and under various aspects, for Samson had now nothing to do but prophesy.

We know not whether it was the weight of unemployed time or the silence of his home, unbroken by the music of young voices, that made the old man's stay within its walls so brief, for his oracles were generally delivered where most of his hours were spent, wind and weather permitting,—at the open door.

Worthy old Samson Heavyside: he rises still to our imagination most prominent of the things that were in Chatterford. We see him in his old accustomed station one sunny morning, clad, or rather rolled up, in black broadcloth—for he was one of those individuals whose garments seem intended as swaddling-bands for them—casting ominous and wrathful glances over the way at the new and handsome window with which his nephews had commenced shop-keeping in the scene of his early sales; and still less gentle looks at the other extremity of the house, where an advertisement-board proclaimed to all concerned the long list of accomplishments taught in the seminary “for young ladies” just opened by the widow’s two daughters. “A great change that, Mr. Heavyside,” said the apothecary next door, as he stepped out with a warning word to the young apprentice. “Now, that’s what I call improvement.”

Samson answered only by an awful shake of the head, and then, closing his eyes in due form, he proceeded to business.

“Yes, Dr. Smith, no doubt you would call it improvement; but I can tell you that family will be ruined, totally ruined and undone: within the next twelve months a dark deal shutter will cover their nice-trimmed window, and they’ll all be in the debtors’ prison or somewhere worse, and that’s just their deserving. Couldn’t them there foolish young men keep the shop as I had it before them? They’ll never make as much money, I fancy! And as for the girls, what eall had they for a school? Couldn’t they wash, and sew, and darn, as their mother did? though they mightn’t earn much, it would keep them out of harm’s way. There’s no standing the pride of young people, doeter; but mind, I tell you it will get a downeome!” Such were Samson’s responses; and a year passed over the earth with all its ehance and ehange, and left some traces of its footsteps even on that small community.

Samson stood again at his door on another sweet sunny morning, such as our English summer sheds on the quiet villages. But Chatterford was not then quiet; the bells of the old ehurch were ringing a wild and merry peal, and half the town were moving to the sound with a flutter of white ribbons and muslin, for the widow’s eldest daughter was to be married to a young artist, the son of a neighbour, and born to prospects even less brilliant than her own. There had been an early promise between them, which he returned to claim after years of toil in a distant city, where he had won less wealth than reputation, and that day was Mary’s wedding. Samson stood forth, but not to join the bridal proceession, for he remembered that young Burnell’s father made shoes while he sold sugar; therefore he voted the match low, and prophesied against it accordingly.

Out stepped Dr. Smith, again to enjoy the usual gossip, and after him out stepped to the door the young apprentice. Readers, we are above concealing the fact, that apprentice was ourselves; but we had not then assumed the plural, for time had not yet given the royalty of the pen, in which we now rejoice, meagre and circumscribed though it be as that of a German margrave, and put to sad shifts at times to maintain its dignity, espeecially in the “finaneial department.”

But let us not speak of those things, for they, and more than they, were foretold to us a thousand times by the preseience of Samson, though we believed in better; and our first sonnet was already written: it was never printed, execept in our memory, and the subject thereof was Mary. The doctor opened the session by observing “That it was a fine day, and a very fine wedding.” But Samson’s eyes were already closed in prophetic fashion. “Yes, doctor,” said he, “simple people may imagine

so; but I can tell you it is a most unlucky day for my niece, poor thing; she'll never live happy; and before a twelvemonth they'll both be in the workhouse, depend upon it, doctor. I know what's to happen, and that will be a just dispensation of Providence on her for disgracing all her relations by marrying a shoemaker's son; for they are disgraced, though they don't know it, the creatures; and on him, for looking up to my sister's daughter; but they'll all go to ruin, anyway."

The wedding procession had passed, and we might not follow, though our heart went after it; for we felt we were but an apprentice; yet the old grocer's last observation woke the slumbering soul of chivalry within us, as now, in the world's grey and frosty age, it wakes only in the breast of eighteen; and in spite of the power of his bank stock, in spite of the terrors of Doctor Smith, yea, and the fear of our own mother's lecture, we shouted at the top of our voice—and truly that was no small pitch—pointing at the same time to the still well-painted and better-filled window over the way. "Ha, old boy, you prophesied as bad about the shop and the school this time last year, and there they are both yet!"

Doctor Smith stood dumb with astonishment, all the old people within hearing ran to the doors, and Samson opened his eyes on us in mingled wrath and amazement; but the seer of Chatterford had an original mode of interpreting his own predictions. "You young saucebox," cried he, in no very gentle tone, advancing, as if with intent to collar; "didn't I say they would all be ruined, except they amended their ways; and so they did, though it *warn't* much; but they'll all be ruined, anyway, and so will you, you young villain;" and his eyes closed, "Doctor Smith, that boy will be hanged yet." And Samson withdrew into the sanctity of his own four walls, giving the door a prophetic bang behind him, where he edified Mrs. Heavyside with many an awful disclosure regarding the futurity of the whole town, and ourselves in particular, till both deplored in concert the foreseen misfortunes; for though Samson rarely prophesied anything but evil, there was no malice in his composition, and the only subject of lamentation he and his helpmate had (by the bye, an indispensable article to some people) was found in his own predictions, for they never doubted their fulfilment. We will not linger to relate how Doctor Smith expressed his sense of our merits on the occasion, nor recall the animadversions of our mother, prolonged though they were to a rather late hour that evening; but from that day Samson displayed an unusual interest in our destiny, and his versions concerning it generally vacillated between the gallows and the workhouse.

Years passed away. We had gone forth into the world, and tried our strength amid the strife of men; we had mingled with the crowds of cities; we had learned their lessons; alas! for the knowledge of good and evil is strangely blended; and we had gained some steps, short and slippery though they were, in the highway of fortune; but sufficient to give our words a weight and our opinions an importance unknown to apprentice-doings among the magnates of Chatterford; for we had returned a greater if not a better man; but the tracks of time were deep in that quiet corner: many were altered, and some were missed; for the scythe had been there as well as the sand-glass; but as we sauntered up the street in all our travelled glory to re-visit the scene of our early bondage, in the shop of Doctor Smith our ear was caught by a sound of other days:—"Doctor, depend upon it, I know what's to happen; the bush-rangers will rob them, and the kangaroos will eat them, and they'll never get as much as a Christian funeral; but people will go to their own destruction."

And there stood Samson in the old accustomed station, with his eyes fast closed, prophesying to our former instructor against the intended voyage of his young niece

and nephew, who were bound for the far Australia. Their mother was dead, and their elder brother had married. Mary and her husband (we have forgiven the fellow) were growing rich and prosperous, and the solitary brother and sister hoped to better their fortune in the southern "Land of Promise."

Samson had an old man's dislike of emigration, and had been more than usually liberal of his predictions, having already foretold shipwreck and misfortunes of every possible shape by land and sea; for it was only the conclusion of the vision that reached our ear. But pleasant letters came back from that wandering pair—letters full of hope and prosperity—and both married well in the distant colony. It was thought that Samson showed something very like disappointment at the news; but he prophesied on; and as the march of the world's improvement gradually neared the narrow sphere of his observation, matters of more public import found a place in his revelations. A library was established in Chatterford, and he prophesied against that; people nevertheless read, and the books increased in number. A news-room arose, and Samson foretold its doom. But it prospered, and he was at length caught reading the Queen's speech quietly by its fire. But as the old man's thread of life grew thinner, his predictions took a more alarming turn, and his inherent love of the terrible seemed to strengthen; till at length, on the lighting of Chatterford with gas, he was actually known to run from house to house, warning his neighbours against the catastrophe which must follow, and when no one believed his report, Samson stationed himself as usual at his own door, and made a point of calling in every passer-by to give them private instruction from the depths of his boding vision. We know not what decrees of Fate he made known against the steam-engine and power-looms, some of which were now established in the neighbourhood, but many of the rising generation openly avowed that Samson was insane, and the men of his own had lost confidence in his foreknowledge, for some of them had grown as rich as himself. But Mrs. Heavyside's faith was still the same, and in her he found a believing listener when all Chatterford failed him.

When we last saw Samson Heavyside he discoursed no longer touching ourselves and the gallows; nay, he seemed to have forgotten or forgiven our early unbelief; age and disease had laid their withering hand upon him, and he could no longer reach the door at which he delighted to prophesy. His trusting partner had gone down to the grave before him; his ear had failed, and his eye grown dim to our earthly sights and sounds; but a word dropped, we know not how, regarding "the railway" then in progress, chanced to reach him, and the slackening cord once more sent forth a prophetic tone. "It will never do," cried he, in a thin voice cracked by age and anger. "It will ruin the world; I know it will, and all connected with it will be ruined; turned to 'stags' every man of them, depend upon it, for I know what's going to happen."

Poor Samson, peace to his prophetic soul! that was the last prediction he ever uttered, and that railway train sweeps past his very grave; but the number of its 'stags' we never counted, though it may be that many of the old man's visions were as certain as the dreams of our early hope or those of all modern prophets.

THE EYE-WITNESS.

III.—INDIVIDUALITIES OF STATESMEN AND LEGISLATORS.

THE Scotch have a peculiar epithet — “kenspeckle.” They apply it to individuals whose face or features, tallness or shortness, leave a vivid impression. A “kenspeckle” man is one whom, having seen once, you will know ever afterwards. He stands out, in your memory, from the whole herd of the human race. Handsome or ugly, there is something in the conformation of his body, in the twitch of his nose, in the cast of his eye, in the manner of his walking, which irresistibly reminds you of *himself*, and prevents you from confounding him with any other individual.

Certain of our public men are “kenspeckle,” and their forms and features are as familiar to those who have never seen them as to those who have. No country visitant of London, though he came from the farthest north or the remotest west, would be mistaken in detecting in the tall figure, the aquiline nose, the expressive mouth, the *determined* cast of the countenance, the apparition of His Grace Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, conqueror at Waterloo, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty’s forces. Not so markedly, but almost as surely, would be recognised the large bust, the somewhat deficient legs, the “Saxon” look, light-haired and florid, of Sir Robert Peel. Again, as the huge hulk of Mr. O’Connell moves downwards towards the House, every man would say “that’s him!” His individuality, like his voice, is so distinctive, that it would be impossible for any one to mistake him. Very much smaller in size, but as peculiar in look, is LORD JOHN RUSSELL. His smallness creates, at first, an idea of insignificance; but on listening to one of his speeches, those especially in which he enunciates great principles, one feels that though the man may not be an orator, in the larger sense, he has a mind and a soul, and we exclaim with the chorus in Henry the Fifth—

“model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart!”

There are other men *not* so notable, but whose physiognomies are markedly expressive. The “*long head*” of Sir Thomas Wilde, the foremost of our forensic advocates, and who has ploughed his way upwards from an humble to a high position in life; the full-sized bust and intelligent head of Thomas Wakley, Coroner, and representative for Finsbury; the genteel figure, handsome form, and spirited aspect of his colleague, Mr. Thomas Duncombe; the thin pale cast of the countenance of Mr. Richard Cobden, whose head is generally drooped downwards, as if he were perpetually meditating; the unmistakeable race-proclaiming look of Mr. Disraeli; the burly form of the “Railway King,” Mr. Hudson, who talks everything in a strong Yorkshire dialect; the round, sleek, jolly, good-humoured aspect of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, who makes people feel that “godliness is profitable” even for *this* life; the fury of Mr. Ferrand, who roars out everything he has got to say in a voice which would awake the “Seven Sleepers;” the tall form of Mr. Charles Buller, the cleverest man in point of intellect in the existing House of Commons, but who seems almost to have outgrown *himself*, and to have shot beyond powers and capacities of the

highest order ; the brusque manner of Roebuck, whose tongue is a razor of the keenest penetration, but who is recognised as a thoroughly *honest* man ; the dry humour of Mr. Villiers, brother of the Earl of Clarendon, relieving his somewhat "arid" manner ; the hard, dry *fun* of Sir John Tissen Tyrrell, all the more exhilarating, because it has the appearance of dropping unconsciously ; the comfortable look of Mr. Hume ; the emphatic size of Mr. Pattison ; the very good-humoured smile of Mr. Alderman Humphries, once "Lord Mayor of London,"—all these things may be noticed by the habitual visitant of the Legislature, but can hardly be conveyed to those who are "without."

We enter the "House" on an important night. The front opposition benches are crowded. Lord John Russell is sitting beside Lord Palmerston ; the one you can distinguish by his "smallness," the other by his erect attitude and handsome figure. On one side of Lord John Russell sits Sir George Grey, cousin of the present Earl Grey, and who, though he does not often address the House, whenever he does so, gallops like a race-horse, and leaves the impression that he treats his clear, vigorous intellect much as some people do spoiled children—merely to be humoured on occasions. Lower down you may observe Mr. Macaulay—the brilliant essayist, the sparkling poet, and the telling orator—folding his arms, and leaning back on his seat with the air of a pedagogue. That sharp-faced man is Charles Wood, brother-in-law of the present Earl Grey, a pair who, in days now gone by, used to be termed "the Dual party." Mr. Charles Wood is an intelligent and respectable man, but, in speaking, he never knows when to have done. A similar thing may be predicated of Mr. Labouchere, a man whose private and political character is singularly pure, and whose word of honour is safer than many men's bonds. That bustling man is Mr. Benjamin Hawes, member for Lambeth ; he is a clever individual, has a large knowledge of commercial subjects ; and, along with Mr. Tuffnell, acts as "whipper-in" for the Whig party.

Party!—there is no party now ! On both sides of the House men are ranged, as if there still existed "Her Majesty's Opposition" as well as "Her Majesty's Government." It is a great mistake. Whatever may have been the cause—political education, moral progression, individual treachery, or a conglomeration of accidents—the usual ideas of political party are now numbered amongst the things that floated in men's minds "before the Flood." Other and higher notions have come in their stead. The great question now with an honest political man, as well as an honest statesman, is, "How can I best serve my country ?" All idea of opposing a measure because it comes from an opposite side of the House is laughed at—as it ought to be. The old watchwords have now less sense than ever they had ; and the appellations of Tory, Conservative, Whig, Radical, and Chartist, have lost all distinctive power, and can only be applied in immediate relation to the expressed opinions of an individual. So far the country has gained immeasurably ; and though, for a time, we float in a kind of political chaos, the elements will once more subside, and form a new stratum for human thought and human action.

Lord John Russell is one of the most conspicuous *remnants* of the days of party. He was born and educated in a school whose notion was, that all men were disposed politically into the party of movement and the party of resistance. Up till 1828 the idea was a correct one. For although Sir Robert Peel (then Mr. Peel) had begun to amend our Currency and our Criminal Laws, no serious inroad had been made in the "old" Constitution. In 1828 the first assault was made. Lord John Russell carried the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts ; and Sir Robert Peel, then Home

Secretary, somewhat sulkily assented. In 1829 came Catholic Emancipation; after it the Reform Bill; and all the changes which have changed the very spirit of our times.

That Lord John Russell is *not* an orator, every reader of a newspaper is aware. He has not the personal appearance, the imposing attitude, nor the rotund *sesquipedalianism* which tell on an audience. But you cannot listen to him without feeling that a man of mind is speaking. He utters his thoughts in a *sententious* mode; concentrates his opinions into phrases which strike you as being peculiarly appropriate and reflective. There is nothing grand, nothing extraordinary; but all that is spoken is stamped with the character of an intellectual observation of human nature, both in its public and its private aspects. The late Rev. Sydney Smith, in a much-quoted sentence, describes Lord John Russell as having a courage which would dispose him to command the Channel fleet, perform the operation for the stone, or rebuild St. Paul's, should any of these performances lie within the sphere of his imperative duty. Ludicrous as it is, the description is as correct as some of those caricatures which convey a more faithful idea of an individual than the most elaborate portraiture. Lord John Russell is a singularly courageous man; and yet, as a general rule, he may be termed singularly cautious. Proud, cold, reserved, he never commits himself to that species of unscrupulous opposition which has been the disgrace of some living statesmen. Yet he is not inattentive to the arts by which a party is kept together, whether it be by corresponding with the managers of the daily press, or contributing to the periodical review. He speaks more correctly than he writes, of which an example may be observed in an article in the last Number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' on "Grey and Spencer," written, as it is understood, by Lord John Russell. Privately, he is a pure-minded man, with a temperament opposite to licentiousness, and a pride which scorns petty arts. Though fettering himself with party trammels, he has great faith in principles, and sees his way much farther than Sir Robert Peel, to whom he is inferior as a speaker, but superior as a thinker. It may not be superfluous to add, that Lord John Russell has written a play, a history, essays, and reviews; that he has filled high offices of state with much credit to himself and great utility to the country; that he has been connected with some of the most momentous changes of modern times, from the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts to the remodelling of our Municipal system; and though not, in any extraordinary sense, a very "great" man, the large space which he fills in the public eye is due to the rectitude and consistency of his public conduct and the exemplary purity of his private character.

SHREDS OF THE PAST.

QUACKERY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"In the course of my life I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very

young, nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumption among young people of both sexes. After these the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease: then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments, that neither physicians nor pa-

tients knew well what to make of. And to all these succeeded vapours, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what, and among the Chinese would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians, perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humour such patients in their fancies of being ill, and to prescribe some remedies for fear of losing their practice to others that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases, or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one, and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters either cold or hot upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And it is well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous, if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age. As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble stones, in imitation of falconers curing hawks. One doctor pretended to help all heats and fevers by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time, swallowing a spoonful of powder of sea-biscuit after meals was infallible for all indigestions, and so preventing diseases. Then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusion or powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops of several names and compositions: but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed like a mode, which every one is apt to follow, and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts, and begins to dislike in both those respects when it goes out of fashion."—*Sir William Temple's Miscellanea.*

THE VESSEL OF THE STATE.

"The comparison between a state and a ship has been so illustrated by poets and

orators, that it is hard to find any point wherein they differ; and yet they seem to do it in this, that in great storms and rough seas, if all the men and lading roll to one side, the ship will be in danger of oversetting by their weight; but, on the contrary, in the storms of state, if the body of the people, with the bulk of estates, roll all one way, the nation will be safe. For the rest, the similitude holds, and happens alike to the one and to the other. When a ship goes to sea, bound to a certain port, with a great cargo, and a numerous crew who have a share in the lading as well as safety of the vessel, let the weather and the gale be never so fair, yet if in the course she steers the ship's crew apprehend they see a breach of waters, which they are sure must come from rocks or sands, that will endanger the ship unless the pilot changes his course: if the captain, the master, and pilot, with some other of the officers, tell them they are fools or ignorant, and not fit to advise; that there is no danger, and it belongs to themselves to steer what course they please, or judge to be safe, and that the business of the crew is only to obey: if however the crew persist in their apprehensions of the danger, and the officers of the ship in the pursuit of their course, till the seamen will neither stand to their tackle, hand sails, or suffer the pilot to steer as he pleases, what can become of this ship, but that either the crew must be convinced by the captain and officers of their skill and care, and safety of their course, or these must comply with the common apprehensions and humours of the seamen; or else they must come at last to fall together by the ears, and so throw one another overboard, and leave the ship in the direction of the strongest, and perhaps to perish, in case of hard weather, for want of hands. Just so in a state, divisions of opinion, though upon points of common interest or safety, yet if pursued to the height, and with heat or obstinacy enough on both sides, must end in blows and civil arms, and by their success leave all in the power of the strongest, rather than the wisest or the best intentions; or perhaps expose it to the last calamity of a foreign conquest. But nothing besides the uniting of parties upon one common bottom can save a state in a tempestuous season; and every one, both of the officers and crew, are equally concerned in the safety of the ship, as in their own, since in that alone theirs are certainly involved."—*Ibid.*

ENIGMA VI.



LORD RONALD by the rich torchlight
 Feasted his vassals tall ;
 And he broached my first, that jovial
 knight,
 Within his bannered hall :
 The red stream went from wood to can,
 And then from can to mouth,
 And the deuce a man knew how it ran,
 Nor heeded, north or south :
 "Let the health go wide," Lord Ronald
 cried,
 As he saw the river flow,—
 "One health to - night to the noblest
 Bride,
 And one to the stoutest Foe!"

Lord Ronald kneeled, when the morning
 came,
 Low in his mistress' bower ;
 And she gave him my second, that beau-
 teous dame,
 For a spell in danger's hour :
 Her silver shears were not at hand ;
 And she smiled a playful smile,
 As she cleft it with her lover's brand,
 And grew not pale the while :
 "And ride, and ride," Lord Ronald
 cried,
 As he kissed its silken glow ;—
 "For he that woos the noblest Bride
 Must beard the stoutest Foe!"

Lord Ronald stood, when the day shone
 fair,
 In his garb of glittering mail ;
 And marked how my whole was crum-
 bling there
 With the battle's iron hail :
 The bastion and the battlement
 On many a craven crown,
 Like rocks from some huge mountain
 rent,
 Were tumbling darkly down :
 "Whate'er betide," Lord Ronald cried,
 As he bade his trumpets blow,—
 "I shall win to-night the noblest Bride,
 Or fall by the stoutest Foe!"



LEIGH HUNT'S STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.

Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives of the Writers. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. London, 1846.

THIS is a noble specimen of Literature for the People. It is just such a book as all who have the dissemination of good taste at heart will gladly welcome. At the same time that it endeavours to place within reach of the people some taste of the great poets of Italy, it is no sketchy superficial work written, as the phrase goes, "down to the public." Had Leigh Hunt chosen his audience from the highest and most cultivated intellects of England, he would not have written with more finish, nor have sifted facts with more delicate scruples. The only difference might have been in more liberal citations from dead and foreign languages, which he would not have translated. It is a work for the people in everything but price. We trust its success will soon render a cheap edition remunerating to the publishers. Meanwhile we will give our readers some account of its contents.

The first volume comprises Dante and Pulci; the second, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. The plan is to give a careful biographical notice of the poet, with a criticism upon his works and style, by way of introduction to the specimens.

And these specimens are unlike all specimens hitherto published, in being stories, having a complete interest as such, and giving a real image of the poet's manner. Nothing is more delusive than extracts. Great poets suffer by them; because works of art cannot be judged of piecemeal: small poets gain by them; because their works are piecemeal. Now in the case of Dante, Leigh Hunt has felt that extract would be insufficient; accordingly he has given us in marvellous prose the 'Divine Comedy' as a whole, omitting only "long tedious lectures of scholastic divinity and other learned absurdities of the time," and "compressing the work in other passages not essentially necessary to the formation of a just idea of the author." The result has been a lasting benefit. All persons may now learn a great deal of Dante, and that in an agreeable manner. The translation by Mr. Cary, though a work of considerable merit, has the very serious drawback of not being very readable. He has made Dante walk upon Miltonic stilts. But the style of Milton, like the bow of Ulysses, is too

weighty for other hands. Let us open Leigh Hunt's volume anywhere, and see how Dante's direct, nervous, compact, but simple verses, are rendered into prose.

We have done so. It is no figure of speech when we say that we opened the volume at random, and alighted upon this passage, in which the primitive simplicity of Dante is admirably given :—

“The poet's attention was now drawn off by a noise of lamentation, and he perceived he was approaching the city of Dis. The turrets glowed vermilion with the fire within it, the walls appeared to be of iron, and moats were round about them. The boat circuted the walls till the travellers came to a gate, which Phlegyas, with a loud voice, told them to quit the boat and enter. But a thousand fallen angels crowded over the top of the gate, refusing to open it, and making furious gestures. At length they agreed to let Virgil speak with them inside; and he left Dante for a while standing in terror without. The parley was in vain. They would not let them pass. Virgil, however, bade his companion be of good cheer, and then stood listening and talking to himself, disclosing by his words his expectation of some extraordinary assistance, and at the same time his anxiety for its arrival. On a sudden, three raging figures rose over the gate, coloured with gore. Green hydras twisted about them; and their fierce temples had snakes instead of hair.

“‘Look,’ said Virgil. ‘The furies! The one on the left is Megæra; Aleeto is she that is wailing on the right; and in the middle is Tisiphone.’ Virgil then hushed. The furies stood clawing their breasts, smiting their hands together, and raising such hideous cries, that Dante clung to his friend.

“‘Bring the Gorgon's head!’ cried the furies, looking down; ‘turn him to adamant!’

“‘Turn round,’ said Virgil, ‘and hide thy face; for if thou beholdest the Gorgon, never again wilt thou see the light of day.’ And with these words he seized Dante and turned him round himself, clapping his hands over his companion's eyes.

“And now was heard coming over the water a terrible crashing noise, that made the banks on either side of it tremble. It was like a hurricane, which comes roaring through the vain shelter of the woods, splitting and hurling away the boughs, sweeping along proudly in a huge cloud of dust, and

making herds and herdsmen fly before it. ‘Now stretch your eyesight across the water,’ said Virgil, letting loose his hands;—‘there where the foam is thickest.’ Dante looked, and saw a thousand of the rebel angels, like frogs before a serpent, swept away into a heap before the coming of a single spirit, who flew over the tops of the billows with unwet feet. The spirit frequently pushed the gross air from before his face, as if tired of the base obstacle; and as he came nearer, Dante, who saw it was a messenger from heaven, looked anxiously at Virgil. Virgil motioned him to be silent and bow down.

“The angel, with a face full of scorn, as soon as he arrived at the gate, touched it with a wand that he had in his hand, and it flew open.

“‘Outcasts of heaven,’ said he, ‘despicable race! whence this fantastical arrogance? Do ye forget that your torments are laid on thicker every time ye kick against the fates? Do ye forget how your Cerberus was bound and chained till he lost the hair off his neck like a common dog?’

“So saying, he turned swiftly and departed the way he came, not addressing a word to the travellers. His countenance had suddenly a look of some other business, totally different from the one he had terminated.”

This is wonderful writing; and the whole poem abounds with such passages, and finer.

Dante was one of the greatest poets the world ever saw. He arose at a troubled and eventful time to utter the voice of his epoch, and to utter it in such a marvellous tone, that succeeding generations have listened to it often with idolatrous admiration, always with enthusiasm. Little matters it what errors, theological or moral, the great singer promulgated. Poets are privileged teachers; they enshrine even error in so much beauty that it becomes a sort of truth. We are so charmed with the Syren's voice that we disregard her meaning. Absurdities and dogmas, which in prose would rouse scorn and persecution, are accepted in poetry as “beautiful exceedingly.”

Leigh Hunt has overlooked this. He is so horrified at the opinions occasionally put forth by Dante—he is so disgusted with the poet's fanaticism and intolerance, that he becomes an intolerant critic, and treats the poet as if he were a teacher, not a singer. This has made

him somewhat ungenerous to Dante. Let us hasten to add, however, that he makes strenuous efforts to counterbalance his depreciation of the man by his praises of the poet. The notice of Dante's Life is carefully written; and, in spite of the fault of denigration which runs through it, contains some things that are new and much that is admirable.

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence on the 14th of May, 1265, sixty-three years before the birth of Chaucer. His family came from a Roman stock—the race of Frangipani. Of his parents nothing is known. Nor has the affectionate minuteness of biographers been able to rake up any satisfactory details concerning his infancy and boyhood. The only interesting fact connected with his boyhood is his early love for Beatrice. He was in his ninth year when this romantic attachment began: an attachment which was hereafter to become a byword, and a never-failing illustration of the devotedness of poets and the fickleness of women. Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice are enshrined in poetical tradition. He who dares to reduce such poetry to commonplace by an impertinent inquiry into facts, must expect to sustain the indignation of those who cherish romance in preference to truth. Nevertheless, the historian cannot hesitate. He writes history, not romance; facts are therefore more important to him than fiction. And if he be wise he will console himself with the reflection that, after all, truth is the most romantic, when once we accommodate our vision to it. No popular error has ever been destroyed without introducing in the shape of truth a much more poetical story. And so we think it will be when the real truth is acknowledged respecting Dante and Beatrice. First let us hear Leigh Hunt on this subject, for he has something new to say:—

“It is unpleasant to reduce any portion of a romance to the events of ordinary life; but, with the exception of those who merely copy from one another, there has been such a conspiracy on the part of Dante's biographers to overlook at least one disenchanting conclusion to be drawn to that effect from the poet's own writings, that the probable truth of the matter must here for the first

time be stated. The case, indeed, is clear enough from his own account of it. The natural tendencies of a poetical temperament (oftener evinced in a like manner than the world in general suppose) not only made the boy-poet fall in love, but, in the truly Elysian state of the heart at that innocent and adoring time of life, made him fancy he had discovered a goddess in the object of his love. He disclosed himself, as time advanced, only by his manner—received complacent recognitions in company from the young lady—offended her by seeming to devote himself to another (see the poem in the *Vita Nuova*, beginning ‘Ballata io vo’)—rendered himself the sport of her and her young friends by his adoring timidity (see the fifth and sixth sonnets in the same work)—in short, constituted her a paragon of perfection, and enabled her, by so doing, to show that she was none. He says, that finding himself unexpectedly near her one day in company, he trembled so, and underwent such a change of countenance, that many of the ladies present began to laugh with her about him—‘si gabbavano di me.’ And he adds, in verse,—

‘Con l' altre donne mia vista gabbate
E non pensate, donna, onde si mova
Ch' io vi rassembri sì figura nova,
Quando riguardo la vostra beltate,’ &c.

Son. 5.

(‘You laugh with the other ladies to see how I look [literally, you mock my appearance]; and do not think, lady, what it is that renders me so strange a figure at sight of your beauty.’)

“And in the sonnet that follows he accuses her of preventing pity of him in others, by such ‘killing mockery’ as makes him wish for death (‘la pietà, che l' vostro gabbo recinde,’ &c.).

“Now it is to be admitted that a young lady, if she is not very wise, may laugh at her lover with her companions, and yet return his love, after her fashion; but the fair Portinari laughs, and marries another. Some less melancholy face, some more intelligible courtship, triumphed over the questionable flattery of the poet's gratuitous worship; and the idol of Dante Alighieri became the wife of Messer Simone de' Bardi. Not a word does he say on that mortifying point. It transpired from a clause in her father's will. And yet so bent are the poet's biographers on leaving a romantic doubt on one's mind, whether Beatrice may not have returned his passion, that not only do all of them (as far as I have observed) agree in taking no notice of these sonnets, but the author of the

treatise entitled 'Dante and the Catholic Philosophy of the Thirteenth Century,' 'in spite,' as a critic says, 'of the *Beatrice his daughter, wife of Messer Simone de Bardi*,' of the paternal will,' describes her as dying in 'all the lustre of virginity.' The assumption appears to be thus gloriously stated, as a counterpart to the notoriety of its untruth. It must be acknowledged that Dante himself gave the cue to it by more than silence; for he not only vaunts her acquaintance in the next world, but assumes that she returns his love in that region, as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also. This life-long pertinacity of will is illustrative of his whole career."

This, it must be confessed, is very unlike the traditional story. But how much more true! How dramatic the laughing carelessness of the girl, and the awkward timidity of her lover! This is a glimpse into real passion; the traditional story is a conventional figment.

We have our doubts, however, respecting the justness of Leigh Hunt's conclusions. He seems to deal somewhat harshly with Beatrice, assuming that she was a grown woman when she quizzed and laughed at him. But is this assumption warrantable? The facts are simply these: Dante, as a boy of nine, loved Beatrice as a girl of nine. He says she quizzed him. She married another. But these facts are not immediately *sequent*. We learn one from one source, another from another. As they have an imaginary sequence, the biographer has accepted them as the simple expression of three facts in one uninterrupted story. Let us arrange them somewhat differently, and see if we do not get at a still more probable result. The data being slight, conjecture is naturally empowered to arrange these data as it best thinks fit. We accept, then, the fact of the boy loving the girl, at the tender age of nine. There is nothing uncommon in this. All boys, at all imaginative, fall early in love; and all girls are given to ridiculing their boyish adorers. As long as they were children, this was all pretty innocent, and it might have continued till they grew up into youthhood—say till fifteen or sixteen. But now what proof have we that the intercourse was not broken, that young Dante was not sent away to college, and

subsequently to the army, during which time the children grew into man and woman, and outlived their early loves? Beatrice marries another. Dante seizes the poetical aspect of the affair, and canonizes his early mistress as a saint. Leigh Hunt remarks in a noteworthy passage—

"Weddings that might have taken place, but do not, are like the reigns of deceased heirs-apparent; everything is assumable in their favour, checked only by the histories of husbands and kings. Would the great but splenetic poet have made an angel and a saint of Beatrice had he married her? He never utters the name of the woman whom he did marry."

We would also ask whether Dante, a proud and sensitive man, would have thought Beatrice a saint if she had jilted him; for he could not call that jilting, if, as we assume, their love was only a childish affair which did not extend to their maturity; and all her "mockery" he might pardon as the playfulness of a child, accompanied, as it doubtless was, by the assurance he had that whatever he might have been as a boy, as a man he was an accomplished cavalier, and not at all to be ridiculed.

It appears to us that the foregoing explanation comes nearer probability. It would satisfactorily account for his assumption that Beatrice returned his love in heaven, "as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also;" which would be natural enough if he considered Beatrice only as she appeared to him when he knew her, that is, before her marriage.

Be this as it may, Dante married also—

"Gemma Donati," says our author, "was a kinswoman of the powerful family of that name. It seems not improbable, from some passages in his works, that she was the young lady whom he speaks of as taking pity on him on account of his passion for Beatrice; and in common justice to his feelings as a man and a gentleman it is surely to be concluded that he felt some sort of passion for his bride, if not of a very spiritual sort; and though he afterwards did not scruple to intimate that he was ashamed of it, and Beatrice is made to rebuke him in the other world for thinking of anybody after herself, At any rate, he probably

roused what was excitable in his wife's temper, with provocations from his own; for the nature of the latter is not to be doubted, whereas there is nothing but tradition to show for the bitterness of hers. Foscolo is of opinion that the tradition itself arose simply from a rhetorical flourish of Boccaccio's, in his 'Life of Dante,' against the marriages of men of letters; though Boccaccio himself expressly adds that he knows nothing to the disadvantage of the poet's wife, except that her husband, after quitting Florence, would never either come where she was, or suffer her to come to him, mother as she was by him of so many children;—a statement, it must be confessed, not a little encouraging to the tradition. Be this as it may, Dante married in his twenty-sixth year; wrote an adoring account of his first love (the *Vita Nuova*) in his twenty-eighth; and among the six children which Gemma brought him, had a daughter whom he named Beatrice, in honour, it is understood, of the fair Portinari, which surely was either a very great compliment, or no mean trial to the temper of the mother."

The close of this passage seems to bear out our previous explanation of his love for Beatrice. He surely would not have had the indelicacy to name one of his children after her, unless they were living on terms of friendship from which all thought of love was banished. We do not think it a trial of his wife's temper. It looks like a want of pride—a quality Dante was surely not deficient in. Had he been jilted, so vehement and proud a man would never have named his child after her who jilted him, no more than he would have made a saint of her; he would assuredly have placed her in his *Inferno*, and not in his *Paradise*.

Dante's public life was troubled—

"Italy, in those days, was divided into the parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines; the former the advocates of general church-ascendancy and local government; the latter, of the pretensions of the Emperor of Germany, who claimed to be the Roman Cæsar, and paramount over the Pope. In Florence the Guelphs had for a long time been so triumphant as to keep the Ghibellines in a state of banishment. Dante was born and bred a Guelph: he had twice borne arms for his country against Ghibelline neighbours; and now, at the age of thirty-five, in the ninth of his marriage, and last of his residence with his wife, he was appointed

chief of temporary administrators of affairs, called priors,—functionaries who held office only for two months.

"Unfortunately, at that moment, his party had become subdivided into the factions of the Whites and Blacks, or adherents of two different sides in a dispute that took place in Pistoia. The consequences becoming serious, the Blacks proposed to bring in as mediator the French Prince, Charles of Valois, then in arms for the Pope against the Emperor; but the Whites, of whom Dante was one, were hostile to the measure; and in order to prevent it, he and his brother magistrates expelled for a time the heads of both factions, to the satisfaction of neither. The Whites accused them of secretly leaning to the Ghibellines, and the Blacks of openly favouring the Whites; who being, indeed, allowed to come back before their time, on the alleged ground of the unwholesomeness of their place of exile, which was fatal to Dante's friend Cavalcante, gave a colour to the charge. Dante answered it by saying that he had then quitted office; but he could not show that he had lost his influence. Meantime, Charles was still urged to interfere, and Dante was sent ambassador to the Pope to obtain his disapprobation of the interference; but the Pope (Boniface the Eighth), who had probably discovered that the Whites had ceased to care for anything but their own disputes, and who, at all events, did not like their objection to his representative, beguiled the ambassador and encouraged the French Prince: the Blacks, in consequence, regained their ascendancy; and the luckless poet, during his absence, was denounced as a corrupt administrator of affairs; guilty of peculation; was severely mulcted; banished from Tuscany for two years; and subsequently, for contumaciousness, was sentenced to be burnt alive in case he returned ever. He never did return.

"From that day forth, Dante never beheld again his home or his wife. Her relations obtained possession of power, but no use was made of it except to keep him in exile. He had not accorded with them: and perhaps half the secret of his conjugal discomfort was owing to politics. It is the opinion of some, that the married couple were not sorry to part; others think that the wife remained behind solely to scrape together what property she could, and bring up the children. All that is known is, that the waver lived with him no more.

Dante now certainly did what his enemies had accused him of wishing to do; he joined the old exiles whom he had helped to make such—the party of the Ghibellines

He alleges that he never was really of any party but his own; a naïve confession, probably true in one sense, considering his scorn of other people, his great intellectual superiority, and the large views he had for the whole Italian people. And, indeed, he soon quarrelled in private with the individuals composing his new party, however staunch he apparently remained to their cause. His former associates he had learnt to hate for their differences with him, and for their self-seeking; he hated the Pope for deceiving him; he hated the Pope's French allies for being his allies, and interfering with Florence; and he had come to love the Emperor for being hated by them all, and for holding out (as he fancied) the only chance of reuniting Italy to their confusion, and making her the restorer of himself and the mistress of the world.

"With these feelings in his heart, no money in his purse, and no place in which to lay his head, except such as chance-patrons afforded him, he now began to wander over Italy like some lonely lion of a man, 'grudging in his great disdain.' At one moment he was conspiring and hoping; at another despairing and endeavouring to conciliate his beautiful Florence: now again catching hope from some new movement of the Emperor's; and then, not very handsomely threatening and re-abusing her; but always pondering and grieving, or trying to appease his thoughts with some composition, chiefly of his great work. It is conjectured that whenever anything particularly affected him, whether with joy or sorrow, he put it, hot with the impression, into his 'sacred poem.' Everybody who jarred against his sense of right or his prejudices, to the infernal regions, friend or foe: the strangest people who sided with them (but certainly no personal foe), he exalted to heaven. He encouraged, if not personally assisted, two ineffectual attempts of the Ghibellines against Florence; wrote, besides his great work, a book of mixed prose and poetry on 'Love and Virtue' (the *Convito*, or Banquet); a Latin treatise on Monarchy (*de Monarchia*), recommending the 'divine right' of the Emperor; another in two parts, and in the same language, or the vernacular tongue (*de Vulgari Eloquentia*); and learnt to know, meanwhile, as he affectingly tells us, 'how hard it was to climb other people's stairs, and how salt the taste of bread is that is not our own.' It is even thought not improbable, from one awful passage of his poem, that he may have 'placed himself in some public way,' and 'stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals,'

have stretched out his hand 'for charity'—an image of suffering, which, proud as he was yet considering how great a man, is almost enough to make one's common nature stoop down for pardon at his feet; and yet he should first prostrate himself at the feet of that nature for his outrages on God and man.

"Several of the princes and feudal chieftains of Italy entertained the poet for awhile in their houses; but genius and worldly power, unless for worldly purposes, find it difficult to accord, especially in tempers like his. There must be great wisdom and amiableness on both sides to save them from jealousy of one another's pretensions. Dante was not the man to give and take in such matters on equal terms; and hence he is at one time in a palace, and at another in a solitude. Now he is in Sienna, now in Arezzo, now in Bologna; then probably in Verona with Can Grande's elder brother; then (if we are to believe those who have tracked his steps) in Casentino; then with the Marchese Moriello Malaspina in Lunigiana; then with the great Ghibelline chieftain Faggiuola, in the mountains near Urbino; then in Romagna, in Padua, in Paris (arguing with the churchmen); some say in Germany and at Oxford; then again in Italy; in Lucca (where he is supposed to have relapsed from his fidelity to Beatrice in favour of a certain 'Gentucca'); then again in Verona with the new prince, the famous Can Grande (where his sarcasms appear to have lost him a doubtful hospitality); then in a monastery in the mountains of Umbria; in Udine; in Ravenna; and there at length he put up for the rest of his life with his last and best friend, Guido Novello da Polenta, not the father, but the nephew of the hapless Francescas.

"It was probably in the middle period of his exile, that, in one of the moments of his greatest longing for his native country, he wrote that affecting passage in the '*Convito*,' which was evidently a direct effort at conciliation. Excusing himself for some harshness and obscurity in the style of that work, he exclaims, 'Ah! would it had pleased the Dispenser of all things that this excuse had never been needed; that neither others had done me wrong, nor myself undergone penalty undeservedly—the penalty, I say, of exile and of poverty. For it pleased the citizens of the fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome—Florence—to cast me out of her most sweet bosom, where I was born, and bred, and passed half of the life of man, and in which, with her good leave, I still desire with all my heart to repose my weary spirit,

and finish the days allotted me; and so I have wandered in almost every place to which our language extends, a stranger, almost a beggar, exposing against my will the wounds given me my fortune, too often unjustly imputed to the sufferer's fault. Truly I have been a vessel without sail and without rudder, driven about upon different ports and shores by the dry wind that springs out of dolorous poverty; and hence have I appeared vile in the eyes of many, who, perhaps, by some better report had conceived of me a different impression, and in whose sight not only has my person become thus debased, but an unworthy opinion created of everything which I did, or which I had to do."

In these wanderings the poet was garnering up a store of bitter experience, which he was to pour forth in his great poem. The close of his life was sombre. Failure in a negotiation with the Venetians is supposed to have been the last bitter drop which made the cup of his endurance run over. He returned from Venice to Ravenna, worn out, and there died, after fifteen years' absence from his country, in 1231; aged fifty-seven.

"He was so swarthy, that a woman, as he was going by a door in Verona, is said to have pointed him out to another, with a remark which made the saturnine poet smile. 'That is the man who goes to hell whenever he pleases, and brings back news of the people there.' On which her companion observed, 'Very likely; don't you see what a curly beard he has, and what a dark face? owing, I dare say, to the heat and smoke.'"

Boccaccio, who dearly loved him, tells us that he was so violent, and would get into such passions with the boys in the streets, who plagued him with party-words, that he would throw stones at them. And there is something inexpressibly touching in the following extract, when we consider how the irritable and sensitive nature of the man must have been tried before he could be so humbled:—

"There is a letter, said to be nearly coeval with his time, and to be written by the prior of a monastery to a celebrated Ghibelline leader, a friend of Dante's, which though hitherto accounted apocryphal by most, has such an air of truth, and contains an image of the poet in his exile so exceedingly like what we conceive of the man, that it is dif-

ficult not to believe it genuine, especially as the handwriting has lately been discovered to be that of Boecaccio. At all events, I am sure the reader will not be sorry to have the substance of it. The writer says, that he perceived one day a man coming into the monastery whom none of its inmates knew. He asked him what he wanted; but the stranger saying nothing, and continuing to gaze on the building as though contemplating its architecture, the question was put a second time; upon which, looking round on his interrogators, he answered 'Peace!' The prior, whose curiosity was strongly excited, took the stranger apart, and discovering who he was, showed him all the attention becoming his fame; and then Dante took a little book out of his bosom, and observing that perhaps the prior had not seen it, expressed a wish to leave it with his new friend as a memorial. It was 'a portion,' he said, 'of his work.' The prior received the volume with respect, and politely opening it at once, and fixing his eyes on the contents, in order, it would seem, to show the interest he took in it, appeared suddenly to check some observation which they suggested. Dante found that his reader was surprised at seeing the work written in the vulgar tongue instead of Latin. He explained, that he wished to address himself to readers of all classes; and concluded with requesting the prior to add some notes, with the spirit of which he furnished him, and then forward it (transcribed, I presume, by the monks) to their common friend, the Ghibelline chieftain—a commission which, knowing the prior's intimacy with that personage, appears to have been the main object of his coming to the place.

"This letter has been adduced as an evidence of Dante's poem having transpired during his lifetime; a thing which, in the teeth of Boccaccio's statement to that effect, and, indeed, of the poet's own testimony, Foscolo holds to be so impossible, that he turns the evidence against the letter. He thinks that if such bitter invectives had been circulated, a hundred daggers would have been sheathed in the bosom of the exasperating poet. But I cannot help being of opinion, with some writer whom I am unable at present to call to mind (Schlegel, I think), that the strong critical reaction of modern times in favour of Dante's genius has tended to exaggerate the idea conceived of him in relation to his own. That he was of importance, and bitterly hated in his native city, was a distinction he shared with other partisans who have obtained no celebrity, though his poetry, no doubt, must

have increased the bitterness; that his genius also became more and more felt out of the city by the few individuals capable of estimating a man of letters in those semi-barbarous times, may be regarded as certain; but that busy politicians in general, war-making statesmen, and princes constantly occupied in fighting for their existence with one another, were at all alive either to his merits or his invectives, or would have regarded him as anything but a poor wandering scholar, solacing his foolish interference in the politics of this world with the old clerical threats against his enemies in another, will hardly, I think, be doubted by any one who reflects on the difference between a fame accumulated by ages, and the living poverty that is obliged to seek its bread. A writer on a monkish subject may have acquired fame with monks, and even with a few distinguished persons, and yet have been little known, and less cared for, out of the pale of that very private literary public which was almost exclusively their own. When we read, now-a-days, of the great poet's being so politely received by Can Grande, lord of Verona, and sitting at his princely table, we are apt to fancy that nothing but his great poetry procured him the reception, and that nobody present competed with him in the eyes of his host. But, to say nothing of the different kinds of retainers that could sit at a prince's table in those days, Can, who was more ostentatious than delicate in his munificence, kept a sort of caravansera for clever exiles, whom he distributed into lodgings classified according to their pursuits: and Dante only shared his bounty with the rest, till the more delicate poet could no longer endure either the buffoonery of his companions or the amusement derived from it by the master. On one occasion, his platter is sily heaped with their bones, which provokes him to call them dogs, as having none to show for their own. Another time Can Grande asks him how it is that his companions give more pleasure at court than himself; to which he answers, 'Because like loves like.' He then leaves the court, and his disgusted superiority is no doubt regarded as a pedantic assumption."

We said before, that Leigh Hunt's admiration of Dante the poet is a set-off against his dislike of the man. He has truly felt all Dante's magnificences, and is careful in the course of his analysis of the poem to point out its subtle excellencies. This splendid criticism could only have been written by one deeply

impressed by the beauties of which he speaks:—

"Many, indeed, of the absurdities of Dante's poem are too obvious now-a-days to need remark. Even the composition of the poem, egotistically said to be faultless by such critics as Alfieri, who thought they resembled him, partakes, as everybody's style does, of the faults as well as good qualities of the man. It is nervous, concise, full almost as it can hold, picturesque, mighty, primeval; but it is often obscure, often harsh and forced in its constructions, defective in melody, and wilful and superfluous in the rhyme. Sometimes also, the writer is inconsistent in circumstance (probably from not having corrected the poem); and he is not above being filthy. Even in the episode of Paulo and Francesca, which has so often been pronounced faultless, and which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world, some of these faults are observable, particularly in the obscurity of the passage about *tolta forma*, the cessation of the incessant tempest, and the non-adjuration of the two lovers in the manner that Virgil prescribes.

"But truly it is said, that when Dante is great, nobody surpasses him. I doubt if anybody equals him as to the constant intensity and incessant variety of his pictures; and whatever he paints, he throws, as it were, upon it his own powers; as though an artist should draw figures that started into life and proceeded to action for themselves, frightening their creator. Every motion, word, and look of these creatures becomes full of sensibility and suggestions. The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character, nay, forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighbourhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or where, at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another in the lurid light of torment. In the present volume a story will be found which tells a long tragedy in half a dozen lines. Dante has the minute probabilities of a Defoe in the midst of the loftiest and most generalising poetry; and this feeling of matter-of-fact is impressed by fictions the most improbable, nay, the most ridiculous and revolting. You laugh at the absurdity; you are shocked at the detestable cruelty; yet, for the moment, the thing almost seems as if it must be true. You feel as you do in a dream, and after it; you wake and

laugh, but the absurdity seemed true at the time; and while you laugh you shudder.

"Enough of this crueller part of his genius has been exhibited; but it is seldom you can have the genius without sadness. In the circle of hell, soothsayers walk along weeping, with their faces turned the wrong way, so that their tears fall between their shoulders. The picture is still more dreadful: Warton thinks it ridiculous. But I cannot help feeling with the poet, that it is dreadfully pathetic. It is the last mortifying insult to human pretension. Warton, who has a grudge against Dante, natural to a man of happier piety, thinks him ridiculous also in describing the monster Geryon lying upon the edge of one of the gulfs of hell, 'like a beaver' (canto 17). He is of opinion that the writer only does it to show his knowledge of natural history. But surely the idea of so strange and awful a character (a huge mild-faced man ending in a dragon's body) lying familiarly on the edge of the gulf, as a beaver does by the water, combines the supernatural with the familiar in a very impressive manner. It is this combination of extremes which is the life and soul of the whole poem; you have this world in the next; the same persons, passions, remembrances, intensified by superhuman despairs or beatitudes; the speechless entrancements of bliss, the purgatorial trials of hope and patience; the supports of hate and anger (such as they are) in hell itself; nay, of loving despairs, and a self-pity made unboundedly pathetic by endless suffering. Hence there is no love-story so affecting as that of Paulo and Francesca, thus told and perpetuated in another world; no father's misery so enforced upon us as Ugolino's, who, for hundreds of years, has not grown tired of the revenge to which it wrought him. Dante even puts this weight and continuity of feeling into passages of mere transient emotion or illustration, unconnected with the next world, as in the famous instance of the verse about evening, and many others which the reader will meet with in this volume. Indeed, if pathos and the most impressive simplicity, and graceful beauty of all kinds, and abundant grandeur, can pay (as the reader, I believe, will think it does, even in a prose abstract) for the pangs of moral discord and absurdity inflicted by the perusal of Dante's poem, it may challenge competition with any in point of interest. His Heaven, it is true, though containing both sublime and lovely passages, is not so good as his Earth. The more unearthly he tried to make it, the less heavenly it became. When he is content

with earth in heaven itself,—when he literalises a metaphor, and with exquisite felicity finds himself arrived there in consequence of fixing his eyes on the eyes of Beatrice,—then he is most celestial. But his endeavours to express degrees of beatitude and holiness by varieties of flame and light,—of dancing lights, revolving lights, lights of smiles, of stars, of starry crosses, of didactic letters and sentences, of animal figures made up of stars full of blessed souls, with saints forming an eagle's beak, and David in its eye!—such superhuman attempts become for the most part tricks of theatrical machinery, on which we gaze with little curiosity and no respect.

"His angels, however, are another matter. Belief was prepared for those winged human forms, and they furnished him with some of his most beautiful combinations of the natural with the supernatural. Ginguéné has remarked the singular variety as well as beauty of Dante's angels. Milton's, indeed, are commonplace in the comparison. In the eighth canto of the *Inferno*, the devils insolently refuse the poet and his guide an entrance into the city of Dis: an angel comes sweeping over the Stygian lake to enforce it; the noise of his wings makes the shore tremble, and is like a crashing whirlwind, such as beats down the trees, and sends the peasants and their herds flying before it. The heavenly messenger, after rebuking the devils, touches the portals of the city with his wand; they fly open; and he returns the way he came, without uttering a word to the two companions. His face was that of one occupied with other thoughts. This angel is announced by a tempest. Another, who brings the souls of the departed to Purgatory, is first discovered at a distance, gradually disclosing white splendours, which are his wings and garments. He comes in a boat, of which his wings are the sails; and as he approaches, it is impossible to look him in the face for its brightness. Two other angels have green wings and green garments, and the drapery is kept in motion, like a flag, by the vehement action of the wings. A fifth has a face like the morning star, casting forth quivering beams. A sixth is of a lustre so oppressive, that the poet feels a weight on his eyes, before he knows what is coming. Another's presence affects the senses like the fragrance of a May morning; and another is in garments dark as cinders, but has a sword in his hand too sparkling to be gazed at. Dante's occasional pictures of the beauties of external nature are worthy of these angelic creations, and to the last degree fresh and lovely.

You long to bathe your eyes, smarting with the fumes of hell, in his dew. You gaze enchanted on his green fields and his celestial blue skies, the more so from the pain and sorrow in the midst of which the visions are created.

Dante's grandeur of every kind is proportionate to that of his angels, almost to his ferocity, and that is saying everything. It is not always the spiritual grandeur of Milton, the subjection of the material impression to the moral; but it is equally such when he chooses, and far more abundant. His infernal precipices—his black whirlwinds—his innumerable cries and clasping of hands—his very odours of huge loathsomeness—his giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits, like towers, and causing earthquakes when they move—his earthquake of the mountain in purgatory, when a spirit is set free from heaven—his dignified Mantuan Sordello, silently regarding him and his guide as they go by, 'like a lion on his watch'—his blasphemer, Capaneus, lying in unconquered rage and sullenness under an eternal reign of flakes of fire (human precursor of Milton's Satan)—his aspect of paradise, 'as if the universe had smiled'—his inhabitants of the whole planet Saturn crying out so loud, in accordance with the anti-papal indignation of Saint Pietro Damiano, that the poet, though among them, could not hear what they said—and the blushing eclipse, like red clouds at sunset, which takes place at the apostle Peter's denunciation of the sanguinary filth of the court of Rome—all these sublimities, and many more, make us not know whether to be more astonished at the greatness of the poet or the raging littleness of the man. Grievous is it to be forced to bring two such opposites together; and I wish, for the honour and glory of poetry, I did not feel compelled to do so. But the swarthy Florentine had not the healthy temperament of his brethren, and he fell upon evil times. Compared with Homer and Shakespeare, his very intensity seems only superior to theirs from an excess of the morbid; and he is inferior to both in other sovereign qualities of poetry—to the one, in giving you the healthiest general impression of nature itself—to Shakespeare, in boundless universality—to most great poets, in thorough harmony and delightfulness. He wanted (generally speaking) the music of a happy and a happy-making disposition. Homer, from his large vital bosom, breathes like a broad fresh air over the world, amidst alternate storm and sunshine, making you aware that there is rough work to be faced, but also activity and

beauty to be enjoyed. The feeling of health and strength is predominant. Life laughs at death itself, or meets it with a noble confidence—is not taught to dread it as a malignant goblin. Shakespeare has all the smiles as well as tears of Nature, and discerns the 'soul of goodness in things evil.' He is comedy as well as tragedy—the entire man in all his qualities, moods, and experiences; and he beautifies all. And both those truly divine poets make Nature their subject through her own inspiring medium—not through the darkened glass of one man's spleen and resentment. Dante, in constituting himself the hero of his poem, not only renders her, in the general impression, as dreary as himself, in spite of the occasional pictures he draws of her, but narrows her very immensity into his pettiness. He fancied, alas! that he could build her universe over again out of the politics of old Rome and the divinity of the schools."

Dante is so great a subject that we have been wiled away with him, and left ourselves but little space to speak of the others. He forms, however, every way the most important portion of the work. The other poets have been treated with equal skill, but not at equal length; only stories are selected from their poems; with Dante the whole poem is given. The other portions of the book will, however, be found the most generally agreeable; they have been executed with peculiar gusto. Pulei's gaiety and pathos are well appreciated by the author, and the Battle of Roncesvalles is one of the most chivalrous and affecting tales that can be read, and of this we give a part as a specimen of the style:—

"Marsilius has now made his first movement towards the destruction of Orlando, by sending before him his vassal-king Blanchardin with his presents of wine and other luxuries. The temperate but courteous hero took them in good part, and distributed them as the traitor wished; and then Blanchardin, on pretence of going forward to salute Charlemagne at St. John Pied de Port, returned and put himself at the head of the second army, which was the post assigned him by his liege lord. The device on his flag was an 'Apollo' on a field azure. King Falseron, whose son Orlando had slain in battle, headed the first army, the device of which was a black figure of the devil Belphegor on a dapple-grey field. The

third army was under King Balugante, and had for ensign a Mahomet with golden wings in a field of red. Marsilius made a speech to them at night, in which he confessed his ill faith, but defended it on the ground of Charles's hatred of their religion, and of the example of 'Judith and Holofernes.' He said that he had not come there to pay tribute, and sell his countrymen for slaves, but to make all Christendom pay tribute to them as conquerors; and he concluded by recommending to their good-will the son of his friend Gan, whom they would know by the vest he had sent him, and who was the only soul among the Christians they were to spare.

This son of Gan meantime and several of the Paladins who were disgusted with Charles's credulity, and anxious at all events to be with Orlando, had joined the hero in the fated valley; so that the little Christian host, considering the tremendous valour of their lord and his friends, and the comparative inefficiency of that of the infidels, were at any rate not to be sold for nothing. Rinaldo, alas! the second thunderbolt of Christendom, was destined not to be there in time to save their lives. He could only avenge the dreadful tragedy, and prevent still worse consequences to the whole Christian court and empire. The Paladins had in vain begged Orlando to be on his guard against treachery, and send for a more numerous body of men. The great heart of the Champion of the Faith was unwilling to think the worst as long as he could help it. He refused to summon aid that might be superfluous; neither would he do anything but what his liege lord had desired. And yet he could not wholly repress a misgiving. A shadow had fallen on his heart, great and cheerful as it was. The anticipations of his friends disturbed him in spite of the face with which he met them. I am not sure that he did not, by a certain instinctive foresight, expect death itself; but he felt bound not to encourage the impression. Besides, the time pressed; the moment of the looked-for tribute was at hand; and little combinations of circumstances determine often the greatest events.

"King Blanchardin had brought Orlando's people a luxurious supper; King Marsilius was to arrive next day with the tribute, and Uliviero accordingly, with the morning sun, rode forth to reconnoitre, and see if he could discover the peaceful pomp of the Spanish court in the distance. Guottibuoffi was with him, a warrior who had expected the very worst, and repeatedly implored Orlando to believe it possible.

"O Guottibuoffi!" exclaimed he, 'behold

thy prophecies come true! behold the last day of the glory of Charles! Everywhere I see the arms of the traitors around us. I feel Paris tremble all the way through France, to the ground beneath my feet. O Malgigi, too much in the right wert thou! O devil Gan, this then is the consummation of thy good offices!'

"Uliviero put spurs to his horse, and galloped back down the mountain to Orlando.

"Well," cried the hero, 'what news?'

"Bad news," said his cousin; 'such as you would not hear of yesterday. Marsilius is here in arms, and all the world has come with him.'

"The Paladins pressed round Orlando and entreated him to sound his horn, in token that he needed help. His only answer was, to mount his horse, and ride up the mountain with Sansonetto.

"As soon, however, as he cast forth his eyes and beheld what was round about him, he turned in sorrow, and looked down into Roneesvalles, and said, 'O valley, miserable indeed! the blood that is shed in thee this day will colour thy name for ever.'

"Many of the Paladins had ridden after him, and they again pressed him to sound his horn, if only in pity to his own people. He said, 'If Cæsar and Alexander were here, Scipio and Hannibal, and Nebuchadnezzar with all his flags, and Death stared me in the face with his knife in his hand, never would I sound my horn for the baseness of fear.'

"Orlando's little camp were furious against the Saracens. They armed themselves with the greatest impatience. There was nothing but lacing of helmets and mounting of horses; and good Archbishop Turpin went from rank to rank, exhorting and encouraging the warriors of Christ. Accoutrements and habiliments were put on the wrong way; words and deeds mixed in confusion; men running against one another out of very absorption in themselves; all the place full of cries of 'Arm! arm! the enemy!' and the trumpets elanged over all against the mountain-echoes.

"Orlando and his captains withdrew for a moment to consultation. He fairly groaned for sorrow, and at first had not a word to say; so wretched he felt at having brought his people to die in Roscesvalles.

"Uliviero spoke first. He could not resist the opportunity of comforting himself a little in his despair, with referring to his unheeded advice.

"You see, cousin," said he, 'what has come at last. Would to God you had attended to what I said; to what Malgigi

said; to what we all said! I told you Marsilius was nothing but an anointed scoundrel. Yet, forsooth, he was to bring us tribute! and Charles is this moment expecting his mummeries in St. John Pied de Port! Did ever anybody believe a word that Gan said, but Charles? And now you see this rotten fruit has come to a head;—this medlar has got its crown.’ ”

We have not room for the description of the battle, nor for the supernatural interpositions which follow; but we must give the death of Orlando, and the wonderful effects of his “dread horn,” which has been so repeatedly made use of by subsequent poets.

“ ‘O, my lord and master, Orlando,’ cried the other (Uliviero), ‘I ask your pardon if I have struck you. I can see nothing—I am dying. The traitor Aracliffe has stabbed me in the back; but I killed him for it. If you love me, lead my horse into the thick of them, so that I may not die unavenged.’ ”

“ ‘I shall die myself before long,’ said Orlando, ‘out of very toil and grief; so we will go together. I have lost all hope, all pride, all wish to live any longer; but not my love for Uliviero. Come, let us give them a few blows yet; let them see what you can do with your dying hands. One faith, one death, one only wish be ours.’ ”

“ Orlando led his cousin’s horse where the press was thickest, and dreadful was the strength of the dying man and of his half-dying companion. They made a street, through which they passed out of the battle; and Orlando led his cousin away to his tent, and said, ‘Wait a little till I return, for I will go and sound the horn on the hill yonder.’ ”

“ ‘ ’Tis of no use,’ said Uliviero; ‘and my spirit is fast going, and desires to be with its Lord and Saviour.’ He would have said more, but his words came from him imperfectly, like those of a man in a dream; only his cousin gathered that he meant to commend to him his sister, Orlando’s wife, Alda the fair, of whom, indeed, the great Paladin had not thought so much in this world as he might have done. And with these imperfect words he expired.

“ But Orlando no sooner saw him dead, than he felt as if he was left alone on the earth; and he was quite willing to leave it, only he wished that Charles at St. John Pied de Port should hear how the case stood, before he went; and so he took up the horn, and blew it three times with such force that the blood burst out of his nose and mouth.

Turpin says, that at the third blast the horn broke in two.

In spite of all the noise of the battle, the sound of the horn broke over it like a voice of the other world. They say that birds fell dead at it, and that the whole Saracen army drew back in terror. But fearfuller still was its effect at St. John Pied de Port. Charlemagne was sitting in the midst of his court when the sound reached him; and Gan was there. The Emperor was the first to hear it.

“ ‘Do you hear that?’ said he to his nobles. ‘Did you hear the horn as I heard it?’ ”

“ Upon this they all listened; and Gan felt his heart misgive him.

“ The horn sounded the second time.

“ ‘What is the meaning of this?’ said Charles.

“ ‘Orlando is hunting,’ observed Gan, ‘and the stag is killed. He is at the old pastime that he was so fond of in Aspramonte.’ ”

“ But when the horn sounded yet a third time, and the blast was one of so dreadful a vehemence, everybody looked at the other, and then they all looked at Gan in fury. Charles rose from his seat. ‘This is no hunting of the stag,’ said he. ‘The sound goes to my very heart, and, I confess, makes me tremble. I am awakened out of a great dream. O Gan! O Gan! not for thee do I blush, but for myself, and for nobody else. O my God, what is to be done! But whatever is to be done, must be done quickly. Take this villain, gentleman, and keep him in hard prison. O foul and monstrous villain! Would to God I had not lived to see this day! O obstinate and enormous folly! O Malgigi, had I but believed thy foresight! ’Tis thou wert the wise man, and I the grey-headed fool.’ ”

“ Ogier the Dane, and Namor and others, in the bitterness of their grief and anger, could not help reminding the Emperor of all which they had foretold. But it was no time for words. They put the traitor into prison; and then Charles, with all his court, took his way to Roncesvalles, grieving and praying.

“ It was afternoon when the horn sounded, and half an hour after it when the Emperor set out; and meantime Orlando had returned to the fight that he might do his duty, however hopeless, as long as he could sit his horse, and the Paladins were now reduced to four; and though the Saracens suffered themselves to be mowed down like grass by them and their little band, he found his end approaching for toil and fever, and so at length he withdrew out of the fight,

and rode all alone to a fountain which he knew of, where he had before quenched his thirst.

"His horse was wearier still than he, and no sooner had its master alighted, than the beast, kneeling down as if to take leave, and to say, 'I have brought you to your place of rest,' fell dead at his feet. Orlando cast water on him from the fountain, not wishing to believe him dead; but when he found it to no purpose, he grieved for him as if he had been a human being, and addressed him by name, in tears, and asked forgiveness if ever he had done him wrong. They say that the horse at these words once more opened his eyes a little, and looked kindly at his master, and so stirred never more.

"They say also that Orlando then, sum-

moning all his strength, smote a rock near him with his beautiful sword Durlindana, thinking to shiver the steel in pieces, and so prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; but though the rock split like a slate, and a deep fissure remained ever after to astonish the eyes of pilgrims—the sword remained unhurt."

Ariosto is an especial favourite with Leigh Hunt, and on him is lavished all the critic's tenderness and skill. Tasso is less a favourite, and deservedly; but very great pains have been taken with his biography, where many things are set in a new light. Had we space we should draw largely on it.

DEFECTIVE MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

On the Demoralization and Injuries occasioned by the Want of Proper Regulations of Labourers engaged in the Construction and Working of Railways.

THE arrangements for the conveyance of passengers by one of the great railway lines will be admired by all travellers as a matter of administrative intelligence. From his arrival at the station, to the end of his journey, science, foresight, and order are made to contribute to his safety, ease, and comfort. Every man in the service of the railway, the porters at the well-built and often elegant stations, the policeman who makes his signal that all is safe as the train rushes past him with thundering haste,—all show that improved machinery demands that those who are in any way connected with it should possess more intelligence than is essential to the superintendence of rude and unskilled animal force. There is no doubt that

"The labourers employed on the railroads, who have superseded the classes of stable-boys, post-boys, and common coachmen, are a superior class of men, better paid, better trained, better dressed (after the example of the best force in the public service, the metropolitan police), better housed, and superintended by officers of better education than have heretofore been engaged in the service of the conveyance either of persons or goods."

The London and Birmingham Railway Company have built dwellings of a superior description for their workpeople at Wolverton, and have provided schools for their children, besides adopting many other plans which conduce to their welfare and comfort.

If we turn from this picture of a railway in operation, to one in the course of construction, we see the same vigour, energy, and activity at work, but the moral aspects which are presented are most remarkably different. This fact is probably unsuspected by most persons; but it could not well be otherwise under the present mode in which capital and labour are brought together in the construction of railways. This is explained as follows by Mr. Rawlinson, civil engineer:—

"Heavy contracts are frequently required by the directors to be completed in one or two years, to do which requires the combined labour of one or two thousand men. The district in which the work is to be performed is rural, thinly peopled, with probably not healthful accommodation for the poor inhabitants already resident there; yet into this district is this numerous body of strange men tempted, by high wages, to pass

* From Papers read before the Statistical Society of Manchester: by John Roberton, Esq., Surgeon, President of the Society; R. Rawlinson, Esq., Civil Engineer; and Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

one, two, or three years, in a dangerous and life-wearing occupation, each man being left to lodge or live as best he may. The poor inhabitants are tempted by money to lodge as many as they can crowd into their poor, old, and badly ventilated houses. The work being carried on night and day, the beds are let double; cleanliness is not attended to; house comfort, which ought to be so sacred to Englishmen, cannot be known; a separation of the sexes is not attended to, and so the morals of the female population are hopelessly corrupted, and the characters of the males are brutalised. No part of the world can show a more degraded, beastly association of human beings than communities of men and women so situated: civilised language will not allow of its description. Bad as is the accommodation, many of the men have to travel five miles and upwards to and from their work, and, consequently, their clothing is often wetted through, which, combined with the lodgings as described, produces disease to a most destructive extent."

On the wild moor where the Summit Tunnel on the Sheffield and Manchester Railway was opened, and which was above six years in progress, the number of labourers employed sometimes amounted to fifteen hundred; and there were besides women and children. The men built huts for themselves, which are thus described:—

"They are mostly of stones without mortar, the roof of thatch or of flags, erected by the men for their own temporary use, one workman building a hut in which he lives with his family, and lodges also a number of his fellow-workmen. In some instances as many as fourteen or fifteen men, we were told, lodged in the same hut; and this at best containing two apartments, an outer and an inner, the former alone having a fireplace. Many of the huts were filthy dens, while some were whitewashed and more cleanly; the difference, no doubt, depending on the turn and character of the inmates. In stormy weather, and in winter, this must be a most dreary situation to live in, even were the dwellings well-built and comfortable. At No. 1 shaft a workman told me that he has cut a road through the snow, from the door of his hut, four yards deep."

"The 'navigators,' so called from their having been employed in cutting canals and in forming drains in the fen countries,

are principally from Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire.

"The genuine 'navey' is an open-hearted, hard-working man, careful in his work how he exposes himself to unnecessary danger, and is generally civil to all persons placed over him. The worst men are the agricultural labourers of the district in which the work may be situated. These men have generally been poachers and bad characters before they take up with railway-work; and, obtaining more money from contractors than they ever earned before, they give loose to all their bad passions, and thus bring disgrace upon the whole body of men; but the true 'navey' does not associate with them in his work, though all are mixed up in the beer-shop and its attendant vice."

It was not an easy matter to provide food in this unfrequented spot for so large a number of persons. An inordinate price was paid for every article which the poor people consumed; 8*d.* per lb. for the worst sample of raw sugar, instead of 5*d.*; 1*s.* 2*d.* for potatoes, which were only 8*d.* at Manchester; 1*s.* 1*d.* for bad salt butter; and for other provisions at a proportionably high rate. Wages were paid once in nine weeks, and this of itself, under otherwise favourable circumstances, is a fruitful cause of demoralization. For religious instruction or for visitation of the sick no provision was made by those who had an interest in the works. Mr. Robertson mentions an affecting case of a fine powerful man who had his spine fractured beyond the hope of recovery, who again and again begged for religious counsel, and that the Scriptures might be read to him, but in vain, and he expired in a few days without having received the consolation which he so earnestly craved.

The construction of the railway goes on by night as well as by day, in foul weather as in fair, and even the Sabbath is not always respected. Great is the discomfort and misery of the workmen. The contract has perhaps been taken at 50,000*l.* by some capitalist, and immediately let to a working contractor for 10,000*l.* less; and in some cases there are two or three middlemen, until the work is at last undertaken by men not themselves much above the condition of the labourers they employ, and who will

lose on the contract, but will make several thousand pounds by the truck of beer and inferior provisions to the workmen. "Here the interests of the contractors in the sale of beer were greater than in the good execution of the work, and men under their arrangements were often at work in a state of intoxication." Hence the frequency of accidents, constant quarrelling and fighting, and a complete state of demoralization. Many of the accidents in the Sheffield and Manchester tunnel were caused by the men going to their work in a state of intoxication, and others by ignorance and recklessness. In the course of the work above thirty-two persons lost their lives.

"The extra labourers available for such undertakings—the loose men unattached to any place of work—could not be expected to be of the best description of labourers; but, from the absence of proper regulations, the good have been deteriorated, the indifferent characters made positively bad, and the bad worse; and when children have been living amidst these assemblages, they too have been depraved by communication with them, by the neglect of their education, and by the total absence of moral training and religious observances. * * * The labourer has been detached from the habits and influences of his home and his village, and set to work amongst promiscuous assemblages of men attracted from all parts, has received double his ordinary amount of wages, and has been surrounded by direct inducements to spend them in drink and debauchery. If he were a married man, little or none of his earnings have been returned to his wife and family, who in his absence have commonly obtained parochial relief on the ground either of 'desertion by the husband,' or of his 'absence in search of work.' Whether he were married or single, the whole of the excess of money earned beyond his ordinary rate of wages has been expended, under the inducements to which he has been subjected; and at the completion of the works he has been discharged penniless, and has returned discontented, reckless, deteriorated in bodily and mental condition, or he has, with others of the same class, entered the ranks of the dangerous swarms of able-bodied mendicant vagrants and depredators, of whom the committals within the last few years have been so largely increased."

Mr. Robertson emphatically raises a warning voice against the effects of this system.

"Let only the existing manner of employing labour and dealing with the labourers, in railway construction, continue for a few years longer, and we shall have the entire country, from Cornwall to the Orkneys, swarming with tens of thousands of debased men, and, I will add, women and children as destitute of the elements of religious and moral knowledge, or of a sense of duty and propriety, as hordes of Indian savages; and where is he who will then be bold enough to devise, or, if devised, to apply the remedy? Even now the evils are wide spread."

Mr. Chadwick's remarks are chiefly directed to the principles of legislation and jurisprudence applicable to the public protection by prevention of fatal accidents and the better regulation of labourers engaged in dangerous works. He shows that reckless and ignorant labour is dear labour, and that individual responsibility is the proper remedy to be applied to counteract the selfishness of personal interest. The loss of life and limb, and the consequences of allowing a population to be collected together without providing for their comfort and their moral and religious welfare, fall at present on the community at large. Mr. Chadwick would make it incumbent on those who are empowered by the legislature to construct public works to provide such arrangements as would render the dispensing of their capital a benefit to all concerned. The absence of individual responsibility which makes men careless as to the consequences resulting from the employment of reckless, profligate, and ignorant labourers, has an important and extensive social and moral influence.

"It operates directly in diminution of the value of discreet and trustworthy labour, in diminution of the demand for training and education, and serves as a charter for ignorance and recklessness."

Mr. Chadwick suggests various regulations which would correct in a great measure the evils detailed in this pamphlet, and the principal practical remedies which he recommends are glanced at in the following recapitulation:—

"Had the directors of the work described by Mr. Robertson (the Summit Tunnel on the Sheffield and Manchester Railway), or through them the sub-contractors, been responsible for all the pecuniary consequences of the loss of life or limb incurred in their

service, in all probability the accidents would have been reduced in number as low as the rate of loss experienced in the prosecution of the more difficult mining-works of Cornwall. This simple measure of full pecuniary responsibility (like the simple condition of the contract for the shipment of emigrants and convicts, that payments should be made only on the numbers landed alive) would have necessitated a better supervision, more able foremen, and to some extent, perhaps, a better selection of labourers, and have influenced beneficially the whole of the daily order and mode of living, as well as working, to an extent for which it would have been difficult to provide by *à priori* regulations. If it had been required that proper accommodation in respect to dwellings should be provided for the assembled workpeople, the directors or contractors might have procured temporary or portable dwellings, such as are made for colonists, and these would have been better and probably cheaper habitations than such as were to be found in any towns or villages along the line, and more conducive to the general regularity and efficiency of the labour by keeping the labourers together. The provision of proper dwellings includes due space, and the means of proper separations, by which the morals, as well as the health, of the workpeople would have been better preserved. These assemblages are encampments, and might at least have the order of a camp maintained in them; and for regular provisioning, a direct and authorised contract of the hire of workpeople, on the condition of providing for the wants of the workers in meat, drink, and lodging during their stay, would have been the best means of excluding both the frauds of the low contractors on the truck system and the rapacious practices of the small shopkeepers. The workpeople might have been provided with food from temporary kitchens, and with quarters as soldiers are provided, or by contracts on lower terms than those on which they could provide themselves, or than they would be able to obtain from the scattered public-houses or beer-shops near the line. The services of a few officers of such experience as quartermaster-serjeants would have been simply paid for by the economy, and have produced comfort, and given satisfaction and a better will and energy to the workpeople, and have been amply paid for by the regularity and efficiency of the work performed. Giving to the navigator the double rations of meat, which he says his work requires, or to the miner his superior Cornish pies, or as much as they choose to ask, and allowing a fair

indulgence in respect to beer; persons of experience in such supply confidently aver that the workmen might have been boarded in a superior manner, at from one-fourth to one-third less, and in many instances at one-half their present rate of expenditure for irregular and inferior diet. The unmarried man who had continued at the work during the whole period, instead of being dismissed at its completion penniless, and if he do not find immediately another job of work, becoming a discontented pauper, a mendicant, or even a depredator, might frequently have had transmitted and deposited to his account in a savings' bank a sum of forty, fifty, or sixty pounds (of which there have been instances even under the present unfavourable circumstances), and he might have returned home in good bodily as well as moral health, and in a condition of independence until new demands for labour arose. The expenditure of such sums for wages as one hundred thousand pounds for one piece of work would admit of the payment for extra superintendence, including the education of the children, religious instruction, and medical treatment, to ensure such results. This, which might have been done, may yet be done, as in the example of the Tuscan work, with degrees of success proportionate to the care bestowed. And it may be well to point out that whosoever shall voluntarily make arrangements in which the comforts and interest of the workpeople and their children are consulted, and well provided for, will, in the competition which is likely to take place, draw to the better regulated works the most sober, intelligent, trustworthy, and efficient workmen."

Mr. Rawlinson suggests several simple means for remedying the evils which have been noticed, one of which is to pay a portion of the men each day in the week.

"Paying the men fortnightly, or monthly, or even weekly," he observes, "is always attended with loss of time, drunkenness, and brutality, for one or more days after the pay-day; and the greater the number of men there are, the more violent and disgraceful are the scenes. If large bodies of men were subdivided, and a portion received their wages every day in the week, the majority would always be at work; the few really vicious only would drink; the better inclined would be led to work by the example of the majority. This plan was voluntarily acted upon by an intelligent contractor engaged in the formation of a portion of the London and Birmingham Railway, and found to answer exceedingly well."

OLD AUTHORS AND OLD BOOKS.

SIR SIMONDS D'EWES.

SIR SIMONDS D'EWES has no claim to rank among the more famous of our older authors; scarcely, indeed, to rank among them at all. What fame he has arises rather from the mention of him by others, than from anything of his own writing. Placed by his circumstances in a position freely to indulge his tastes, and led, perhaps, by the example of Sir Robert Cotton, he became a collector of coins and manuscripts; delighting more in turning over musty records and cankered medals than the pages of genius. He was a diligent antiquary, but of the Dryasdust school; "preferring the rust before the brightness," as was said of him by his contemporary, Fuller, who commonly hits the mark in aiming at the peculiarity in a man's character. The only works of his published during his life were some occasional Speeches delivered in the Long Parliament; but a work of much historical value—Journals of the Houses of Lords and Commons during the reign of Elizabeth, collected by him from original records—was published some forty years after his death. He also commenced what he said would be "the exactest history of Great Britain that remaineth of any nation of the Christian world;" but it has happily never been printed, and probably never was finished. For a somewhat irreverent mention of our great antiquary, Camden, he has been rudely handled by Bishop Nicolson, Hearne, and others; and found an undesirable place in one of Bayle's notes. He is said to have been envious of others' abilities; but we have Fuller's evidence that his large collections were freely open to learned men.

Among his collections he left his autobiography, drawn up in great part from his original diaries, and upon it his credit will now mainly rest. The recent publication of this* induces us to give him a place here; and though his autobiography has none of the genial feeling and various interest of Evelyn's, or the lively town gossip and courtly sketches of Pepys's, it is not without its value, as depicting the mode of life and

manner of thinking of a *serious* country gentleman of that period. The greater part of it is certainly as dull as the most orthodox antiquary could desire; but at times it becomes almost amusing from the pompous and elaborate minuteness with which he records all the details of any matter in which *he* has been concerned, although it could not possibly have been of interest to any other human being. But Sir Simonds was a very important person in his own estimation, and he evidently had a notion that he would be the model after which his descendants would be anxious to shape themselves; it was only natural, therefore, that he should afford them as much aid as possible in their pious endeavours. It was for his family and their "posterity," as he often remarks, and not for the public, that it was written.

His autobiography commences with his birth, which happened "at Coxden, in the parish of Chardstock, in the county of Dorset, upon Saturday, December the 18th, 1602, about five o'clock in the morning;" and it extends to May the 8th, 1636, when it breaks off abruptly, at a time when it would soon have begun to be of general interest, he having been a rather prominent member of the Long Parliament till Colonel Pride's purge was administered to it. However, we must be content with what we have, which is sufficiently tedious; and perhaps the other part, although it might have increased its value, would not have redeemed its dulness. There are, as we have said, some things of general interest in it, but they are unfortunately on so large a scale as to prevent the possibility of transferring them to our pages. Most of these portions, indeed, had been printed by Hearne, in the 'Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica,' and by D'Israeli, long before the publication of the complete work. We shall therefore run through it, picking out such portions as are most characteristic of the man and the age, or most convenient for our purpose.

His ancestors were originally Dutch, his great-grandfather removing from Guelderland during the troubles there, and settling in England in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.; but we need not copy any of his lucubrations respecting them. Nor the careful accounts he gives of his father (who

* The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart., during the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.; edited by Jas. Orchard Halliwell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845.

was one of the six clerks in Chancery, and lord of Stow-hall and the manor appertaining thereto), his mother (who "was of a sweet countenance, often intermixed with smiles," and withal had "a nose a little rising in the middle"), and all his relations. We will also pass over "John Martin, his mother's cook," although he "thinks his story worthy to be transmitted to posterity." And also the egregious history he gives of all his own sorrows and sicknesses in infancy and childhood, and of the "many bad and noisome impressions which his tender infancy received inwardly" (our Simonds was a Puritan). "I suppose," he says, "there scarce lives any man but hath escaped sickness and danger in his infancy; but that I should survive so many several hazards is, I believe, altogether without parallel, and almost past belief." If this tempts any one to desire the account, it may be found in the book. Nor can we stop to notice his school-days, or any of the five schoolmasters he was successively placed under—though one of them, a Mr. Reynolds, was remarkable for two very unusual things: First, a daughter, named *Bathshua*, "that had an exact knowledge in the Greek, Latin, and French tongues, with some insight into the Hebrew and Syriac; much more learning doubtless she had," adds the ungrateful pupil, "than her father, who was a mere pretender to it." Secondly, "he had a pleasant way of teaching, contrary to all others of that kind; for the rod and ferula stood in his school rather as ensigns of his power than as instruments of his anger, and were very rarely made use of for the punishment of delinquents; for he usually rewarded those who deserved well with *raisins of the sun or other fruit*, if the season of the year afforded it; and he accounted the privative punishment of not rewarding the remiss and negligent equippollent to the severest correction."

Master Simonds learnt most, he says, at the grammar school at Bury St. Edmunds; from whence he went in 1618 to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he "found that maxim or thesis true by experience here, that all worldly things are better in the expectation than in the fruition, which I had learned also in many passages of my life before, and almost in innumerable particulars upon emergent occasions since." So commonly moralizeth Sir Simonds. Of Cambridge itself he gives a strange account, vice being so rampant there that he "was fain to live almost a recluse's life, conversing chiefly in our own college with some of the honester fellows thereof." But by this time he had become very *strict* in his notions,

and perhaps his views were rather beyond what most others would adopt. He engaged himself at Cambridge in the study of divinity; but he also attended to his other studies. He returned to London sooner than he desired, and entered upon the study of law.

Our Simonds was now eighteen years old, and notwithstanding that he diligently pursued his legal studies, he could not get on with them as he wished (though his companions thought his success almost wonderful), first, "by reason of his father's unseasonable and ever-to-be-condoled tenacity and love of money," through which "he wanted the convenience of a private chamber and study;" and, secondly, because he found it impossible utterly to repress and root out those tender perturbations that will arise in the minds of youth at that age. In short, Simonds thought it time he had a wife; and the more as he was greatly afraid that his father, who had been some time a widower, would be seeking a young wife for himself. It was with joy, therefore, that, in 1620, he heard his father intimate to him "how willing he was to see *him* speedily well married." It is common enough in novels to read a fabulous account of all the stages from the earliest sproutings of the tender passion; but it is not quite so common (at least in that age) to meet with an authentic history of the matter.* Now here we have it related in full detail by one of the principals; and as some of our readers will doubtless think this the most interesting part of the diary, and as it really is curious and characteristic, we will give a short summary of it. We should like to see what our novelists could make of this love tale!

Before his happy choice he made one or two unsuccessful ventures. Of what "concerns his first love, over which he misspent many an hour in the care and thought of it," he thinks it necessary "to speak a little largely;" but we don't think it necessary to follow him. Suffice it that matters went so far that he even made a journey into Essex to see the lady; and he notes that he "did not take Mistress Jemima to be so handsome at this first view as he thought her afterwards." However, "all was finally

* In Mrs. Hutchinson's memoirs of her husband the Colonel, we have, indeed, the commencement of a very delightful account of her wooing; but she breaks off abruptly, considering such "vanities" too light to be repeated. As far as it goes, her narrative is incomparably superior to our antiquarian's.

dashed by his father's inconstancy," which was quickened, no doubt, by the serious fact "that he was to settle 1100*l.* per annum upon his son, and to receive no portion." Meanwhile he was losing another chance. As will be remembered, his father would not afford him a study; but now "a gentleman of the Temple religiously inclined" made him an offer to reside in his chamber, where also was "allotted him a little study, though somewhat incommodious." "I marvelled at his kindness, being but newly acquainted with him; but I found afterwards that he had a design upon me, to have wished a wife unto me, being his kinswoman, and a co-heir of a great and noble family, and a competent advancement in respect of her share in land and portion." But unluckily, the other affair was at this time in hand, and between the two, poor Simonds missed both. To add to his trouble, his father was in treaty on his own account with a gay young widow, to the no small peril of the estates; but this, in its turn, was broken off, and Simonds had next year "the great joy and comfort" to see his father (partly by his procurement) "marry an *ancient* widow," and so end all his fears on that score.

Turn we now to his more successful wooing, and admire how he enters upon the history of it:

"On April the 26th (1626), I first entered upon the serious thoughts of that match with Anne, the sole daughter and heir of Sir William Clopton, late of Kentwell, in the county of Suffolk, knight; extracted from the several female inheritrices of many other great and ancient families besides her own; with whose goodly and fair coat-armours her shield was enriched, as well as with her own paternal," &c.

He had been several years at the study of law, and found it, he says, "which most men account to be very hard and difficult work, grow most delightful and pleasing, especially after I was once called to the bar; and the rather because I had at one time fully resolved to have gone on with the most gainful and enriching practice of it; assuring myself by my studies and estate, to fit myself for the greatest places of preferment in England which were compatible to a common lawyer. . . . But I laid aside all these lofty and aspiring hopes," from seeing the perilous state of religion, &c. "But that which at present prevailed with me above all other considerations, was the serious cogitation of the initiated motion of my marriage with" Mistress Anne Clopton.

Now you are not to suppose that this very serious cogitation was brought on by the

sight of the lady's beauty, or by the force of her accomplishments—though "she was every way so comely as that alone, if all the rest had wanted, might have rendered her desirable." The truth is, her adorer had not seen her for nearly seven years, and then he confesses he had taken little notice of her, except "as a pretty little thing," about six years old. At the present time she was just thirteen, being "ten years and two months wanting a day younger than himself." Early marriages were not uncommon then. D'Ewes's mother was "scarce fourteen" at her marriage; Evelyn's wife was about that age; and many others might be mentioned. And it is noticeable that these matches, notwithstanding the common disparity of years, and the odd way in which they were brought about, were often unusually happy ones.

Let us, however, listen to our friend's history:

"The match itself was first proposed to me by Walter Clopton, Esq., her uncle, who was her father's younger brother, when my thoughts were fixed elsewhere; but the treaty I then was engaged in breaking off about the end of March last past, I sought after the lodging of the said Walter in London, intending to have used him as the instrument to have moved the Lady Barnardiston on my behalf; but missing him, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, of Kediton, in the county of Suffolk," was used instead. To him the Lady Barnardiston gave full authority to act for her in the treaty, and many meetings took place, consequently, between D'Ewes's father and that gentleman; all proceeding favourably until "on Monday, June the 19th," the inconstant papa, almost at the moment of signing the deeds, "suddenly broke all off somewhat abruptly." "Thereat," writes our author, "I was much amazed, and extremely dejected, beginning now to conceive I should never marry during his life;" however, having a suspicion that "some other proposition" had been made him for his son which he liked better, Simonds set about to worm the secret out of the ancient widow his lady. He was successful; and, not fancying this fair one whom he *had* seen, "although her portion was noised to be near upon 5000*l.*," and resolutely telling this to his father, "after ten days, on Thursday, June the 29th, he gave me full authority to proceed with it again." But now he was to meet with a rebuff from the other side, for Mr. Arthur Barnardiston informed him that "Sir Thomas Coventry, now Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, having

heard of the gentlewoman by the means of Sir John Hare, of Stow Hall, in the county of Norfolk, Knight, his son-in-law, had some thoughts of marrying Mr. Thomas Coventry, his eldest son, unto her; and that he had already sent to the said Mr. Barnardiston to come unto him, that he might confer with him about it. I expected the issue of that conference with much fear and unquietness"—as well he might; but he was soon relieved, for the Lord Keeper, finding that the lady's estates were only in reversion, "would proceed no further in it."

So far all was well, and on July 12th the plenipotentiaries in this important treaty came to a full and final settlement; our friend was informed by Mr. Arthur "that he should speedily receive letters from him, appointing the day and place where to enjoy the full liberty of seeing and speaking with the young gentlewoman." "But," he says, "I was deceived, for as my father had acted his first part of inconstancy, so now began the old lady to play hers. For notwithstanding this business had been treated of by virtue of her own warrant or letters, yet, before she heard any answer, she moved herself a match for her grand-daughter with an Essex gentleman, and that to his own mother". But this motion met "with a pleasant put-off, that gentleman being in pursuit of one Mistress Mary Sackford, daughter of a Suffolk knight, deceased, who awhile after refusing him, his mother sought again to renew the Lady Barnardiston's motion, which she had a little before slighted; but then it was too late."

Now, we may suppose, our Simonds is safe? Alas, who does not know that—

"The course of true love never did run smooth?"

"But this was the least part of my lady's inconstancy, for after the said Mr. Barnardiston was now returned to her, and brought her my father's letters which contained a full conclusion of all particulars according to her own demands, in respect of the substance, yet she overruled him to make a journey on purpose, in his own person, into Oxfordshire, out of Suffolk, to William Viscount Say and Sele, to make a tender of her grandchild to him, for his eldest son, Mr. James Fiennes. But he upon the same reason as my Lord Keeper had before pitched on, acknowledging notwithstanding, his due obligation for so great a respect, refused the offer in direct terms." Whereupon, and partly induced by Mr. B.'s remonstrances "what unjust and undue proceedings these were," on the 10th day of August negotiations were re-opened with

D'Ewes, or rather "a letter of full acceptance of his father's offers" was sent, and at the same time the intimation to Simonds that Mistress Anne "and her said grandmother would be at Kediton Hall what time I should appoint, giving but a week's warning of it beforehand; where I should have free access and liberty to make mine own affection known; whereupon I appointed the 25th of this instant August for the first time of my much desired interview." Accordingly on that day he saw the lady, "whose person gave me absolute and full content as soon as I had seriously viewed it; for though I had seen her twice or thrice some seven years before, in 1619. when she was a child, yet I did then little observe her, save in general I did well remember she was a pretty little one." Her behaviour too gave him equal pleasure. After staying with her two or three days he left his "joy whose loving and discreet entertaining me (being not yet fourteen years old) gave me some cause of admiration."

Three days later he sent her a diamond necklace accompanied by what he calls "a few polisht lines," which must have puzzled the little lady almost as much as the diamonds pleased her. As a curiosity in their way, and also for the reason he assigns, we insert them. It is not every day we can get hold of the authentic love letter of an antiquary.

"August 31, 1626, being Thursday, I sent my servant over to Clare, with a diamond carcanet, to be presented to Mrs. Clopton, and a letter with it, which being the only lines I sent her during my wooing-time, and but short, I thought good to insert them in this place:—

"Fairest,—Blest is the heart and hand that sends these meaner lines, if another heart and eye graciously deign to pity the wound of the first, and the numbness of the latter; and thus may this other poor inclosed carcanet, if not adorn the purer neck, yet be hidden in the private cabinet of her, whose humble sweetness and sweet humility deserves the justest honour, the greatest thankfulness. Nature made stones, but opinion jewels; this, without your milder acceptance and opinion, will prove neither stone nor jewel (!) Do but enhappy him that sent it in the ordinary use of it, who, though unworthy in himself, yet resolves to continue your humble servant,

'SIMONDS D'EWES.'

"The same 31st day, at night, my servant returned from Clare, and brought me word of the fair and respective receipt both of my lines and the carcanet, and how bountifully

himself had been rewarded before his departure thence."

And so with "pleasant conferences and private discourses with his dearest, whose humble and discreet deportment obliged him no less to an ardent affection of her, than the comeliness of her person," the time wore on till the 19th of September, when our swain thought it advisable to have "some serious discourse with the old lady touching the speedy consummation of his future marriage," for he had still fears of another outbreak of the inconstant humour of either the old dame or his father, or perhaps of both. "Besides, it took his whole time and thoughts, and he desired again some freedom for his studies."

They were accordingly married on the 24th of October, and after this we have quite enough in every page about his lady—her growth—the shape and delicacy of her hands, and when they came to their perfect beauty—the smallness of her feet—the humbleness and piety of her behaviour—her fits of ague—her signs of grace—their mutual fastings and mutual joys—but we can only add that they lived happily till her death in August 1641 'of that second plague of those days—the small-pox. They had seven or eight children, but only two survived their infancy.

This love story has so stretched out, though we have abbreviated it as much as practicable, that we must omit many passages we had marked for quotation. His life was that of a wealthy country gentleman; his time, however, was somewhat differently spent. Instead of hunting hares and foxes, he was hunting after records and manuscripts, and he pursued family pedigrees apparently with as great eagerness as the most important historical documents. But though these dusty memorials were his chief delight, he was not inattentive to public affairs; and in his personal matters, while keeping a watchful eye upon his spiritual concerns, he kept a keen look-out after the temporal also. The interest with which he regarded everything connected with religion leads him to give a constant account of the progress of events abroad, where the long wars cause him great trouble. Thus he notes (Dec. 1627), after the news of Buckingham's failure before Rochelle, "My daily and continual grief for the miseries and desolations of true religion in Germany, France, and Denmark, made my soul so sad and cogitabundous, as it especially interrupted my very studies this month." These notices of foreign transactions do not appear to be of any value. The following passage respecting home affairs

reads curiously *now*, and not least the contemptuous manner in which this worshipper of tattered pedigrees speaks of the subject:—

"At this time (March 1621) the rates of all sorts of corn were so extremely low, as it made the very prices of land fall from twenty years' purchase to sixteen or seventeen; for the best wheat was sold for 2s. 8d. and 2s. 6d. the bushel, the ordinary at 2s.; barley and rye at 1s. 4d. and 1s. 3d. the bushel, and the worser of these grains at a meaner rate; and malt also after that proportion. Nor were horse corns, as oats and pease, at any higher rate, which I have the rather observed, *though a matter in itself very trivial*, because all farmers of lands generally murmured at this plenty and cheapness; and the poorer sort that would have been glad but a few years before of the coarse rye-bread, did now usually traverse the markets to find out the finer wheats, as if nothing else would serve their use or please their palates; which unthankfulness and daintiness was soon after punished by the high prices and dearness of all sorts of grain everywhere, which never since abated much of that rate, though at some times it were cheaper than at others. So as in the year 1630, wheat was above 8s. the bushel, rye at 4s. 6d., and malt and barley about that rate; and this present year (1637) malt and barley are now sold at 5s. the bushel, though wheat be under that price, and rye at 4s. the bushel."

Throughout his life he was curious to see eminent persons, and used to observe them, as he says in his pedantic phraseology, "punctually and perfectly." Thus, "at the tilting in January 1621-2," he saw Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.), and "earnestly viewed him for about half an hour's space at the least," as he stood close by him, along with the French lords in an upper room, bareheaded. "I saw everything in him," he says, "full of delicacy and handsome features; yea, his hands and face seemed to me especially effeminate and curious." Of Charles's Queen, Henrietta, he thus speaks just after her marriage:—

"On Thursday, the 30th and last day of this instant June (1625), I went to Whitehall purposely to see the Queen; which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner, and perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment amongst her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-

fetches sighs to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion."

Laud he calls "a little low red-faced man." His friend Selden he describes as "a man exceedingly puffed up with the apprehension of his own abilities," a description by the way that will exactly serve for himself. Of his other principal antiquarian friend Cotton, he relates that "in his latter times, when his abilities decayed, he drank sack in which snakes were dissolved, being commonly called *viper wine*, to restore nature." In his accounts of those he disliked, he is not a little free in the use of hard words, of which his notice of Chief Justice Hyde is a striking example; and it is curious to see with what certainty he traces "judgments" in all cases of misfortune or sudden death. Bacon is one of those against whom he has a strong prejudice. From his mention of Bacon's elevation to be Viscount St. Alban's, we select a passage which will serve as a specimen of his taste for wit.

THE MOTHER OF THE MUTE.

My child, our home-fire's light is shed
On the curls of many a fair young head;
But none that glance in the ruddy beam
Like thine of the dark and jetty gleam.
And there are eyes with the cloudless light
Of life's spring morn, that shine
Upon our home; but none so bright
As that starry glance of thine.
It hath shone on my soul through all the
tears
And clouds of my sad and silent years.
Silent, though voices glad and young
Off by our board and hearth have rung;
Sad, though the smiles that young lips
wear,
And the joy of unwearied hearts, was there:
It rose through the light of summer's day,
Through the sunless twilight chill;
Each voice had part in the harmony;
But thine alone was still:
And well might thy mother's heart deplore
The chord that was mute for evermore.

My child, there have been both prayer and
tear;
One sound of that silent chord to hear;

"Besides, he was fain to support his very household expenses, being very lavish, by taking great bribes in all causes of moment that came before him, so as men raised very bitter sarcasms or jests of him, as that he lately was *very lame*, alluding to his Barony of *Verulam*; but now having fallen into a consumption (of purse, without all question), he was become *All-bones*, alluding to his new honour of St. Alban's; nay, they said Nabal, being folly or foolishness, and the true anagram of Alban, might well set forth his fond and foolish ambition."

We had selected some passages from his speeches, but we must omit them; they are much like his autobiography in manner, and only now curious from their dissimilarity to parliamentary speeches in our day. One is an elaborate attempt to prove the greater antiquity of Cambridge than Oxford university; another a disproof of the authenticity of "the Greek postscripts of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus."

But the hush was deep, and the prayer was
vain,
And the tear will never fall again:
For now thy part in the world of thought,
So early lost, is found,
In the blessed love our faith hath taught,
And the hope that knows no bound:
For its pinions cleave the clouds of time,
And its eye looks forth to the tearless
clime.

Oh! blessed be the saving power
That won thee back that priceless dower,
And taught thine hand the silent art
That well can speak from heart to heart.
But, oh! the voices of thy youth,
That were clear as sunlit streams,
They are lost in time, they are hushed in
death,

But they have not left my dreams:
I hear them blent on the midnight breeze
With the sounds of my childhood's streams
and trees.

Though some have swept o'er my after
path
In tones of woe and in sounds of wrath;

And changed and cheerless as they grew,
 May grow mine own home-voices too ;
 But thine, it will never lose the tone
 Of childhood, gushing clear
 From the heart's free founts, that yet have
 known

Stranorlar, Feb. 1846.

No stain of time or tear:
 For the sealed-up spring may never blend
 With the streams life's darker fountains
 send ;
 But rise to greet me on that shore
 Where time and its losses come no more.

FRANCES BROWN.

REMARKABLE GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

IN looking over the volumes of Feuerbach, or even of his translator Lady Duff Gordon, we are struck with the vast amount of falsehood created by the system of requiring confession. The criminal has to repeat his statement, even after he has acknowledged his crime, and in scarcely any instance do his various confessions agree with each other. A premium is, in fact, held out for falsehood, as the mitigation, or at least the modification, of the punishment depends in a considerable degree on the statement of the prisoner, to which must be added the natural impulse which every one must feel to extenuate his crime as much as possible, or to show that the act was provoked by sudden irritation, or by accidental circumstances either of temptation or of fear. Feuerbach himself notices this fact on several occasions, without seeming to recognise it as any defect. In one case in which a person of an excellent previous character had murdered his brother, who had refused, or rather hesitated, to join him in a business which the criminal was desirous of undertaking for the general good of the whole family, and who at first denied all knowledge of the crime, Feuerbach reasons thus :—

“ The cause of his denial in the first instance was, that the officer who had charge of him during the provisional arrest had consolingly said, ‘ You seem to me too worthy a man to have been capable of such a deed.’ This belief in his honesty, which displayed to him the horror of his deed as reflected by another mind, made him tremble before himself, and awoke all his feelings of honour, his pride, his shame. Self-condemnation merely lowers us in our own eyes, while the scorn of others humbles us before the world, and, as at the same time

it wounds our self-love, is far more painful to bear. This sensitiveness of self-love would necessarily determine the not entirely corrupted mind of the criminal to withhold any acknowledgment of his crime, since the man to whom he ought to have made such acknowledgment, and perhaps would have made it, had at the very moment so significantly and expressively declared his belief in the honesty of heart which would have rendered him incapable of such a deed as a brother's murder. Nothing sharpens the sting of contempt in a mind not wholly lost to the feelings of honour so much as the idea that, at the same time the advantageous opinions entertained of it by another are shown to have been error, the belief in our worthiness is destroyed by our own fault; and also to know that it gives pain to this other to be compelled to believe ill of us. Even for the deserved disesteem of others we can at least indemnify ourselves by hatred, but in this case all falls upon ourselves, and remains clinging to us without the possibility of our throwing back any part of the contempt.” And he adds, “ There are two principal causes from which prisoners deny their crime: the one is the fear of punishment; the second, the shame of the deed. The first cause predominates with practised or obdurate miscreants; the second, with criminals whose deed is worse than they are themselves. In order to obtain a confession the inquirer operates on the reason of the first, and on the conscience of the second. The first confesses when he perceives that it is no longer possible for his lies to break through the net which the artfully pursued examination has thrown round him; the second, when he feels that it is less painful to atone for his crime by submitting to its punishment, than to endure the weight of the deed upon his conscience.”

It will be seen here that Feuerbach contemplates, as a matter of course, and

which is indeed not to be denied, that falsehood in every case will be resorted to by the criminal, and it may fairly be asked of him to show the necessity or advantage of exposing a prisoner to the temptation, almost the necessity, of adding the crime of perjury to that of which he is accused. This is, however, nowhere developed. The passages quoted no doubt display a keen observation of human nature; but when the guilt is clear, why insist upon the acknowledgment of the criminal? The bench of justice is not to be used as the experimental study of a metaphysical anatomist, and it is injustice, alike to the prisoner and to society, to convert it to such a use. Yet it is clear that Feuerbach considers it in some such light. In his preface he says:—

“For more than ten years placed at the head of the criminal court of a province formed from different countries,* with numerous towns, with a various and active people, and containing a population of more than half a million of souls of divers religions, while in his duty as chief his attention had to be directed only to the conduct and review of the processes, the author at the same time was placed near the source of a never-failing and copious legal experience, while the enviable freedom remained to him, according to his liking, to take part in the same as much or as little as he pleased, or as the necessity of the case seemed to him to require. Thus—the civil law for the present unconsidered—almost every idea and case connected with the criminal law became by degrees incorporated, as it were, into various and alluring examples, and rendered his court at the same time a lecture-room, wherein Nature herself gave remarkable exemplifications of her laws, which he therefore seldom left without some acquisition, either for the science of law or for a clearer insight into the human mind. What, next to the legal point of view of a criminal case, attracted his investigation (or if you will, his curiosity), the most, was often indeed that which commonly either lay wholly beyond the limits of a strictly legal judgment, or at most only affected it collaterally and in single points: the causes by which impulses—not always pernicious, but sometimes even praiseworthy

and noble—in a certain situation, through the united effects of circumstances more or less remote, formed the will to its criminal resolution; the peculiar mixture of feelings, inclinations, conceptions, and habits which constitute the ingredients of a character stigmatized by a crime; the particulars of the state of mind and of the behaviour of the criminal before, during, and after the commission of the misdeed; and, above all, the secret germ of the crime in the innermost recesses of the soul, the often extremely fine and tender threads with which, not rarely, passion, or mental blindness, or error weaves the net of pleasure round a man, which, if he does not prudently avoid in time, or arm his inmost strength against, too quickly entangles his will, and then with irresistible strength, but in consequence of his own fault, drags him to the black abyss of guilt.”

These objects are certainly not unworthy the attention of a law-maker, but we do not consider them the proper objects of a law-dispenser; and, independent of the extreme difficulty of attaining them, are more likely to impede than forward the ends of justice, considered in its effects on society. We shall now give a case from Feuerbach, not contained in Lady Duff Gordon's work, which shows some of the practical defects of requiring confession. It is not the strongest case we could have selected, but its comparative brevity is best adapted to our limits:—

“On the 17th of December, 1816, the farmer Henry Abraham, having sold a load of wood at Nürnberg, left the village of Winkelheid, in the circuit of Altdorf, with his oxen and timber-waggon, about midday, in order to return home. In the village of Fischbach, however, about eight miles from Nürnberg, he stopped again at the Bear Inn, and then resumed his way to the village of Birnthan, but arrived there lying on his back on his waggon, severely wounded in the head, wholly unconscious, and died on the same day.

“The persons directed by the court of the circuit of Altdorf to examine the corpse, reported that he had been murdered by a shot from behind. In the skull, besides a flat crescent-formed piece of lead, there was found a much larger four-cornered piece, of the size of a pistol-bullet. The breeches pocket of the murdered man had been turned inside out, and though he had sold

* Anspach had recently become a part of the kingdom of Bavaria.

his wood at Nürnberg for money, none whatever was found about him.

“John Walliser, the son of a day-labourer, was immediately suspected of this deed. He was apprehended on the following day, and brought before the court of Altdorf for examination.

“John Walliser, born at Zerzabelshof, near Nürnberg, at that time twenty-three years old, of the Evangelical religion, a single man, and without any property, was the son of the day-labourer Christopher Walliser. He was diligently sent to school, learnt writing and arithmetic pretty well, and received from the priest the proper religious instructions. As he grew up he served various persons as a labourer; but, in August, 1815, he was examined on account of some domestic theft and other larcenies, and sentenced, on the 15th of November (confirmed by the higher court on January 5, 1816), to confinement in the house of correction for one year and twenty-two days; but long before the expiration of the term of his punishment, namely, on the 20th of May in the same year, he was graciously pardoned and released. Since that time he had resided in his father's house, because, according to his own assertions, he, as a released convict, could obtain no regular work as a labourer, except on the roads. The witnesses examined as to his character gave him the credit of being a mild, quiet, and industrious man. His own father, on the contrary, declared that he paid no regard to his fatherly admonitions, that he had been twice actually ill-used by him, and that for several days before his arrest he had been idling about without even entering his father's house.

“In the course of the investigation the most material evidence against Walliser consisted of the following facts:—1. It was proved, and afterwards acknowledged by himself, that on the forenoon of the day of the murder he had ridden with the farmer some distance on the road between Nürnberg and Fischbach, sitting at the end of the waggon. 2. In the afternoon, shortly before Abraham entered Fischbach, Walliser arrived at the village, entered the Crown public-house, and placed himself in the tap-room, so as to observe conveniently any one who might arrive by the road from Nürnberg; after some time he suddenly left the house, and went to the Ox public-house, which was opposite the Bear, to which in the mean time the farmer Abraham had gone with his waggon. 3. When the unfortunate man again left Fischbach to proceed to Birnthan, he went after him on

the same road. 4. He went, as he at first acknowledged, as far as the place called Gauchsweiler (Fool's Pond), (though he afterwards altered this by a pretended change of place); and this was the spot where the farmer had probably been wounded, as the blood-drops were here first perceived, which were then traced to Birnthan. 5. The prisoner had been in possession of a pistol, which his father, who had not seen it for a long time before, found on the morning after the deed in a cupboard in his room, and which in the opinion of competent persons had been recently discharged. 6. Not only was gunpowder found in the waistcoat which he wore when apprehended, but a considerable quantity was also found in his room. 7. Besides this, two pistol-bullets were found concealed in a saltcellar, which were found to fit the pistol, and were declared to be of the same calibre as the one found in the skull of the murdered man. 8. The prisoner, on the morning after the murder, gave his sister a purse containing 17 florins to take care of. This purse neither his sister nor his father had ever seen in his possession before; and three witnesses deposed that it closely resembled one which Abraham had, while his widow recognised it with absolute certainty as that of her husband's. Among other peculiar tokens by which she recognised it, she drew attention to the fact of some bread-crumbs being found, which her late husband used to place in his purse to prevent its being bewitched.

“Notwithstanding these weighty circumstances of suspicion, the prisoner constantly asserted his innocence, without being in a situation to contradict the facts deposed to against him, or in any credible manner to remove the suspicion. His journey from Nürnberg to Fischbach, and his stopping at the latter place, he pretended to account for by a dream of some money concealed in a tree in that part of the country, and which he would then seek for, in order to employ it in the lottery. His pistol he said, first, that he had discharged on the occasion of the wedding of a peasant; then, in squirrel-shooting, both of which statements were proved to be untrue. The purse he declared he had received from a fellow-prisoner, who had since died, during his residence in the house of correction. And to a similar effect were his declarations in respect to the other matters urged against him.

“Nevertheless, as the prisoner neither acknowledged the deed nor was yet fully proved guilty by the witnesses, and as the testimony was yet insufficient according to

Article 328, Section II. of the Criminal Code, for a complete conviction, it was declared, in the judgment of April 25, 1817, as to the principal matter,—

“1. That in respect to the accusation of murder against the prisoner, the investigation had failed in procuring the necessary proof, but that

“2. The prisoner should only be released from prison on giving requisite security for five years, the amount of which should be fixed by the examining court, and until this security was given, or if it was not given, that he should be confined for the five years in some public house of correction; and, after his release, to be under the particular surveillance of the police.

“On the 12th of May followed the announcement of this sentence, in which the prisoner acquiesced. It was then announced to him that he would be sent to the house of correction at Dinkelsbühl. Before, however, he was sent thither it was made known, on the 4th of June, to the gendarme-brigadier Rösch, of the circuit of Altdorf, that the day before Walliser had acknowledged the crime to one John Pfälzer, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for a theft at Schwabach, who also stated that he had been a fellow-prisoner with Walliser for six weeks; who made this confession to him.

“John Pfälzer, thirty-nine years of age, sentenced to an imprisonment of four years and a-half, made the following declaration in an official deposition:—

“Walliser, with whom he had been in prison about seven weeks, had been at first very reserved towards him; but at length became more confiding, and related several things relating to his crime. Among others, without directly acknowledging the murder, he had said, ‘It would have been well if on that night he had covered his footsteps with snow. He had wished to have been once able to speak to his sister at home, to whom he had given the purse; yet he had throughout maintained, what he had before stated, that he had received the purse from a prisoner in the Baireuth house of correction, whom he knew had since died. The court had caused him to be conducted to the house of the peasant, whom they endeavoured to make him believe yet lived. That he had then been very high confessing, because he thought, if the man yet lives they will ascertain the truth; and then the denial will serve me no longer. He had, however, thought it better to wait to see whether the peasant was really alive.’ To the inquiry how he became acquainted with the peasant, and

whether he had much money by him, he had as little to answer as to other inquiries. Before the witness had been separated from him, Walliser had begged of him not to discover to any one anything of what he had said.

“Hereupon, on account of the acknowledgment, a re-examination of the prisoner was ordered before the court of appeal; but the second examination, in effect, produced no other result than the first. The prisoner, it is true, rendered his case more suspicious through various deviations from his previous statements, and by many new evasions, the falsehood of which was completely established. Yet he remained firm in his denial of the crime. Even his confrontation with Pfälzer was of no effect. At the entrance of Pfälzer into the court, he became somewhat pale, and was slightly moved; but he collected himself, and declared to Pfälzer’s face, with many asseverations, that all he had stated was lies; he admitted he might have spoken with him of his arrest, but had always assured him of his own innocence. ‘You cannot,’ he observed, ‘give any credit to this Pfälzer, who has been a rascal all his life.’ Under these circumstances the investigation was declared, in a judgment of Feb. 20, 1818, to be discontinued through want of sufficient evidence, and the prisoner merely ordered to be kept in a public house of correction for five years.

“Walliser was then sent, on the 25th of March, to the recently erected house of correction at Plassenburg, where he remained in confinement till the 1st of August. At that time he was in the hospital of that place, with another criminal of the name of Kirschner, to whom he related, much in the same manner as he had done some months before to Pfälzer, how he had acted during his examination, and how he had escaped all danger by his lying. Kirschner made the police-commissioner acquainted with this, who, after a preliminary investigation, ordered Walliser to receive nine lashes, for transgressing the rules of the house by relating the previous events of his life. After the full punishment was inflicted, the commissioner earnestly exhorted him to reform, and to return to the truth, when he entreated to be allowed to speak to the commissioner alone; on this being granted, he threw himself upon his knees, his whole body trembling, and cried, ‘Before God the Almighty, I acknowledge having committed the murder of which I am accused, and beg to have this confession taken down. I give myself up to the merited punishment which I have hitherto escaped; my conscience

allows me not a moment's peace.' He now made a circumstantial confession of his having murdered the farmer Abraham with a felonious intention, by shooting him with his pistol on the road between Fischbach and Birnthan, and then robbed him of his money. He remained also, after he had been delivered up to the court, and the examination had been resumed, firm in this acknowledgment at his official examinations, in all essential particulars. He repeatedly asseverated that it was only the weight on his conscience, which he could no longer endure, that had moved him to this step. In his first hearing at Altdorf he said, 'The ghost of the farmer appeared to me twice in my sleep at Winkelheid, and said to me, "Thou wilt surely know what thou hast done. Make thy conscience pure, and do not carry thy punishment with thee into eternity, that thou mayst not have to answer to God as a criminal; for over a sinner who repents there is joy amongst the angels in heaven." On that account I have acknowledged my crime to the police-commissioner.' In his first official interrogation, the love of life contended with his newly awakened conscience; and though he did not deny the intention of committing the murder, yet he sought to make it appear that the time when it had first arisen within him, and the deed itself, was rather the effect of a sudden impulse, than a planned and deliberate murder. Yet at length he gave up even this, and acknowledged that he had till now endeavoured to mitigate his punishment, and therefore not confessed all; but that now he would endure the rigour of the law, which he had deserved.

"The detailed circumstances of the crime committed by him, as related by him during the various interrogations, and which in all essentials were corroborated by the other established facts, were as follows:—

"With his father at strife, before whom he could not again appear, as he had been threatened to be killed by him if he ever again entered his house, he had—after he had been discharged by the farmer for whom he had worked the previous week—wandered about without employment from the 2nd to the 6th of December. The days he had spent in a public-house at Nürnberg; the nights of the 2nd and 3rd he had passed with a young woman. On the evening of the 4th he had betaken himself to a wood where they made charcoal, to find shelter, but a fearful storm had compelled him to hasten again to his native village, and there, lying before the door of his parents' house he had wept bitterly the

want of a roof to cover him. A female neighbour was aroused by his lamentations, and had awakened his mother, upon which his sister opened the house-door secretly, admitted and concealed him from his father. In this night, when he knew not where to sleep, the thought of suicide had arisen. On the following morning (Thursday, Dec. 5), he, who for several days had had no warm food, begged some soup of his sister, but she answered that his father had eaten all, and she could only give him a piece of dry bread. That this fell heavily afresh upon his soul; repulsed by his father, banished from his paternal home, without any prospect of labour or the means of gain, filled with horror at his miserable situation, he took his pistol (which he had purloined some time previously to guard his father's potatoes with), loaded it with a bullet, and, with the intention of taking his own life, left the house and went again to the wood. Here he had cocked the pistol in order to discharge it, when all at once it seemed to him that some one stood near him, and cried, 'Do it not!' He then relinquished the design, and, with the pistol in his pocket, took the road to Nürnberg, where he spent his time till the 7th in a public-house.

"Whether this narrative was altogether accurate, must remain undetermined. That he had once in a stormy night wandered from the wood to his father's house, and late at night stood weeping before the door, is testified by witnesses; but yet they were of opinion that it happened not in December, but at a time much earlier. The suicide scene, also, is very suspicious, as, at the public-house at Nürnberg, in which he was daily from the 2nd to the 7th of December, no one had ever perceived him out of humour, or noticed the least sorrow, or anything like a melancholy bordering on desperation; for which, also, then he had no very marked occasion, as he had by him the not altogether unimportant sum of twenty florins. Notwithstanding, therefore, his serious remorse, we may be allowed to believe that this introductory narrative of his feelings may have been invented, or embellished, in order to place the horrors of his deed, at least in some degree, in a milder light.

"The night between the 6th and 7th of December he passed at the public-house, sleeping on some straw with several others, and becoming intimately acquainted with a female.

"According to his statement he discovered, early in the morning of the 7th of December, that he had been plundered of

not less than ten florins of his money, which had amounted to twenty, probably by the female. The truth of this assertion cannot be ascertained; and we may be justified in the suspicion that his remorse admitted of these trifling falsehoods through shame, in order to extenuate the design, with the execution of which he was occupied within a few hours afterwards. On the whole, there is found a significant omission in his confession to the inquiries with what thoughts and intentions he left the town on the morning of the 7th? whether he set out at first with the intention to rob and murder? or whether this resolution first developed itself on the road?

“From the Wolf public-house, where he mentioned nothing of the pretended robbery, he went to the public-house of one Lotter, drank beer and brandy, and then about noon proceeded on the high road. Scarcely was he out of the town when he perceived, near the Wood-stalls, a butcher’s man, who was smoking a silver-mounted pipe, and was dressed in a mantle of fine cloth. He immediately determined to follow this man, murder him, and rob him of his property. He thought, as he expressed himself, ‘If I go home, my father will not admit me, because my money is all gone; it will be much better if I can obtain some money from this butcher’s man; perhaps I may obtain it by entreaty, and that God will pardon.’ Walliser therefore withdrew himself a little out of the road, provided his pistol with a new flint, and, thus armed, hastened again after the butcher’s man, whom he, following a little behind, accompanied to Duzenteich. But here the murderer was disappointed by a butcher, who was driving oxen to Nürnberg, and with whom the man entered into conversation. Walliser proceeded forward for some time, in the expectation that his intended victim would come after him. But when he looked about him he became aware, to his great vexation, that he had associated himself with several other people in a waggon, and with them was being driven to Feucht.

“While Walliser was resigning the butcher’s man, he had already selected another object. He had seen the farmer Abraham travelling on the road with his ox-waggon, hastened after him, soon overtook him, and set himself, with the same intention which he had been forced to give up against the butcher, on the hinder part of the pole of the timber-waggon. He would now undoubtedly have executed his design, if several persons from time to time had not been passing along the road. He therefore got

down from the waggon before it entered Fischbach, but merely to find a better opportunity, and reached the village before the farmer, in order to wait for him. At first he turned into the Crown public-house, then went to the Ox, where he could most conveniently observe when the farmer, who in the meantime had gone to the Bear, should depart. Walliser had remained in the Ox about a quarter of an hour, when Abraham with his waggon again set out. He followed him directly, got before him on the way to Birnthan, placed himself in a little thicket, where he waited for him, and then, as he passed by, again got on the pole of the waggon without saying a word. The farmer sat forward on the pole, with his head leaning backward as if he was sleeping. Walliser now drew his pistol from his pocket, pointed it at the distance of about a foot against the back of the farmer’s head, towards the middle of the skull, and, after he had carefully examined that all was secure around, discharged the murderous ball. The farmer, the prisoner stated, remained in the same position, and had only sighed a little and rattled in his throat. When the deed was completed, he quickly took the purse from the breeches pocket, and, hearing in the distance some other carriages approaching, jumped from the waggon hastily, and then, avoiding Fischbach, took his way back to his home at Zerzabelshof. On his way he first examined the contents of the purse, and found in it not more than something over seven florins—what, perchance, the poor farmer had received the same day for his wood at Nürnberg.

“He slept that night in the house of his parents, put away the pistol in his room, and on the following day gave the stolen purse, in which he placed a part of his own money, so that the whole amounted to between seventeen and nineteen florins, to his sister to take care of. He then went—it was Sunday—to church at Nürnberg, thence to the house kept by Lotter, where he lost some guldens at gaming, and thence to a public-house in the suburb of Wöhrd, where he was apprehended.

“The prisoner acknowledged the pistol produced as the one with which he had shot the farmer, and the purse as the same he had taken from him. He also declared that the dead man to whom he had been taken on the 8th of December, 1816, and whom he then denied any knowledge of, was the farmer Abraham whom he had shot.

“Walliser evinced, particularly towards the close of the examination, the most complete—from the innermost depths of a con-

science again awakened to good — development of repentance for his deed, in which the fear of impending punishment appeared to have no part. At the close of the case, when the defence of his advocate, who proposed the house of correction for an indefinite time as his punishment, was read to him for his ratification, he declared, ‘I have shed blood, and have no claim for mercy. Should I be pardoned, I should be sent to Lichtenau, which would be worse for me. It is therefore better, even as a fearful example to others, to let the law have its course. I wish, however, before the completion of the sentence, to be allowed to see the wife and children of the murdered man, in order to entreat their forgiveness.’

“On the 11th of December, 1818, the prisoner was found guilty of the murder by the criminal court, and sentenced to be beheaded; this judgment was confirmed in the second instance on the 20th of March, 1819. On the 22nd of April he was executed, and to the last moment the convict maintained his presence of mind and the appearance of true repentance.

“Walliser appears to have been by nature a well-meaning, but light-minded young man, somewhat addicted to extravagance, and who, on being convicted of some petty larcenies, by which he incurred the penalty of imprisonment in the house of correction, first received his initiation to greater crimes in this establishment. To the inquiry of the examining judge, ‘Why he had so long denied his crime?’ he replied, ‘Several of

the prisoners in the house of correction at Baireuth had agreed with each other never during their lives again to acknowledge any crime they might commit. I should not have been sent to the Bridewell,’ said he; ‘there I first became wicked.’ Such a declaration at the foot of the scaffold sounds almost like an inculcation of the State.”

This last sentence is well worthy of serious thought. For the rest we must leave it to the reader to decide whether the prisoner was at last executed on better evidence than was at first produced against him, and whether the confession, except in the facts relative to the murder, of which the *only* one not testified to by witnesses is that of the manner in which it was effected, is not redolent of falsehood, including the supernatural visitations, if these were not perhaps the results of a disordered mind. Feuerbach himself, it is seen, disbelieved much of it. The whole narrative, we think, is a striking proof how little dependence can be placed on confessions made under the immediate prospect of death from a legal sentence; how strenuously the human mind revolts from any statement that tends to its own disgrace, and how it endeavours to envelope in a collocation of extenuating circumstances even those facts that it feels it is utterly useless to deny.

CHEAP MAPS.

MOST of us can remember the time when a map, or a collection of maps, called an Atlas, was a rare thing in the hands of ordinary readers. The high price set on maps by those who published them made the sale limited, and of course uncertain. This again operated on the production of maps; for as the demand for them was supposed to be small, those who produced them made no great effort to furnish the market with a good commodity at a low rate.

It is one of the great merits of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge that they perceived that a large demand for good maps only depended upon their being offered for sale at a low price; and that the increased sales, by giving a larger total of profit, would render it a safe speculation to expend the amount that was necessary for producing the best map that could be made. Good maps are now cheap, and they are more used in schools and by readers in general than they were before this Society commenced its operations.

But though the use of maps has so greatly increased, we may reasonably expect that there will be a still greater demand for them when their advantages as aids to reading are better understood. Our form of government in this country makes us all

politicians, and all thinking men take a lively interest both in measures of internal administration and in our foreign relations. A people whose empire extends over every part of the globe, who have made every land and every sea accessible to their commercial enterprise, feel the necessity of making themselves acquainted with foreign countries and what is going on in them. The newspaper is daily in their hands; and by these wonderful organizations of industry, almost every man who can read—and there are now comparatively few who cannot—has the opportunity of being acquainted with all the great political movements in the world, the most recent improvements of art or science, the state of commerce, and the products and the wants of every civilized nation.

Now there is nothing which fixes facts so firmly in the memory as the connecting them with localities, a truth which all men recognise and act upon. Maps assist us in doing this by presenting us with an outline of a country delineated with reference to the space which it occupies and its position on the surface of the earth. We see placed before us in epitome its coasts, mountains, rivers, and chief towns. From the knowledge that the warmer parts of the earth's surface are near the equator, and that as a general rule, subject however to some modifications, the climate grows colder as we approach to the poles, we see from the position of a place on the earth's surface what must be the nature of its chief products. We learn also what means of communication it has with other countries and with our own; what facilities of water-communication; whether it has a near market for its products; and other like elements, on which depend the wealth and happiness of the people.

Now without wishing to overrate in an absurd degree the utility of maps as aids to those who read newspapers, or in any other way wish to improve their political knowledge, it may be affirmed that their use as such aids is very imperfectly comprehended by most readers. Any one who will take up a good article in a newspaper which treats of a war in India, of a settlement in Australia or Van Diemen's Land, or the supply of grain which we may expect from foreign parts, will find that if he reads the article with a good map in his hand, he has a very different view of the matter from that which he would have if he read it without the map. By using the map the facts are assigned to their places and engraven on his memory. If the article is incorrect and absurd, which sometimes is the case, he will learn not to place unbounded reliance on assertions and deductions which are contradicted by the real facts. If a Member of Parliament (to imagine what some may think an impossible case) should be so daring as to speak of a province in the heart of Russia of an extent that bewilders the imagination, and a fertility that threatens the civilized world with an inundation of grain if the ports should be opened to receive the destructive flood, he will turn to his map, and laugh at the ignorance and impudence of a law-maker who ventures on assertions which are contradicted by a sixpenny map. He will discover too, that this region of fertility is so situated that the beneficial supply of overflowing grain must run a long course before it reaches the lips of the hungry expectant.

If many of those who have been gulled by the prospectuses of bubble railroads had quietly set down with a map before them, and studied the projected lines with care, they would have seen that some of those lines offered no reasonable prospect of profit in the present state of the country; that the difficulties of construction and the cost would be certainly great, and could not accordingly be estimated; while the direction of the lines involved them in competition with other lines, and the places from and to, and through, which they passed offered no prospect of a profitable return.

If cheap maps were offered for sale in every variety of form which shall suit the wants of readers, there is hardly a limit to the demand which might be called into activity. All people cannot afford to buy a large Atlas, and there are comparatively few who want a complete collection of maps simply for completeness' sake. But many persons want a few maps for their several purposes. The merchant who trades with foreign countries wants them for his counting-house; the newspaper reader wants them when any stirring news arrives from foreign parts; the schoolboy wants them for the purpose of instruction; and the man of careful and exact reading wants them whenever he turns his attention to any part of the habitable globe.*

THE CARICATURIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PORTRAIT III.—LORD NORTH.

LORD NORTH (who, within a few years of his death succeeded to the Earldom of Guildford) became Prime Minister in 1770. He had previously filled high offices of administration. His daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, has recorded that he would never allow his family to call him Prime Minister, saying there was no such thing in the British constitution. His ministry continued from 1770 to 1782; when he resigned, on a defeat in the House of Commons on the question of the American war. Of that unhappy war he maintained both the justice and the expediency. It is difficult in our own day to understand how a kind, just, and liberal statesman should have sanctioned what we must regard as an oppression on the part of a powerful country of its colonized children. But when we look at the difference in which such great subjects present themselves to the actors in passing events, and those who come after them, we may not the less admire the personal character of the minister, though we may condemn his politics. He was a minister of unsullied purity; of wonderful equanimity; of considerable talent; of rare wit. But he was assailed on every side by party virulence. He had an infirmity—some say it was a trick—of sleeping during a debate in the House of Commons. This habit is the subject of the very clever caricature which we copy in the next page. Two anecdotes from Lord Brougham's 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen' will best illustrate this Portrait:—

“If it would be endless to recount the triumphs of his temper, it would be equally so, and far more difficult, to record those of his wit. It appears to have been of a kind peculiarly characteristic and eminently natural; playing easily and without the least effort; perfectly suited to his placid nature, by being what Clarendon says of Charles II., ‘a pleasant, affable, recommending sort of wit;’ wholly unpretending; so exquisitely suited to the occasion that it never failed of effect, yet so readily produced and so entirely unambitious, that although it had occurred to nobody before, every one wondered it had not suggested itself to all. A few only of his sayings have reached us, and these, as might be expected, are rather things which he had chanced to coat over with some sarcasm or epigram that tended to preserve them; they consequently are far from giving an idea of his habitual pleasantry and the gaiety of thought which generally pervaded his speeches. Thus, when a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in a soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the Minister as capable of

* The more general diffusion of the best Maps, in connexion with subjects of passing interest, but of lasting importance, may probably be attained by the Weekly Issue of ‘MAPS FOR THE TIMES,’ now undertaken by the Publishers of this Magazine.

sleeping while he ruined his country ; the latter only complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed, that of having a night's rest before their fate. When surprised in a like indulgence during the performance of a very inferior artist, who however showed equal indignation at so ill-timed a recreation, he contented himself with observing how hard it was that he should be grudged so very natural a release from considerable suffering ; but, as if recollecting himself, added, that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to complain of him for taking the remedy which he had himself been considerate enough to administer."



The State Coachman asleep.



LORD CAMPBELL'S CHANCELLORS.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the earliest times till the Reign of King George IV. By John Lord Campbell, A.M., F.R.S.E. The First Series; To the Revolution of 1688. 3 vols. 8vo., London, 1845.

EVEN if it were less successfully executed than it is, we should be disposed to welcome this book for the sake of its subject, of the circumstances in which it has been produced, and of the spirit that generally pervades it. The lives of the Chancellors is a subject that happily combines a biographical with an historical interest. Two or three of the persons who have held the Great Seal have been the most remarkable persons of their day; and a very large proportion of them have had something extraordinary or out of the way, if not in themselves, at least in their fortunes. The single fact that each of them has risen to the highest place in the realm, but one, that can be held by a subject, is enough to excite some curiosity about them. In most cases this elevation has been achieved from a starting-point a considerable way down in society; in some cases, from one at its very base. So that the life of nearly every Lord Chancellor is the history of successful adventure, and of the transmutation of external circumstances;

—partaking more or less of the sort of romance that belongs to the history of Whittington and his Cat, or of Napoleon Bonaparte. In the biographies of some of them we come upon revolutions as sudden and surprising as any metamorphosis in a pantomime. Then, combined with all this there is, as we have said, the interest attaching to the permanent office; the history of the law, and, in some sort, of the government and of the nation. We agree, therefore, with Lord Campbell, that his subject is happily chosen, if not for a great historical work, at least for a book designed to be popularly interesting and also instructive. It is somewhat strange, however, that in congratulating himself on his good luck, and mentioning the sources to which he has been indebted for materials, he should not have noticed a work with nearly the same title as his own, 'The Lives of the Lords Chancellors, Lords Keepers,' &c., which appeared in 2 vols. 8vo., in 1708, and, as we learn from a recent article in the 'Law Magazine' (for Feb. 7, 1846),

is understood to be a production of the hack writer Oldmixon. It is often referred to, without any author's name, in the 'Biographia Britannica.' And we have found one reference to it in Lord Campbell's work (at vol. i. p. 46); but that, as we shall see presently, is no evidence of his having been aware of its existence.

It is a fine thing to see Lord Campbell, after having been withdrawn for some forty years or more by another ambition, returning with so much freshness of heart to the studies which he had loved and cultivated in his youth. His book, looked at in this light, is a very delightful one, and begets a most favourable impression of the character and temper of the man. Putting aside altogether the literary ability which it displays, and the unbroken faculty of diligence and intellectual labour of which it is a monument, no reader can fail to be charmed with the evidence it affords in every page of how true and strong the author's sympathies still are with all the highest things—of how powerless both his labours and his successes in Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's, the more noisy conflicts in which his life has been spent, and the well-earned wealth and honours by which it has been crowned, have been to rob him either of his love for the quiet pursuits of literature, or of any other purer aspiration of other days. It is not even unpleasant to find him occasionally making what might almost seem an ostentatious proclamation of the uncorrupted state of his mind in this respect; as when in one place he writes (vol. ii. p. 407)—“Several Englishmen owe their distinction as authors to their crosses as politicians. If my ‘Lives of the Chancellors’ gain any celebrity, my humble name may be added to the class adorned by Clarendon and Bolingbroke. I shall then be highly contented with my lot. I do not undervalue great professional reputation, but I would rather have written Hyde's character of Falkland than have pronounced the most celebrated judgments of Lord Hardwicke or Lord Eldon.” We may or may not agree in rating Clarendon's tribute to his deceased friend as high as Lord Campbell does, or in considering it to evince more intellectual power than

any judgment ever pronounced from the bench of a court of law; we may even be disposed to attribute this outbreak in part to a momentary fit of enthusiasm, or fit of rhetoric; still it is exhilarating to read. Whether it be naïveté or art, its frankness and fearlessness equally carry our sympathies. And the tone of the book throughout is adapted with the same skill to win all readers. There is, in the first place, a careful avoidance of everything which could offend anybody—or at the least there is a manifest and anxious ambition of such avoidance. Lord Campbell, a keen and consistent party politician, of course does not affect to conceal his principles or his partialities; but the ardour of his liberalism never betrays him into anything like bitterness or intolerance. The most that can be said is, that it is occasionally perhaps a little too credulous; as when, for instance, it leads him to affirm (vol. ii. p. 423) of Lord Bacon, that, “if misled by no personal interest, he would have supported the Bill of Rights in 1689, and the Reform Bill in 1832; and, by going so far and no farther, would have assisted in saving the constitution.” But there is something amiable and beautiful even in this “undoubting mind,” whether of poet or politician—in this happy intellectual temper which leads a man to believe that the measures of his party are always absolute perfection;—that, given only a sound head and an honest heart, no other man could look at them and think there was anything either to add or spare. Our author's allegiance to his party-leader might have done honour to the days of chivalry. It is eagerly proclaimed on every occasion, and sometimes amusingly enough. Thus, in the account of John Russell, Richard III.'s Lord Chancellor, after an odd conjecture that his not being mentioned by Wiffen in his ‘History of the House of Russell’ may perhaps have arisen from a shyness to acknowledge him on account of his connexion with that king—the fact being that there is not a trace of any evidence of his having belonged to the family of the Dukes of Bedford—we come suddenly upon the following impassioned paragraph:—“I will fondly believe, though I can produce no direct evidence to prove

the fact, that to JOHN RUSSELL the nation was indebted for the Act entitled 'The Subjects of this Realm not to be charged with Benevolence,' the object of which was to put down the practice introduced in some late reigns of levying taxes under the name of 'benevolence,' without the authority of parliament. The language employed would not be unworthy of that great statesman bearing the same name, who in our own time framed and introduced Bills 'To abolish the Test Act' and 'To Reform the Representation of the People in Parliament.' The preamble of Richard III.'s Act is then transcribed; but it would require an enthusiasm equal to Lord Campbell's own to see anything in the words recalling either the Reform Act or the Test Abolition Act—and therefore the reader need not be troubled with it. We should not wonder, however, from the manner in which he expresses himself, that our author were disposed "fondly to believe" that there has been an actual metempsychosis in this case, and that Richard's old Chancellor still walks about among us in the person of the present noble leader of the Opposition.

But indeed throughout the three volumes every person whose name is introduced is kindly mentioned, as well as Lord John. Passing over the customary acknowledgments in the Preface for information and assistance, we find strewn over the surface of the work such tender or complimentary notices as the following:—"That very learned and worthy bookseller, my friend, Thomas Rodd, Great Newport Street;" "The learned and accurate Hardy,—the learned and acute Mr. Duffus Hardy" (with other variations); "His (William of Wickham's) promotion to be a judge was ascribed to his skill as an architect; the analogous case would be, if Mr. Barry, as a recompense for his excellent plan for the new Houses of Parliament, were now to be made Lord Chancellor;" "I have a great kindness for the memory of William of Wickham, when I think of his having produced such Wickhamists as my friends Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson;" "Lord Coke rejoiced that his (Sir John Fortescue's) descendants were flourishing in the reign of Queen

Elizabeth; and I, rejoicing that they still flourish in the reign of Queen Victoria, may be permitted to express a confident hope that they will ever continue, as now, to support those liberal principles which, in the time of the Plantagenets, were so powerfully inculcated by their illustrious ancestor;" "We need not wonder at the credulity of the most eminent men of that age (the reign of Henry VIII.), when in our own day a nobleman (Lord Shrewsbury), distinguished by his talents and his eloquence, as well as by his illustrious birth, has published a pamphlet to support two contemporaneous miraculous maids, the *Estatica* and the *Adolorata*;" "The male line of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, after producing many great and honourable characters, has failed; and he is now represented, through a female, by that accomplished statesman Lord Francis Egerton, who enjoys the princely possessions of the family, and to whom every one will rejoice to see its honours restored;" "An eloquent eulogist, Montagu, who, in his very valuable edition of Bacon, rather idolizes his hero;" "Whoever has had the good fortune to be present when Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst presides at similar dinners (to those given by Bacon to the Judges and the leaders of the bar) will form a better opinion of the manners of the man and the times;" "He (Clarendon) is now represented, through a female, by the present Earl of Clarendon, destined to add new lustre to the title which he bears;" "It is delightful to think that his (Shaftesbury's) honours and estates are now enjoyed by descendants who, inheriting a large portion of his talents, are adorned by every public and private virtue;" "His (Lord North's) daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsey (Lindsay), still survives, the grace and ornament of her sex, in the reign of Queen Victoria;" &c. &c. &c. The liberality, in short, with which Lord Campbell has scattered this sort of laudation has probably never before been equalled in English authorship. Considering the number of persons, connexions and friends of the individual specified, whom each of these notices would interest and gratify, the publication of the book must have spread

a positive satisfaction, and universal sunshine of the breast, over a large portion of society. The only living or recently deceased person we find spoken of with anything like disparagement is the late poor old Earl of Bridgewater, whose life of his ancestor, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Campbell, somewhat harshly we think, describes as the worst piece of biography he has ever had the misfortune to be condemned to read. He speaks with commendation of other biographies quite as bad in the course of his work. It may be suspected, however, that he did not know the author of the condemned biography, whom he styles the Reverend Francis Egerton, to be the same who subsequently became Earl of Bridgewater.

In addition to these pleasant personalities about other people, we have also many lively autobiographical memoranda. Thus, in one place the noble author writes:—"Till the courts were finally removed out of Westminster Hall, there were easy means of communication between the Chancery and King's Bench, which enabled Sir Thomas More to ask his father's blessing in the one court before he took his seat in the other; and I myself remember, when a student of law, that if the Chancellor rose while the King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn and the Judges saluted him." So at vol. i. p. 215. In another version of the same reminiscence at p. 544, where the story of More and his father is related, we read, "I am old enough to remember that when the Chancellor left his court, if the Court of King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn and bows were exchanged between him and the Judges, so that I can easily picture to myself the 'blessing scene' between the father and son." The following are a few of these "fond records":—"He (More in his *Utopia*) exposes the absurdity of the law of forfeiture in case of larceny, which, I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the efforts I have myself made in parliament to amend it, still disgraces our penal code;" "Although on the rare occasions when it was my duty to speak while a member of the House of Commons I had the good fortune to experience a favourable hearing, I must

observe that there has subsisted in this assembly down to our own times an envious antipathy to lawyers, with a determined resolution to believe that no one can be eminent there who has succeeded at the bar;" "This (Lord Keeper Littleton's accepting a commission as a colonel of foot from Charles I. at Oxford) reminds me of the gallant corps in which I myself served in my youth, 'the B. I. C. A.,' or 'Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association,' consisting of barristers, attorneys, law students, and clerks, raised to repel the invasion threatened by Napoleon; but none of the reverend sages of the law served in this or the rival legal corps named the 'Temple Light Infantry,' or 'The Devil's Own,' commanded by Erskine, still at the bar. Lord Chancellor Eldon *doubted* the expediency of mixing in the ranks, and did not aspire to be an officer; Law, the Attorney-General, was in the awkward squad;" "The precedent (of the commitment of Shaftesbury by the House of Lords in 1677, simply 'for high contempts against this House,' without specifying what the contempts were) hitherto has been respected. In the case of the Sheriffs of Middlesex, which occurred when I was Attorney-General and a member of the House of Commons, I settled the warrant of commitment, and took care that it should be in this general form. Some observations were made by the Court of King's Bench as to the impropriety of preventing them from seeing the true cause of commitment; but they held it sufficient;" "I can testify, from having witnessed it, that the scene of the greatest exultation and joy in this world is the procession of the 'third man' entering a borough during a canvass for the election of members of parliament. Those who do not mean to support him, and know that he has no chance of success, equally rejoice—in the consciousness of their own increased importance; and, from his worship the mayor down to the beggar in the street, all expect to derive some gratification from the coming contest;" "In a note upon this sentence of my work (relating to those good old times when the appointment to an office of profit under the crown did not vacate a seat in the House

of Commons) by some laborious editor in a future age, it will be said, 'The author here speaks very feelingly; for I find that when he himself was promoted from being Solicitor to be Attorney General in the year 1834, he lost his seat for Dudley, and was kept out of parliament nearly a whole session, till re-elected for the city of Edinburgh;' "At Gloucester summer assizes, 1832, the Asiatic cholera was raging in that city; tar-barrels were burnt all day in the streets; no one entered the county hall except on some sort of compulsion, and every one who entered held in his hand some charm against the infection. Yet of a bar above fifty in number, only one man fled the field! There were many deaths daily in Leather-Bottle Lane, close by my lodgings, but I thought that I, the leader of the circuit, was bound to remain at my post, and to give a chance to my juniors;" "I was obliged to investigate this matter (the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor in lunacy) during the short time when I had the honour to hold the Great Seal of Ireland. By an oversight the usual warrant under the sign manual respecting lunatics had not in the first instance been delivered to me, but I found that I might safely make some orders in lunacy before I received it;" "At the beginning of every parliament the Lords make an entry in their Journals, in French, of the appointment of the Receivers and Triers of Petitions, not only for England, but for *Gascony*; e. g. extract from Lords' Journals, 24th August, 1841:—... 'Les Triours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles; Le Duc de Somerset, Le Marquis d'Anglesey, Le Count de Tankerville, Le Viscount Torrington, Le Baron Campbell.'"

But much as Lord Campbell has added to the interest of his book by these and similar recollections drawn from his experience of another world than that of books, it has also perhaps suffered somewhat as a literary performance in consequence of his having been so long withdrawn from the cultivation of literature by his monopolising professional labours. The mere writing is for the most part unobjectionable. There may be an occasional impropriety of expression; as,

for instance, where, in an enumeration of the popular qualifications of Henry VIII., we are told (vol. i. p. 516) that, "*beyond* his fine person, his manly accomplishments, his agreeable manners, and the contrast he presented to his predecessor, he showed a disposition to patronize merit wherever it could be found," &c. But in general the style is both correct and sufficiently modish; and, if it is seldom irradiated by any striking felicity of expression, it is at least always clear and fluent, and sometimes what may be called lively or spirited. Pleasanter, easier reading is nowhere to be found; and, although there are no passages that can be described as picturesque, eloquent, or brilliant, a few are elaborated with considerable rhetorical skill and success. But still the manner of thinking upon many subjects is behind the time. It is of the fashion of forty years ago rather than of the present day. It looks, indeed, as if it had been of the newest fashion once; but it is not the better for that; if it had always been ancient, it might be venerable, though not fashionable; as it is, it is neither the one nor the other. Even in politics, the field of speculation lying nearest to that of his professional life, and upon which, after that of the law, his eye may be supposed to have been most frequently turned, the author is still to a great extent the man of 1806 rather than of 1846. For the last fifteen years, of course, during which he has taken an active part in public business, Lord Campbell has been carried forward with the rest of the world; and his manner of looking at all the questions that have been agitated among us within that time is sufficiently accordant with the most advanced views of his party; but, however particular opinions may have been modified in this way, his unconscious assumptions are constantly indicating to the discerning reader how little even of a politician he had been for the preceding quarter of a century. In his historical views and notions it is nearly the same: the books that he has looked into in his last four or five years of leisure, and mostly while engaged in the preparation of the present work, have given him new lights upon several insulated points; but it is easy to see that these crumbs of

more correct information have been merely picked up by chance, and that he has paid little continuous attention to what has been done in this department. Very strong reasons have been advanced against many old positions which he has evidently no suspicion that anybody has ever questioned; and events and measures, men and books, are all occasionally spoken of or referred to in a way in which they would not be by any writer who had either accompanied or observed the progress of opinion and discussion.

In some respects, indeed, the book would almost appear to be sent forth to the world upon the principle propounded by a certain French author:—"Il serait à désirer qu'on ne considérât les premières éditions des livres que comme des essais informes que ceux qui en sont auteurs proposent aux personnes de lettres pour en apprendre leurs sentimens; et qu'ensuite sur les différentes vues que leur donneraient ces différentes pensées, ils y travaillassent tout de nouveau pour mettre leurs ouvrages dans la perfection où ils sont capables de les porter."* In the first place, the inaccuracies of a merely formal kind—we cannot call them misprints, for they have all the appearance of being mostly slips of the author, not of the printer—are numerous almost beyond example.

Lord Campbell's whole system of quotation or reference to authorities, we must also take the liberty of saying, is contrary to all established usage; and we are sure that nothing but his newness to literature would have led him to disfigure and degrade his work by a practice in this matter so unworthy of any but a compilation of the lowest order. His references are to a great extent either useless or misleading; and they are so in consequence of his continually quoting authorities which

he has not examined, books even the title-pages of which he has never seen. A few examples will best illustrate his manner of proceeding. In vol. i. p. 2, Gibbon's account of the origin of the office of Chancellor and of the original meaning of the word is given with a reference to the passage in the Dec. and Fall; after which is added, "and see Casaubon and Salmasius ad Hist. Aug. 253." Now the intimation conveyed by this form would properly be, that the commentary of Casaubon and Salmasius upon the Augustan History was an additional authority or source of information which Lord Campbell had himself discovered and consulted. But the fact is, that the reference is Gibbon's own, and that our author has no claim to it whatever. Instead of "and see Casaubon," he ought to have written, "Gibbon cites Casaubon," &c. At p. 24 a passage is given in the text within inverted commas, and referred at the foot to "Journal of Bishop Beckington, p. 6." Such a description would be altogether insufficient, even if it were correct, which it is not. The least that ought to have been done to make the reference intelligible was to have mentioned that this bishop was one of the ambassadors who, as we are told in the text, were commissioned in 1422 to negotiate a marriage between Henry VI. and one of the daughters of the Count of Armagnac (we are surprised to find Lord Campbell writing "*either* of the Count's daughters," as if there had been only two). Without this information what can any reader suppose his Journal has to do with the matter? He is not one of the recognised authorities for the general history of the time. The book in question does not belong to the same class with Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, or even to that of the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. It is a record of this embassy, and nothing more. But in fact it is not the Journal of Bishop Beckington at all; it is only a Journal kept by one of Beckington's suite, the French original of which is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a translation of which was published some years ago by Sir Harris Nicolas. And the passage quoted by Lord Campbell is evidently not from the

* La Logique, ou l'Art de Penser (par Nicole et Arnauld) 5ième edit. 1683, p. 18. "It were to be wished that the first editions of books were looked upon only as rough essays, which the authors propose to the examination of men of letters; and that afterwards, with the help of the different lights they have received, they should set to work afresh to bring their compositions to all the perfection that their capacity can raise them to."—Translation by Ozell, 1717.

Journal, but from the editor's introduction. At p. 106, in beginning his account of the administration of William Longchamp, Richard I.'s Chancellor, Lord Campbell tells us that in this part of his work he has chiefly followed the History of the Norman Conquest by Thierry, "who," he adds, "cites authorities, most of which I have examined, and which fully support his statements." Both in this account of Longchamp, extending to seven or eight pages, and in a previous narrative of the last days of Becket's career, of equal or greater length, Thierry is more properly translated than followed; the imitation at least is far too close to admit of inverted commas being dispensed with. But what does Lord Campbell mean by assuring us that he has examined Thierry's authorities? Why he must have done so if he has read Thierry's book; for the passages from the original authors are there all given at full length at the foot of the page or at the end of each volume. The language used by Lord Campbell would, in an ordinary case, be understood as intimating that he had gone through the labour of turning up and examining authorities to which Thierry had only made a reference. At p. 114 we have an instance of a species of reference which is a great favourite with Lord Campbell. A paragraph comprehending a statement of the resignation of the great seal by Longchamp and of his death soon after, and also an estimate of his character, is thus supported, "See Parl. Hist. 7." The volume is omitted; the number is that of the page; but, passing over that, how can the Parliamentary History be any sufficient authority here? In what respect is that compilation a better authority for the facts and opinions here set down than Lord Campbell's own assertion would be? But, after all, there is nothing to be found about Longchamp in the place to which we are thus referred, except simply his designation—William, Bishop of Ely—among those of other prelates and peers; nor do we believe that he is mentioned anywhere else in the Parliamentary History; so that the reference would seem to have been set down quite at random. At p. 470 the reader is sud-

denly surprised at the conclusion of a paragraph by the unusual terseness of the following sentence:—"But the courage and love of freedom natural to the English Commons, speaking in the hoarse voice of tumult, and resorting to the last right of *insurrection*, preserved us in so great a peril." There are no inverted commas; but at the foot of the page there is a reference to "Hall. Const. Hist. 29," which may be conjectured to mean the 29th page of the 1st volume of Hallam's Constitutional History. And there to be sure we have abundant authority for what Lord Campbell has written and printed as his own; for Mr. Hallam's words are—"But the courage and love of freedom natural to the English Commons, speaking in the hoarse voice of tumult, though very ill supported by their superiors, preserved us in so great a peril." What is deficient here is the acknowledgment; Lord Campbell will admit that it would not do to understand him as intending to intimate, every time he makes such a reference as he does here at the end of a paragraph, that he is transcribing the very words of the writer referred to. Such wholesale appropriation as this, without any marks of quotation, is quite unknown in respectable literature. At p. 485, in a Life of Wolsey, mostly taken from Cavendish, a certain fact is introduced, which we are told, in a note, is not mentioned by Cavendish, but is proved by a letter from the French ambassador; and then follows the passage in the original French, with a reference to *Letters of Bishop of Bayonne*, 375. This is, perhaps, the strangest of all Lord Campbell's references. It amounts to an intimation that he has himself discovered the fact in question in some collection of the Letters of the Bishop of Bayonne. It is, as usual, indeed, deficient in distinctness; for we are not informed whether the said collection is a manuscript or a printed book; we are left merely to conjecture that the figure indicates the page; we are left altogether in the dark as to how it happens that, the Letters being apparently in French, the title of the collection should be in English; and, never having been told that the Bishop of Bayonne and the French ambassador are one and

the some person, we are puzzled to understand how an assertion attributed to the latter should be proved by a quotation from the former. But the fact is that "Letters of Bishop of Bayonne" is purely a title of Lord Campbell's own invention; he has found the words he quotes in a letter of M. de Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, which is printed from the original manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi at the end of Mr. Singer's edition of Cavendish; which edition, materially differing in the text and in all other respects from every other, he has been using all along, though he never once specifically refers to it even to notice the remarkable circumstance that the true name of the author was there for the first time prefixed to his work. The 375, if it mean the page in Mr. Singer's book (and it can mean nothing else), should be 275, and it should also be preceded by vol. ii. As for the fact produced by Lord Campbell as his own discovery, we have no doubt that it is mentioned by Singer in his note upon the part of the narrative to which it belongs. Sometimes, again, authorities are referred to where any such reference is quite superfluous. Thus at p. 513, after mention has been made of Sir Thomas More's successful maiden speech in the House of Commons, it is remarked that, to make the marvel greater, More's biographers roundly assert that he was then only twenty-one years of age; but, argues our author, he must have been full twenty-four, for "it appears from the Statute Book and the Parliament Roll that this parliament met on the 16th of January, 1504." We have no doubt that it does so appear not only from the Statute Book and the Parliament Roll, but from five hundred or five thousand other authorities — in fact from the concurring testimony of all records and all books professing to give any information on the subject. Has it ever been disputed? Do any of More's biographers who make the blunder about his age assert that this parliament met in 1500 or in 1501? Or, even if any of them should seem inconsiderately to have assumed this to be the case, can anything be more ludicrous than to bring up the Statute Book and the Parliament Roll to set them right upon such a point? All that is

necessary is that the true date should be recalled to mind; when that was disputed, it would be time enough in such a case to send for the Parliament Roll and the Statute Book. In many cases the references are quite unintelligible, or only to be interpreted conjecturally. What, for instance, are we to make of such an annotation as this, in p. 546:—"Mart. vol. 2. Hist. Reform. vol. 3"? From what is said in the text it may be guessed that "Mart." is intended to designate Fox the Martyrologist's "Acts and Monuments;" no edition being specified, "vol. 2" is useless and without meaning; as for "Hist. Reform." we can only gather that it may possibly be Burnet's work from "Burnet and other very zealous Protestants" being *afterwards* mentioned in the text. The note finishes with a quotation, or a sentence printed as if it were a quotation; but whence derived no hint is given: it has no appearance of being either from Fox or Burnet.

What can have led Lord Campbell to speak in the way he does in vol. ii. p. 85, of Sir John Hayward, whom he describes as an historian contemporary with Queen Mary's chancellor, Archbishop Heath, and one "whose works have been lately published by the Camden Society?" It is not certain that Hayward was even born before Heath had left the world; the era of the one is that of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary; that of the other, the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the reign of James; he even survived the accession of Charles I. And is it possible that Lord Campbell can suppose the single thin volume of a hundred pages or thereby published by the Camden Society with Hayward's name on the back of it to contain all his works? Has he never heard of his Life and Reign of Henry IV., his Lives of the Three First Norman Kings, his Life and Reign of Edward VI., besides half a dozen minor productions, all published in the author's lifetime, or within a few years of his death, and most of them several times reprinted? What the Camden Society has published, or rather printed, is merely his 'Annals of the First Four Years of the Reign of Elizabeth.'

We object also to such a mode of reference as that by which a very remarkable letter addressed by Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, a considerable portion of which Lord Campbell has conceived that a regard to historical truth required him to insert (at vol. ii. p. 158), although he cautions his female readers against perusing it, is described as to be found "copied from Lord Salisbury's Papers," in the first volume of the State Trials. The letter is certainly to be found at the place indicated, and it is also a document the original of which is in the possession of Lord Salisbury. But it is not copied in the State Trials from Lord Salisbury's Papers; it is there copied from Murdin's State Papers, and to that collection, if anything was to be said about Lord Salisbury, the reference ought to have been made. Lord Campbell has far too large a confidence in the State Trials and the Parliamentary History. These compilations are collections of trials at law and of speeches delivered in parliament, and nothing more. To quote them as authorities on points of history, as Lord Campbell constantly does, is altogether to misunderstand their character, the nature of historical investigation, and the purpose and meaning of quoting authorities.

The reviewer of the present work in the Law Magazine has called attention to the author's numerous unacknowledged obligations to biographical articles that have appeared in that publication, and also to Johnson's Life of Coke and Memoirs of his Contemporaries, to Martin's Essay on the Life and Character of Bacon, to Henry Roseoe's Lives of Eminent Lawyers, &c. To these cases we must add perhaps a more remarkable one than any of them; that, namely, of the extent to which the account of Clarendon is derived from or founded upon the late Mr. Lister's work ('Life and Administration of Edward, First Earl of Clarendon,' 3 vols. 8vo. London; 1838), without the slightest acknowledgment. It extends to 160 pages, in the first ninety of which Mr. Lister's work is not so much as mentioned. Yet it has quite evidently been all along Lord Campbell's principal guide and source of information; although his views and judgments frequently differ from

those of Mr. Lister, and although he has also added a few facts, principally in the notes, which seem to have been appended after the completion of the text. We do not complain that Lord Campbell should have availed himself to the extent he has done of Mr. Lister's labours; but for his own sake, with a view to the permanent reputation and standing of his work, he ought not to have done so quite so slyly. For example, when he commenced his memoir of Clarendon with the remark that "more praise and censure have been unduly lavished upon him than perhaps on any other public man who ever appeared in England," it would have been better to have retained Mr. Lister's exact words, and given them within inverted commas:—"one on whom more praise and censure have been unduly lavished than, perhaps, on any other character in the whole circle of English history." Lord Campbell may think that he has improved the expression here, and perhaps he has; but that is no reason why he should suppress all mention of his original. Two pages after we catch him in the very act of transcribing from Lister while he professes to be laboriously extracting his materials from Clarendon's own writings. At p. 112 he writes:—"He (Clarendon) says, 'That since it pleased God to preserve him whilst he did keep that company, and to withdraw him so soon from it, he was not sorry he had some experience in the conversation of such men, and of the licence of those times,' adding, with considerable felicity, 'that he had more cause to be terrified upon the reflection than the man who had viewed Rochester Bridge in the morning that it was broken, and which he had galloped over in the night.'" And for this quotation he refers to Clarendon's own account of his Life, vol. i. p. 10. But, unluckily, it is only the first portion of the quotation that is to be found there; it is in Lister only that the two portions stand together; so far is the latter from being *added*, in any proper sense of the expression—whether with considerable felicity or otherwise—in the work to which Lord Campbell does refer, that we do not come to it till sixty-five pages after. This display of erudition or research must be regarded as one of con-

siderable *infelicity* on the part of the noble author. It leaves us no possibility of doubting that Mr. Lister's book, which he never mentions, lay open before him all the time he was writing this memoir. That he has gone no farther for most of his materials is indeed abundantly evident; many passages containing mere statements of facts, or little more, are transcribed almost or altogether *verbatim*; but it is curious to see how he manages to appropriate even such stray remarks and expressions of sentiment as it is not very usual for one writer to take from another, either without acknowledgment or with it. We have given one instance already; a little while after we come upon another, which is quite comical. Mr. Lister, having remarked that the character of Laud in some respects excites contempt and dislike, adds, "But none can deny him the praise of having been a discerner and supporter of merit; and it must ever redound to his honour to have been the early patron of Jeremy Taylor and of Edward Hyde" (i. 27). Lord Campbell adopts the same sentiment almost in the same words:—"I am glad," he good-humouredly exclaims, in a note on p. 116, "to say a good word for Laud when it is in my power, and he certainly deserves credit for his patronage of merit. He brought into notice Jeremy Taylor." What follows, indeed, in a semi-jocular vein, about Laud's making Juxon Lord Treasurer being pardonable on the ground of that prelate keeping the best appointed pack of fox-hounds in England, is his lordship's own.

Mr. Lister's work is at last referred to in a note on pp. 199, 200, where we have an abstract of Clarendon's own account of his behaviour on first being told of the alleged private marriage or contract between his daughter and the Duke of York. "I see no reason," says Lord Campbell, "to doubt the accuracy of this statement as others have done; nor do I consider it at all inconsistent with Clarendon's subsequent attempt to 'soften the king.' See Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 69." So that this first notice by our author of his predecessor, whose guidance he has been following for ninety pages, and is to follow for seventy more,

is for the purpose of intimating, somewhat loftily, that he holds him to be in the wrong. Mr. Lister's work is again mentioned at p. 219, also in a note expressing dissent; and a third time in another note at p. 238; and these, we believe, are the only occasions on which it is referred to.

Many of the particulars that we have noticed may be thought to be of trifling importance; and so they are, considered in themselves; but they are very indicative taken as samples of the work, and regarded as evidence of the mistaken principles upon which it has in some respects been prepared. For the most part the defects and objectionable peculiarities which we have endeavoured to illustrate might be easily remedied; the substance of the narrative need not be much interfered with; let us only be always faithfully and distinctly warned whether it is Lord Campbell himself whose investigations we are profiting by, and whose words we are reading, or some other writer.

We are bound, however, to state also that the author's insufficient examination of authorities, and the precipitation with which he has evidently got up his book, have resulted, we suspect, in his commission of a good deal of positive blundering. It is quite impossible for us, with our present limits, to undertake anything like a minutely critical survey of the whole two thousand closely printed pages; and, therefore, there may be parts of the work executed with a care and finish which we have not been lucky enough to find in those that we have chanced most attentively to inspect. But let us turn over, with no particular deliberation, what is evidently the most elaborate of the Lives, that of Bacon. It is still longer than that of Clarendon, filling 168 pages, or from p. 266 to 434 of Volume Second. We may admit at once that it is the most complete and readable Life of Bacon that has yet been written. Except, indeed, in one respect to be specified presently, it is substantially or in the main only an expansion of Mr. Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review*; but, if it is very much less brilliant, it makes up for its inferiority in eloquence and rapidity by a narrative

much more continuous and comprehensive. It appears, although extremely deficient in precision, to include most of the facts of any importance that have been collected by Bacon's preceding biographers, if it does not supply any that were not previously known. Yet it is open, we fear, to corrective criticism in nearly every page. For example, in p. 272, it is set down that "Bacon spent three whole years in France" after leaving the university; and that on the recall of Sir Amyas Paulet, the English minister, with whom he resided at Paris, "he made a tour through the southern and western parts of France, and then fixed himself for steady application at Poitiers."—"He now," it is added, "wrote his 'Notes on the State of Europe,' and invented the method of writing in cypher, which he has explained in the 'De Augmentis.' But, "while thinking," the narrative goes on, "that he should spend his life in such speculations and pursuits, he heard of the sudden death of his father." Now there is no sufficient evidence or authority for any one of these statements, and some of them are incontestably wrong. Bacon certainly returned from France immediately on hearing of the death of his father in February, 1579, and, whatever doubt there may be about the exact time when he first went over to that country, it cannot have been, nor has any of his biographers ever supposed that it could have been, so early as February, 1576; the tour through the south and west of France is a mere *voyage imaginaire* of the modern biographers; his residence at Poitiers rests solely on his mentioning in one of his works that he had conversed with a certain person in that town; the date at which he wrote his Notes of the State of Europe is altogether uncertain—they were probably written at different times; finally, he has himself expressly recorded that he was not resident at Poitiers, but at Paris, both when he invented his cypher and when he heard of his father's death. Soon after we come upon a passage that is really curious. At p. 275 we are gravely told that while a student at Gray's Inn Bacon "published a little sketch of his system (of philosophy) under the somewhat pompous title of 'The

Greatest Birth of Time;'" "but this," it is added, "like Hume's 'System of Human Nature,' seems to have fallen *still-born from the press*; no copy of it is preserved," &c. This is all a pure dream of Lord Campbell's; nobody else (unless, possibly, Mr. Montagu somewhere or other) has imagined that Bacon ever published or printed the juvenile tract in question, of which, in fact, we know nothing except that in a letter written towards the close of his life he mentions having forty years before drawn up such an exposition of his philosophy, but without a word of having sent it to the press.

Waxing animated as he proceeds, Lord Campbell now begins to call Bacon by his Christian name, "Francis," "the impatient Francis," &c. Is this in imitation of the late French critic on Shakspeare, who, in his enthusiasm, breaks out into the exclamation, *Oh! illustre Williams?* But as if "Francis" were not sufficiently startling, we are suddenly astounded at p. 287 by "our friend Francis!" We hope, if Lord Campbell should write the Lives of the Poets, he will not talk of Milton as "our friend John." We cannot say that we even greatly like (at p. 282) "Burghley and his hopeful son Robert."

But to proceed. At p. 291 we are told in the text that Bacon wrote a treatise "Upon the Elements and Use of the Common Law," and, in a note, that this is the same work that is usually cited under the title of "Lord Bacon's Maxims of the Law." 'The Maxims of the Law' is in fact the first part of the volume, not published till long after Bacon's death, entitled 'The Elements of the Common Law of England,' 'The Use of the Law' being the Second Part. Apparently the two were intended by the author for quite distinct treatises. In the same page it is asserted that Bacon's 'Essays,' when first published in 1597, "were not only very favourably received in England, but, being immediately translated into Latin, and most of the Continental languages, they spread the fame of Bacon, as an elegant writer, all over Europe." Lord Campbell has here been taken in by Mr. Macaulay, who says of the little volume of Essays, "It was reprinted in a few months; it was translated into

Latin, French, and Italian; and it seems to have at once established the literary reputation of its author." But the Italian translation was not published till the year 1618; the French not till 1619; the Latin not till after Bacon's death. The idea, too, of this first specimen of the Essays—only as yet ten in number, and filling about twice as many duodecimo pages—spreading the fame of their author all over Europe, is preposterous; almost as much so as that of their being an imitation of those of Montaigne, to which they certainly bear no resemblance whatever. The enumeration of the successive editions of the Essays in the note on p. 292 is quite incorrect; and it is surely a strange expression to say that Bacon afterwards "added considerably to their (original) number," when the fact is, that he extended them from ten to fifty-eight.

At p. 230 we read, "He now (while he was Solicitor-General, or between 1607 and 1612) published the '*Cogitata et Visa*,' perhaps his most wonderful effort of subtle reasoning." The admiration is apparently a variation from Mr. Macaulay, who writes, in going over this part of Bacon's life:—"Yet even Bodley, after perusing the *Cogitata et Visa*, one of the most precious of those scattered leaves out of which the great oracular volume was afterwards made up," &c. But here Lord Campbell is again unintentionally misled by his guide; it was in manuscript that Bodley read the treatise in question, which was never published by Bacon, nor till many years after his death. We may add, that we much prefer Mr. Macaulay's eulogium on the *De Sapientia Veterum*, which he characterizes as "a master-piece of wit and learning," to the form into which it is here changed, where the work is called "decidedly his (Bacon's) most successful display of imagination and wit."

Lord Campbell is again mistaken in supposing, as he does at p. 348, that Bacon in 1616 "actually published 'A Proposition to His Majesty touching the Compiling and Amendment of the Laws of England.'" That short paper was for the first time published by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, in the *Resuscitatio*, thirty

years after Bacon's death. But the most extraordinary of all his lordship's judgments on Bacon's writings is that which he pronounces at p. 407, on the '*History of Henry the Seventh*.' "Of all his works," he begins by telling us, we do not know upon what authority, "this gave the least satisfaction to the public;" and then he proceeds to say, that "after recently again perusing it," he finds it hardly equal to Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*, or to Camden's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*; and that all that Bacon does in this work is to give us "a tame chronological narrative, filled up with proclamations and long speeches, descending to such trivial facts as a call of sergeants, and not abounding in the delineations of men and manners which might have been expected from so great an artist." In mentioning Camden's *Annals* along with the *Histories of More and Bacon*, as "leaving the reproach upon our literature of being lamentably deficient in historical composition till the days of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon," Lord Campbell apparently forgets that the said *Annals* are in Latin, although there is, to be sure, an English translation of them. We must leave the taste which considers Bacon's work inferior to Camden's to its own peculiar gratifications; but we may be permitted to express our wonder what sort of a perusal it could be that found little or nothing in the former except proclamations, long speeches, the notice of a call of sergeants, and a tame chronological narrative! We can assure Lord Campbell that, if he will count the pages again, he will find that the proclamations and speeches with which he says the narrative is filled up, do not, taken altogether, make a twelfth part of it; and if he will take the trouble of actually reading the said speeches—as for the proclamations, there is, we believe, only one, a document of great interest, published for the first time from the original in the library of Sir Robert Cotton—he will find that they are among not only the most interesting but the most characteristic portions of the work; for they are speeches after the manner of those in *Thucydides* and *Livy*, and have manifestly more in them of Bacon than of the

persons in whose mouths they are put. This, however, is not to be gathered by merely running the eye down the margin of the page,—a method of perusal, to be sure, that may answer very well for detecting an unfortunate little paragraph of a line and a half recording a call of sergeants, which its extreme brevity makes conspicuous. And, whatever the narrative may be, it is, at all events, not “a tame chronological narrative:” two more unlucky or inapplicable epithets could not be found in the dictionary; they might with as much propriety be employed to characterise the narrative manner of Livy or of Herodotus. The truth is that this History is, as a piece of writing, one of Bacon’s very happiest performances; nowhere has he put more life and spirit into his style: there is not a more animated or more brilliant narrative in the language. He himself evidently rated it high; that is shown not only by the manner in which he repeatedly mentions it, and by the solicitude he evinced and the pains he took to have it translated into Latin, but still more expressively by the modest loftiness of the concluding words: “He (Henry) was born at Pembroke Castle, and lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and for the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond, or any of his palaces. *I could wish he did the like in this monument of his fame.*”

As Lord Campbell makes Bacon to have himself sent several of his works to the press which certainly were never printed till after his death, so he speaks of others which did appear during his lifetime as if they had been posthumous publications. The collection of Apophthegms (or, as Lord Campbell, as far as we have observed, *always* writes the word, *Apothegms*), which he describes as having been only written or compiled in 1624, was published in 1625. We do not know upon whose authority the Apophthegms are here stated to have been dictated by Bacon “in one rainy day.” Lord Campbell’s remarks upon the collection might, as usual, have been made with little more than the most su-

perficial acquaintance with it. He thinks it very probable that it may have been begun in the said rainy day; “but it is evidently,” he adds, “the result of much labour, and of repeated efforts of recollection.” The story, indeed, of its having been written or dictated in one day (Archbishop Tenison says one morning), either rainy or fair, may be dismissed as not worth attending to; but the labour and the repeated efforts of recollection that were necessary would not have appeared so great to Lord Campbell if he had been aware that the greater number of the Apophthegms are transcribed from Bacon’s previously published works. Nor can we admit either that the value of the collection consists in its containing “many most excellent *mots* of the author and his contemporaries, which otherwise would have perished,” or that “they are mixed up with not a few platitudes.” “There are,” says our author, in concluding his criticism, “editions of the ‘Jocicultural Miller’ which I should considerably prefer to it.” We wish his lordship would particularize his favourite editions.

Lord Campbell is mistaken in supposing (as he does at p. 413) that the “Dialogue touching an Holy War,” and the “Considerations touching a War with Spain,” were published by Bacon. Neither can the first be properly described as “an abstract speculation upon the grounds of justifiable warfare among Christians,” nor both as “party pamphlets for the Duke of Buckingham.” Pamphlets they were not of any kind. The paper on a War with Spain, whatever may be thought of its purpose or tendency, is among the most striking and eloquent of Bacon’s political writings. But Lord Campbell, who thinks Bacon’s published speeches dull, may perhaps be of another opinion. Bacon was not at the time of his death (as is supposed at p. 418) contemplating a new edition of his ‘Natural History,’ whether by that title be meant his English ‘*Sylva Sylvarum*,’ or the collection of treatises in Latin forming, under the title of ‘*Historia Naturalis*,’ the Third Part of the *Instauratio Magna*, for no first edition of either had yet appeared. Only the ‘*Historia Ventorum*’ and the ‘*Historia Vitæ et Mortis*,’

which are portions of the '*Historia Naturalis*,' had been published.

The one point on which Lord Campbell may be considered in some degree to dissent from Mr. Macaulay is in his estimate of the originality and practical value of what is called the Baconian philosophy. Upon this great question, however, he confines himself to a simple protest. "I deny," he says, "the recent assertion that little practical benefit arose from his writings. . . . They made a deep impression on the public mind of Europe, which has never been effaced; and to their direct and indirect influence may be ascribed many of the brilliant discoveries which illustrated the latter half of the seventeenth century." But, in justification of this authoritative tone, we ought to quote his lordship's own statement, at setting out, of his qualifications for becoming the biographer of Bacon. "I am not," he says (p. 268), "without some advantages for the task, from my familiarity with the scenes through which he passed as an advocate, as a law officer of the crown, as a judge, as a member of either House of Parliament, and as a supporter of legal reform. Others, from greater leisure, are better acquainted with his philosophy; but I too have been a diligent student of all his works, and—while in his Letters, his Speeches, his Essays, and his Histories, I have tried to gain a knowledge of human affairs and of man as he is—from daily and nightly perusal of his '*Advancement of Learning*,' his '*De Augmentis Scientiarum*,' and his '*Novum Organum*,' I have humbly striven to initiate myself in the methods of observation and induction by which he has opened to our species a career of boundless improvement."

The variety of subject which contributes to make these volumes so entertaining, and of which advantage is in general very skilfully taken by the noble author, would preclude all possibility of analysis or abridgment within any inordinate space. They contain extended biographies of Thomas à Becket, of Cardinal Wolsey, of Sir Thomas More, of Bishop Gardiner, of Lord Ellesmere, of Lord Bacon, of Archbishop Williams, of Lord Clarendon, of Lord Shaftesbury, of Lord

Nottingham, of Lord Guilford, of Lord Jeffreys, besides shorter and less elaborate Memoirs of perhaps a hundred other individuals. They include also the history of the origin and progress of the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery; and the history of the Great Seal itself—we mean of the actual implement, and of the bag in which it is kept, a somewhat curious subject—as well as of the persons who have been intrusted with its custody. All we can do is to extract a passage or two by way of specimen; and we will turn for that purpose to a very full life of Jeffreys, which occupies the last hundred pages of the work.

After informing us that the name is spelt no fewer than eight different ways, Lord Campbell thus introduces his account:—

"It is hardly known to the multitude that this infamous person ever held the Great Seal of England; as, from the almost exclusive recollection of his presiding on criminal trials, he has been execrated under the designation of JUDGE JEFFREYS, which is as familiar in our mouths as household words. Yet was he Chancellor a considerably longer time than Chief Justice, and in the former capacity, as well as in the latter, he did many things to astonish and horrify mankind.

"He has been so much abused that I began my critical examination of his history in the hope and belief that I should find that his misdeeds had been exaggerated, and that I might be able to rescue his memory from some portion of the obloquy under which it labours; but I am sorry to say, that, in my matured opinion, although he appears to have been a man of high talents, of singularly agreeable manners, and entirely free from hypocrisy, his cruelty and his political profligacy have not been sufficiently exposed or reprobated; and that he was not redeemed from his vices by one single solid virtue."

George Jeffreys was born at Acton, in the parish of Wrexham, in Denbighshire, his father being a gentleman of respectable family, though of small fortune. Lord Campbell, although he seems to have some suspicion that the date, 1648, commonly assigned as that of his birth,

may be wrong, nevertheless proceeds intrepidly, through all sorts of improbabilities and inconsistencies, upon the supposition that it is correct.

"While still very young he was sent to the free-school at the town of Shrewsbury, which was then considered a sort of metropolis for North Wales. Here he continued for two or three years; but we have no account how he demeaned himself. At the end of this time his father thought of binding him apprentice, but, by way of finishing his education, sent him for a short time to St. Paul's School in the city of London. The sight of the metropolis had a most extraordinary effect upon the mind of this ardent youth, and exceedingly disgusted him with the notion of returning into Denbighshire, to pass his life in a small provincial town as a mercer. On the first Sunday in every term he saw the Judges and the Sergeants come in grand procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, and afterwards go to dine with the Lord Mayor, appearing little inferior to this great King of the City in power and splendour. He heard that some of them had been poor boys like himself, who had pushed themselves on without fortune or friends; and, though he was not so presumptuous as to hope, like another Whittington, to rise to be Lord Mayor, he was resolved that he would be Lord Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor."

Urged by the boy's grandmother, his father with some difficulty gave his consent that he should try his fortune in the profession of the law, upon which he was removed to Westminster School, then presided over by Dr. Busby. He was at this time only thirteen, but Lord Campbell thinks it probable that it was while he was under Busby that he "began to acquire those habits of intemperance which afterwards proved so fatal to him." Still, however, we are told, his ambition to be a great lawyer continued to be inflamed "by seeing the grand processions on the first day of term." Lord Campbell then proceeds:—

"He was now sixteen, an age after which it was not usual to remain at school in those days. A family council was called at Acton, and, as George still

sanguinely adhered to the law, it was settled that, the University being quite beyond their reach, he should immediately be entered at an Inn of Court; that, to support him there, his grandmother should allow him forty pounds a year, and that his father should add ten pounds a year for decent clothing. The aid which has since been found available to poor students from literary labour, and of which, when a student at Lincoln's Inn, I availed myself, was then unknown; so that this was the whole revenue he could calculate upon, till it should be augmented by the distant and uncertain accession of clients and fees."

It is remarked, however, in a note, that his allowance, small as it may seem, was not much less than that of Lord Keeper Guilford, whose father was a peer.

But it turns out after all, that Jeffreys was not yet sixteen, if we adopt the date of his birth as commonly given; for we are next told that he was admitted a member of the Inner Temple on the 19th of May, 1663. A boy of that age could hardly expect to make much by literary labour, even in the present day. It seems hardly possible to doubt that Jeffreys must have been born some years before 1648. A person born in 1648 could not be sixteen in May, 1663, however precocious. Jeffreys is stated to have, while still a student, become intimately connected with the political party opposed to the court. "He seems," our author remarks, "to have been a most precocious young man. While yet in his twentieth year, he was not only familiarly acquainted with the town, and completely a man of the world, exciting confident expectations of great future eminence, but he was already received among veteran statesmen as a member of an important party in the state, consulted as to their movements, and regarded as their future leader." Now, this is all plainly incredible. Lord Campbell, however, announces that he has ascertained from an examination of the register of the Inner Temple, that Jeffreys was called to the bar on the 22nd of November, 1668; so that the story of his having commenced practice at the Kingston As-

sizes in 1666, by walking boldly into court in a barrister's gown, when every body else was frightened away by the plague, is probably a fable.

And it appears that he had been married for nearly a year and a half when he was called to the bar. Lord Campbell proceeds: — "Being a handsome young fellow, and capable of making himself acceptable to modest women— notwithstanding the bad company which he kept—he resolved to repair his fortunes by marrying an heiress; and he fixed upon the daughter of a country gentleman of large possessions, who, on account of his agreeable qualities, had invited him to his house. The daughter, still very young, was cautiously guarded, and almost always confined to her chamber; but Jeffreys contrived to make a confidant and friend of a poor relation of hers, who was the daughter of a country parson, and lived with her as a companion. Through this agency he had established a correspondence with the heiress, and an interest in her affections, so that on his last visit she had agreed, if her father's consent could not be obtained, to elope with him. What was his disappointment, soon after his return to his dismal chamber in the Inner Temple, which he had hoped soon to exchange for a sumptuous manor-house, to receive a letter from the companion, informing him that his correspondence with the heiress had been discovered by the old father, who was in such a rage, that, locking up her cousin, he had instantly turned herself out of doors, and that, having taken shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Holborn, she was there in a state of great destitution and distraction—afraid to return to her father, or to inform him of what had happened. His conduct on this occasion may be truly considered the brightest passage in his history. He went to her, found her in tears, and, considering that he had been the means of ruining her prospects in life (to say nothing of her being much

handsomer than her rich cousin), he offered her his hand. She consented. Her father—notwithstanding the character and circumstances of his proposed son-in-law—out of regard to his daughter's reputation, sanctioned their union and to the surprise of all parties gave her a fortune of 300*l*. Accordingly, 'On the 23rd of May, 1667; at Allhallows Church, Barking, George Jeffreys, of the Inner Temple, Esq., was married to Sarah, the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Neesham, A.M.*

"She made an excellent wife, and I do not find any complaint of his having used her ill—till near the time of her death a few years after, when he had east his affections upon the lady who became the second Mrs. Jeffreys. Meanwhile he left her at her father's, occasionally visiting her; and he continued to carry on his former pursuits, and to strengthen his connexions in London, with a view to his success at the bar, on which he resolutely calculated with unabated confidence."

Such was Jeffreys's beginning. His father is said to have early had a presentiment that his son would come to a violent end, and to have given his consent to the boy's scheme of studying the law with these encouraging words, as he gently patted him on the back, "Ah, George, George, I fear thou wilt die with thy shoes and stockings on."—"The old gentleman," observes our author, "lived till he heard, after the landing of the Prince of Orange, of the Lord Chancellor being taken up at Wapping disguised as a sailor, being assaulted by the mob, being carried before the Lord Mayor, and dying miserably in the Tower of London."†

* Parish Reg. of Barking.

† Pennant saw a likeness of this old gentleman at Acton House, taken in 1690, in the 82nd year of his age.—See Pennant's 'Tour in Wales,' i. 296.

SOME SPECIMENS OF THE WRITINGS OF WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

It was in the summer of 1820 that the first number of 'The Etonian,' a monthly magazine, was printed at Windsor. He who is now desirous, in this article, to republish a few specimens of the genius of a very remarkable young man, whose talents and acquirements were as precocious as his public career and his life were too brief to fulfil the high expectations of his early promise, knew Winthrop Mackworth Praed with some degree of intimacy from 1820 to 1828. In 1820 the writer was the editor of the Windsor newspaper, and had a general printing establishment at Windsor in connexion with that paper. His father had printed 'The Microcosm,' the work of Etonians, in the school-days of George Canning; and thus there was a sort of natural connexion between the Windsor press and Eton College. Two Etonians, one of whom was Mr. Praed, the other a King's Scholar, proposed to him to undertake the printing and publishing of a magazine to be wholly written by members of the school, with the assistance of a few friends who had recently left Eton for Oxford or Cambridge. It was a bold undertaking, for it was not to be a weekly essay, but a magazine of considerable size, and of course wholly original. When the first number was produced, its success could not be doubted. The papers which Mr. Praed contributed to the work (of which he was the editor in conjunction with his friend the King's Scholar, who did not write a line, but whose industry, judgment, and taste were of the utmost service) occupied a very large portion of the book; and they exhibited, not only an extent of acquirement far above the average even of Eton learning,—but a power of writing, and a knowledge of society, which were little less than extraordinary. With all this, there was the freshness of youth to add its own peculiar grace to the elegance and wit which sparkled in every page. A little affectation there might be, but not the slightest touch of the pretension which sometimes clings to precocious ability. Mr. Praed had worthy fellow-contributors to his bold undertaking, amongst whom were Henry Nelson Coleridge, John Moultrie, and William Sydney Walker. 'The Etonian' soon reached a fame which extended far beyond the walls of Eton. It went through four editions. We select one paper from the large number of Mr. Praed's contributions. It is, perhaps, not the best of the prose articles; but it exhibits many of the peculiar qualities which characterized his subsequent writings:—

YES AND NO.

"We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

SHAKSPERE.

*Mr. Lozell's Treatise on the Art of saying
"Yes."*

"He humbly answered 'Yea! Bob.'"
Anon.

*Mr. Oakley's Treatise on the Art of saying
"No."*

"My son—learn betimes to say No."
Miss Edgeworth.

Our opinion is very much strengthened by the belief that many of our friends will assent to it, when we assert that no art requires in a greater degree the attention of a young man, on his entrance into life, than that of saying "Yes." A man who deigns not to use this little word is a bull-dog in society; he studies his own gratification rather than that of his friends, and of course accomplishes neither: in short, he deserves

Our opinion is not a jot weakened by the probability that many of our friends will dissent from it, when we assert that no art requires in a greater degree the attention of a young man, on his entrance into life, than that of saying "No." A man who is afraid to use this little word is a spaniel in society; he studies to please others, rather than to benefit himself, and of course fails in both objects: in short, he deserves not to be called

not to be called a civilised being, and is totally unworthy of the place which he holds in the creation.

Is not it right to believe the possible fallacy of one's own opinion?—Yes. Is not it proper to have a due consideration for the opinions of others?—Yes! Is not it truly praiseworthy to sacrifice our conviction, our argument, our obstinacy, upon the shrine of politeness?—Again and again we answer, Yes! yes! yes!

Nothing, indeed, is to us more gratifying than to behold a man modestly diffident of the powers which nature has bestowed upon him, and assenting, with a proper sense of his own fallibility, to the opinion of those who kindly endeavour to remedy his faults or supply his deficiencies. Nothing is to us more gratifying than to hear from the lips of such a man that true test of a complying disposition—that sure prevention of all animosity—that immediate stop to all quarrels—that sweet, civil, complacent, inoffensive monosyllable—Yes!

Yet, alas! how many do we find who, from an affectation of singularity, or a foolish love of argument, do as it were expunge this admirable expression from their vocabularies. How many do we see around us who are in the daily habit of losing the most advantageous offers, of quarrelling with strangers, and of offending their best friends, solely because they obstinately refuse to call to their assistance the infallible remedy for all these evils, which is to be found in the three letters upon which we are offering a brief comment.

We are sure we are only chiming in with the opinion of other people, when we lament the manifold and appalling evils, which are the sure consequences of this disinclination to affirmatives. To us it is really melancholy to look upon the disposition to contradiction by which some of our friends are characterised, to observe the manifest pride of some, the unreasonable pertinacity of others.—Of a surety, if we are doomed at any future season to put on the yoke of wedlock, Mrs. L., and all the Masters and Misses L., shall be early instructed in the art of saying “Yes.”

Look into the pages of history! You will find there innumerable examples in support of our opinion. When the Greeks begged Achilles to pocket his affronts and make an end of Hector, he refused. Very well, we have no doubt he did all for the best; but we are morally sure that Patroclus would not have been slain if Achilles had known

a man, and is totally unworthy of the place he holds in the creation.

Is he a rational being who has not an opinion of his own?—No. Is he in possession of his five senses who sees with the eyes, who hears with the ears, of other men?—No! Does he act upon principle who sacrifices truth, honour, and independence on the shrine of servility?—Again and again we reply, No! no! no!

Nothing, indeed, is to us more gratifying than to behold a man relying boldly on the powers which nature has bestowed upon him, and spurning, with a proper consciousness of independence, the suggestions of those who would reduce him from the rank he holds as a reasonable creature, to the level of a courtier and a time-server. Nothing is to us more gratifying than to hear from the lips of such a man that decided test of a free spirit—that finisher to all dispute—that knock-down blow in all arguments—that strong, forcible, expressive, incontrovertible monosyllable—No!

Yet, alas! how many do we find who are either unable or unwilling to pronounce this most useful, most necessary response! How many do we see around us, who are in the daily habit of professing to know things of which they are altogether ignorant, of making promises which it is impossible for them to perform, of saying (to use for once a soft expression) the thing which *is not*,—solely because they will not call to their assistance the infallible remedy for all these evils, which is to be found in the two letters upon which we are offering a brief comment.

It is dreadful to reflect upon the evils which this neglect must infallibly produce. It is dreadful to look round upon the friends and relatives whom we see suffering the most appalling calamities from no other misconduct than a blind aversion to negatives. It is disgusting to observe the flexible indecision of some, the cringing servility of others. Forgive us, reader, but we cannot help soliloquising: God save the King of Clubs, and may the Princes of the Blood be early instructed in the art of saying “No.”

Look into the pages of history! You will find there innumerable examples in support of our opinion. Pompey was importuned to give battle to Cæsar; he complied. Poor devil! he would never have been licked at Pharsalia if he had learned from us the art of saying “No.” Look at the conduct of his rival and conqueror, Cæsar! You remem-

how to say "Yes." We all know how he cried about it when it was too late. To draw another illustration from the same epoch: how disastrous was the ignorance which Priam displayed of this art, when a treaty was on foot for the restoration of Helen. Nothing was easier than to finish all disputes, to step out of all difficulties, by one civil, obliging, gentlemanly "Yes." But he refused—and Troy was burned. What glorious results would a contrary conduct have produced! It would have prevented a peck of troubles both to the Greeks and the Etonians. It would have saved the ancients ten years, and the moderns twelve books of bloodshed. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the imprudent, the luckless Hippolytus; he never would have been murdered by a marine monster, if he could but have said "Yes:" but the word stuck in his throat, and he certainly paid rather dear for his ignorance.

"Yes," cries a critic, "I agree with all this, but it's all so old." We assent to your opinion, my good friend, and will endeavour to benefit by your suggestion. Come, then—we will look for illustrations among the characters of our own age.

There's Lord *Duretete*, the misanthrope. He has a *tolerable* fortune, *tolerable* talents, and *tolerable* person. He plays a *tolerable* accompaniment on the flute, and a *tolerable* hand at whist. Yet, with all these *tolerable* qualifications, he is considered a most *intolerable* man. What is the meaning of this seemingly anomalous circumstance? The reason is obvious—his Lordship can't say "Yes." This abominable ignorance of our favourite art interferes in the most trivial incidents of life; it renders him alike miserable and disagreeable. "Will your lordship allow me to prefix your name to a dedication?" says Bill Attie, the satyrist. "I must go mad first," says his lordship. "Duretete! lend me a couple of hundreds!" says Sir Harry. "Can't, 'pon honour," says his lordship. "You dear creature, you'll open my ball this evening!" says Lady Germain. "I'll be d—d if I do!" says his lordship. See the catastrophe. Bill Attie lampoons him; Sir Harry spits in his face; and Lady Germain votes him a bore. How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes!"

Look at young *Eustace*, the man of honour! He came up to town last year with a good dress, a good address, and letters of introduction to half-a-dozen great men. He made his bow to each of them, spent a week with each of them, offended

ber the words of Casca: "I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, and he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it." Now this placid "putting by" was not the thing for the Romans: we are confident Julius Cæsar would never have died by cold steel in the senate, if he had given them a good decisive, insuperable "No!" Whatever epoch we examine we find the same reluctance to say "No" to the allurements of Pleasure and the mandates of Ambition, and, alas! we find it productive of the same consequences. Juvenal tells us of an unfortunate young man, one Caius Silius, who was unlucky enough to be smiled upon by the Empress Messalina. The poor boy knew the danger he ran—he saw the death which awaited him; but an empress sued, and he had not the heart to say "No." He lost his heart first, and his head shortly afterwards.

"Dam'me," says a blood, "all that happened a hundred years ago." An Etonian has occasionally great difficulty in carrying his ideas a hundred years back. Well, then, we will go example-hunting nearer home.

There's Sir *Philip Plausible*, the Parliament man. He can make a speech of nine hours, and a calculation of nine pages; nobody is a better hand at *getting up* a majority, or palavering a refractory oppositionist; he proffers an argument and a bribe with equal dexterity, and converts by place and pension, when he is unable to convince by alliteration and antithesis. What a pity it is he can't say "No." "Sir Philip," says an envoy, "you'll remember my little business at the Foreign Office?" "Depend upon my friendship," says the minister. "Sir Philip!" says a fat citizen, with two votes and two dozen children, "you'll remember Billy's place in the Customs!" "Rely on my promise!" says the minister. "Sir Philip!" says a lady of rank, "Ensign Roebuck is an officer most deserving promotion!" "He shall be a colonel! I swear by Venus!" says the minister. "Exitus ergo quis est?" He has outraged his friendship; he has forgotten his promise; he has falsified his oath. Had he ever an idea of performing what he spoke? Quite the reverse! How unlucky, that he cannot say "No!"

Look at Bob Lily! There lives no finer poet! Epic, "elegiac, satyric, Pindaric—it is all one to him!" "He is patronised by all the first people in town. Everybody compliments him, everybody asks him to dinner. Nay! there are some who read

each of them, and is now starving in a garret upon independence and cold mutton. What is the meaning of all this? Eustace never learned how to say "Yes!" "Virtus post nummos! Eh! young man?" says old *Discount*, the usurer. "I can't say I think so," said Eustace. "Here, Eustace, boy," says Lord Fanny, "read over these scenes, and let me have your opinion! Fit for the boards, I think! Eh?" "You'll excuse me if I don't think they are," says Eustace. "Well! my young friend," cries Mr. Pliant, "we must have you in Parliament, I suppose; make an orator of you! You're on the right side, I hope?" "I should vote with my conscience, Sir," says Eustace. See the finale. Eustace is enlisted for life in the Grub Street corps, where he learns by sad experience how dangerous it is to say "No" to the avarice of a usurer, the vanity of a rhymers, or the party-spirit of a politician. How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes."

Godfrey is a lover, and he has every qualification for the office except one. He cannot say "Yes." Nobody, without this talent, should be in love. "Mr. Godfrey," says Chloe, "don't you think the feather very pretty?" "Absurd!" says Godfrey. "Mr. Godfrey!" says the lady, "don't you think this necklace becoming?" "Never saw anything less so!" says Godfrey. "Mr. Godfrey!" says the coquette, "don't you think I'm divine to-night?" "You never looked worse, by Jove!" says the gentleman. Godfrey is a man of fashion, a man of fortune, and a man of talent, but he will die a bachelor. What a pity! We can never look on such a man without a smile for his caprice, and a tear for its consequences. How unlucky that he cannot say "Yes."

In the position we are next going to advance, we know everybody will agree with us; and this consideration very much strengthens our opinion. Nothing is so becoming a *female* mouth as a civil and flattering "Yes." It is impossible, indeed, but that our fellow-citizens should here agree with us, when they reflect that they never can be husbands until their innamorata shall have learnt the art of saying "Yes." For the most part, indeed, civility and good-nature are the characteristics of our British fair; and this natural inclination to the affirmative renders it unnecessary for us to point out to our fair countrywomen the beauties and advantages of a word which they love as dearly as they do flattery. While we are on the subject of flattery, let us, *obiter*, advise all Etonians to say nothing but "Yes" to a lady. But as a thoughtless coquette or a haughty prude does occasion-

him. He excels alike in tragedy and farce, and is without a rival in amphibious dramas, which may be called either the one or the other; but he is a sad bungler in negatives. "Mr. Lily," says the duchess, his patroness, "you will be sure to bring that dear epithalamium to my conversazione this evening!" "There is no denying your Grace," says the poet. "I say, Lily," says the duke, his patron, "you will dine with us at seven?" "Your Grace does me honour," says the poet. "Bob!" says the young marquis, "you are for Brookes's to-night?" "Dam'me, to be sure," says the poet. Mark the result. He is gone to eat tripe with his tyrannical bookseller; he has disappointed his patroness; he has offended his patron; he has cut the Club! How unlucky he cannot say "No!"

Ned Shuttle was a dashing young fellow, who, to use his own expression, was "above denying a thing;" in plainer terms, he could not say "No." "Sir!" says an enraged Tory, "you are the author of this pamphlet!" Jack never saw the work, but he was above "denying a thing," and was horsewhipped for a libeller. "Sir!" says an unfortunate *pigeon*, "you had the king in your sleeve last night!" Jack never saw the pigeon before, but he was "above denying a thing," and was cut for a blackleg. "Sir!" says a hot Hibernian, "you insulted my sister in the Park!" Jack never saw the lady or her champion before, but he was "above denying a thing," and was shot through the head the next morning. Poor fellow! How unlucky that he could not say "No."

In the position we are next going to advance we know everybody will differ from us; but this only strengthens our opinion. Nothing is so becoming to a *female* mouth as the power,—ay, and the inclination, to say "No!" So firmly, indeed, are we attached to this doctrine, that we never *will* marry a woman who cannot say "No." For the most part, indeed, the sex are pretty tolerably actuated by what the world calls a spirit of contradiction, but what we should rather designate as a spirit of independence. This natural inclination to negatives renders it unnecessary for us to point out to our fair countrywomen the beauties and advantages of a word which they use as constantly as their looking-glass. Nevertheless they do occasionally forget the love of opposition, which is the distinguishing ornament of their sex; and, alas! they too frequently render themselves miserable by

ally forget the necessity and the beauty of the word we are discussing, we cannot but recommend to our fair readers to consider attentively the evils which this forgetfulness infallibly entails. Laurelia would never have been cut by her twenty-first adorer; Charlotte, with 4000*l.* a-year at fifteen, would never have been an old maid at fifty; Lucy, with a good face and not a farthing, would never have refused a carriage, white liveries, and a peerage, if these unfortunate victims had studied in early youth the art of saying "Yes."

Sweet—light—gay—quaint monosyllable! Tender, obliging, inoffensive, affectionate Yes! How we delight in thy delicate sound! We love to hear the enamoured swain petitioning for his mistress's picture, till the lady, overcome by affection, or wearied by importunity, changes the "No" of coy reluctance into the "Yes" of final approbation. We love to hear the belle of Holborn Hill supplicating for Greenwich and the one-horse chaise, till her surly parent alters the shake of unconvinced obduracy for the nod of unwilling consent. We love to see the hen-pecked husband humbly kneel for his Sunday coat and "the Star and Garter," till Madam, conscious that the Captain is secreted in the closet, transmutes the "No" of authoritative detention into the "Yes" of immediate dismissal. We love—but it is time to bring our treatise to a conclusion, and we will merely observe, that whenever we see beauty without a husband, or talent without a place; whenever we hear a lady considered an old maid, or a gentleman voted a bore, we turn from the sight in melancholy mood, and whisper to ourselves, "This comes of not being able to say 'Yes.'"

J. L.

Mr. Praed became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. His career there was equal to the expectations which had been formed of his brilliant talents. The position which he had taken in 'The Etonian,' so far above the average of school-boy authors, was perhaps injurious to his steady progress. But, wherever a triumph of genius was to be achieved, there Praed was a competitor. He was one of the chief speakers in the great Cambridge Debating Society, the 'Union;' he carried away the prize medals of the University. During his stay at Cambridge, 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' was projected, and the first Number published in June, 1823. Of that work the publisher was the editor; and some of the pleasantest hours of his life were passed amongst the accomplished and ardent young men who contributed to this remarkable periodical. There is mixed pleasure and pain in looking back on those days. Some of the writers in the 'Quarterly Magazine' have obtained undying distinction—their names belong to their country's political and literary history. Others have perished in their prime, and have shone only as the meteor that flashes across a summer night. Mr. Praed contributed much prose, and more verse, to the 'Quarterly Magazine.' A very brilliant, and, in many respects, truly beautiful poem, 'The Troubadour,' there appears. Although unfinished, we trust it will be reprinted

neglecting our conclusive monosyllable. We most earnestly entreat those belles who honour with their notice the humble efforts of "The Etonian," to derive a timely warning from the examples of those ladies who have lived to regret a hasty and unthinking assent. Anna would never have been the mistress of a colonel; Martha would never have been the wife of a cornet; Lydia would never have been tied to age, ugliness, and gout, if these unfortunate victims had studied in early youth the art of saying "No."

Short—strong—sharp—quaint monosyllable! Forceful, convincing, argumentative, indisputable No! How we delight in thy expressive sound! We love to hear the miss of fifteen plaguing her uncle for her Christmas ball, till Squaretoes, finding vain the excuses of affection, finishes the negotiation with the "No" of authority. We love to hear the enamoured swain pouring forth his raptures at the feet of an inexorable mistress, till the lady changes her key from the quiet hint of indifference to the decided "No" of aversion. We love to hear the schoolboy supplicating a remission of his sentence, until his sable judge alters the "I can't" of sorrowful necessity to the "No" of inflexible indignation. We love—but it is time to bring our treatise to a conclusion, and we will merely observe, that whenever we see a man engaged in a duel against his will, or in a debauch against his conscience; whenever we see a patriot accepting of a place, or a beauty united to a blockhead, we turn from the sight in disgust, and mutter to ourselves, "This comes of not being able to say 'No.'"

M. O.

with his collected Poems. It is marked by his well-known characteristics of blended wit and pathos. No one could judge of its merits from any extract. We content ourselves, therefore, with giving the opening of two of the prose articles of the Magazine. The following is from a most lively and somewhat extravagant paper, 'My First Folly :—

" 'Do you take trifle?' said Lady Olivia to my poor friend Halloran.

" 'No, Ma'am, I am reading philosophy,' said Halloran, waking from a fit of abstraction, with about as much consciousness and perception as exists in a petrified oyster, or an alderman dying of a surfeit.—Halloran is a fool.

" A trifle is the one good thing, the sole and surpassing enjoyment. He only is happy who can fix his thoughts, and his hopes, and his feelings, and his affections, upon those fickle and fading pleasures, which are tenderly cherished and easily forgotten, alike acute in their excitement and brief in their regret. Trifles constitute my *summum bonum*. Sages may crush them with the heavy train of argument and syllogism; schoolboys may assail them with the light artillery of essay and of theme; members of parliament may loath, doctors of divinity may condemn;—bag-wigs and big-wigs, blue devils and blue stockings, sophistry and sermons, reasonings and wrinkles, Solon, Thales, Newton's Principia, Mr. Walker's Eidouranion, the King's Bench, the bench of Bishops—all these are serious antagonists; very serious!—but I care not; I defy them; I dote upon trifles; and my name is Vyvyan Joyeuse, and my motto is 'Vive la Bagatelle.'

" There are many persons who, while they

have a tolerable taste for the frivolous, yet profess remorse and penitence for their indulgence of it; and continually court and embrace new day-dreams, while they shrink from the retrospect of those which have already faded. Peace be to their everlasting laments, and their ever-broken resolutions. Your true trifler, meaning your humble servant, is a being of a very different order. The luxury which I renew in the recollection of the past, is equal to that which I feel in the enjoyment of the present, or create in the anticipation of the future. I love to count and recount every treasure I have flung away, every bubble I have broken. I love to dream again the dreams of my boyhood, and to see the visions of departed pleasures fluttering like Ossian's ghosts around me, 'with stars dim twinkling through their forms.' I look back with delight to a youth which has been idled away, to tastes which have been perverted, to talents which have been misemployed; and while in imagination I wandered back through the haunts of my old idlesse, for all the learning of a Greek professor, for all the morality of Sir John Sewell, I would not lose one single point of that which has been ridiculous and grotesque, nor one single tint of that which has been beautiful and beloved."

The other extract is from an article of the same antithetical character, called 'Points :—

" How far our happiness may be advanced or endangered by the indulgence of a lively interest in all things and persons that chance throws in our way, is a point on which I never could make up my mind. I have seen the man of feeling wrapt up in the fervour of his affection or the enthusiasm of his benevolence, and I have believed him perfectly happy; but I have seen him again when he has discovered that his affection had been wasted on a fool, and his benevolence lavished on a scoundrel, and I have believed him the most wretched of men. Again, I have looked on the man of the world in an hour of trouble and embarrassment, and I have envied his philosophy and his self-command; but I have marked him, too, in the day of weal and exultation,

and I have shrunk from the immobility of his features and the torpor of his smile.

" I could never settle it to my satisfaction. Acute pleasure seems to be always the forerunner of intense pain; and weariness, the inseparable demon which dogs the steps of gratification. I have examined all ranks and all faces; I have looked into eyes and I have looked into folios; I have lost patience and I have lost time; I have made inquiries of many, and enemies of not a few; and drawn confessions and conclusions from demoiselles who never had feelings, and from dowagers who have survived them; and from bards who have nourished them in solitude, and from barristers who have crushed them in Westminster Hall. The choice spirit who is loudest at his club to-

night will be duller in his chambers to-morrow; and the girl who is merriest at the dance will infallibly be palest at the breakfast-table. How shall I decide? The equa-

bility which lives, or the excitement which dies? The beef without the mustard, or the mustard without the beef?"

Several of the enigmas with which we are gracing our pages appeared in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.'

Early in 1826, the writer, and his friend Barry St. Leger—(of whose original talent, too soon to be extinguished, we may give some examples)—projected a weekly periodical sheet, which might amuse the town with some light reading, at a time when society was dull enough after the great commercial panic. Mr. Praed, who then resided at Eton, cordially joined in the scheme, and the name of 'The Brazen Head' was adopted—an unfortunate name, which the town did not understand. The work had no success whatever, although Praed's contributions were amongst his best efforts. He took the management of the oracular decrees of 'The Brazen Head;' and fun and wisdom were mingled in the sententious voice of the imaginary creation of Friar Bacon, in a sort of philosophy of which the inventor of gunpowder and spectacles could have no conception. The quiet humour of one of the Chaunts of the Brazen Head will reconcile the readers of 1846 to the passing allusions to men and opinions of 1826:—

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

"I think, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavour,
A wreath—a rank—a throne—a
grave,—

The world goes round for ever;
I think that life is not too long,
And therefore I determine
That many people read a song,
Who will not read a sermon.

I think you've look'd through many
hearts,
And mused on many actions,
And studied man's component parts,
And nature's compound fractions;
I think you've picked up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbour,
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labour.

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of woman's eyes,
The poet's cherished laurel;
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles.

I think the thing you call Renown,
The unsubstantial vapour
For which a soldier burns a town,
The sonnetteer a taper,
Is like the mist which, as he flies,
The horseman leaves behind him;
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
Or, if he does, they blind him.

I think one nod of mistress Chance
Makes creditors of debtors,
And shifts the funeral for the dance,
The sceptre for the fetters;
I think that Fortune's favoured guest,
May live to gnaw the platters;
And he that wears the purple vest
May wear the rags and tatters.

I think the Tories love to buy
'Your Lordships' and 'Your Graces,'
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding common places;
I think that some are very wise,
And some are very funny,
And some grow rich by telling lies,
And some by telling money.

I think the Whigs are wicked knaves,
And very like the Tories,
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories;
I think that many fret and fume
At what their friends are planning,
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
As much as Mr. Canning.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots;
I think while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,
And thanks to Chester's learning,
The hearts that burn'd for fame in
France,

At home are safe from burning;
I think the Pope is on his back,
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black,
As many people make him.

I think that Love is like a play
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended;
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

I think the world, though dark it be,
Has aye one rapturous pleasure,
Conceal'd in life's monotony,
For those who seek the treasure;

In 1827 the writer edited a volume of the 'Friendship's Offering,' one of those perishing flowers with which the world soon grew satiated. The best poem that Praed ever wrote, in many respects a poem unequalled in the language, was volunteered by him, with his accustomed kindly aid:—

THE RED FISHERMAN.

“Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!”

Romeo and Juliet.

“The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads:
If he looked to the Heaven, 'twas not to
invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's
dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.
Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.—

One planet in a starless night,—
One blossom on a briar,—
One friend not quite a hypocrite,—
One woman not a liar!

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen;
And death looks down with nods and
smiles,
And makes the odds all even;
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.

I think that very few have sigh'd,
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them;
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking:—
I think that nought is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking!”

Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honey-suckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged, and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes
flew
Were the vulture and the owl;

The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a company pumped;
 And the perch that was netted and laid on
 the bank,
 Grew rotten while it jumped:
 And bold was he who thither came,
 At midnight, man or boy;
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was 'The Devil's De-
 coy!'

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
 And he sate down to rest on the stump of
 a tree:

When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

'Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
 Above,—below!—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go:
 The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
 He looked to the left, and he looked to the
 right.

And what was the vision close before him,
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'T was a sight to make the hair uprise,
 And the life-blood colder run:
 The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
 And the Abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
 A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
 And putting in order his reel and rod.
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
 And a high red cap on his head he bore;
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;
 And two or three locks of long red hair
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
 Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,
 Had bent that stout back nearly double;
 Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
 And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.
 The line the Abbot saw him throw
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages
 ago:

And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
 You would have sworn, as you looked on
 them,
 He had fished in the flood with Ham and
 Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking
 of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
 It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:
 Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
 It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
 By a chain within, and a chain without;
 The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
 And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
 Strange and varied sounds had birth;
 Now the battle's bursting peal,
 Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
 Now an old man's hollow groan
 Echoed from the dungeon stone;
 Now the weak and wailing cry
 Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
 And a hump upon his shoulder.
 And the loyal churchman strove in vain
 To mutter a Pater Noster:
 For he who writhed in mortal pain,
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking
 of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 It was a haunch of princely size,
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
 The corpulent Abbot knew full well,
 The swelling form, and the steaming
 smell;

Never a monk that wore a hood
 Could better have guessed the very wood,
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
 Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,
 Of a revelling company;
 Sprightly story, wicked jest,
 Rated servant, greeted guest,
 Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
 Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
 But, where'er the board was spread,
 Grace, I ween, was never said!
 Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate;
 And the Priest was ready to vomit,
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and
 fat,
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
 And a nose as red as a comet.
 'A capital stew,' the Fisherman said,
 'With cinnamon and sherry!'
 And the Abbot turned away his head,
 For his brother was lying before him
 dead,
 The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking
of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet
fold

Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales :
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words.

'Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow, the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white,
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?'

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
'Ah ha!' said the Fisher, in merry guise,
'Her gallant was hooked before;—
And the Abbot heav'd some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking
of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy
vine.

In the old friendly spirit Mr. Praed contributed several papers to 'The London Magazine,' which, in 1828, was also edited by the writer. We print one of the prose articles, which is full of Eton recollections:—

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance
raises,

When the lips are cracked, and the jaws
are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall
die:

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle
still:

Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no
prayer;
But he signed,—he knew not why or
how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking
of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.

'Oh ho! Oh ho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the
shrine!

He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to
the south,—
The Abbot will carry my hook in his
mouth!

The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation:
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er
ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!"

THE BEST BAT IN THE SCHOOL.

"It is the best bat in the school. I call it Mercandotti, for its shape. Look at its face; run your hand over the plane. It is smoother than a looking-glass. I was a month suiting myself; and I chose it out of a hundred. I would not part with it for its weight in gold; and that exquisite knot!—lovelier, to me, than a beauty's dimple. You may fancy how that drives. I hit a ball yesterday from this very spot to the wickets in the upper shooting fields; six runs clear, and I scarcely touched it. Hodgson said it was not the first time a ball had been wonderfully struck by Mercandotti. There is not such another piece of wood in England. Collyer would give his ears for it; and that would be a long price, as Golightly says. Do take it in your hand, Courtenay; but, plague on your clumsy knuckles! you know as much of a bat as a Hottentot of the longitude, or a guinea-pig of the German flute."

So spoke the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; the "*decus columenque*" that day of his Dame's Eleven; proud of the red silk that girded his loins, and the white hose that decorated his ancles; proud of his undisputed prowess, and of his anticipated victory; but prouder far of the possession of this masterpiece of Nature's and Thompson's workshop, than which no pearl was ever more precious—no phoenix more unique. As he spoke a bail dropped. The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant walked smilingly to the vacant wicket. What elegance in his attitude! What ease in his motions! Keep that little collegier out of the way; for we shall have the ball walking this road presently. Three to one on Ragueneau's! Now!—There was a moment's pause of anxious suspense: the long fag rubbed his hands, and drew up his shirt-sleeve; the wicket-keeper stooped expectantly over the bails; the bowler trotted leisurely up to the bowling-crease, and off went the ball upon its successive errands;—from the hand of the bowler to the exquisite knot in the bat of the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant; from the said exquisite knot to the unerring fingers of the crouching Long-nips; and from those fingers up into the blue firmament of heaven, with the velocity of a sky-rocket. What a mistake! How did he manage it? His feet slipped, or the ball was twisted, or the sun dazzled him. It could not be the fault of the bat! It is the best bat in the school.

A week afterwards I met my talented and enthusiastic friend crawling to absence

through the playing fields, as tired as a post-horse, and as hot as a salamander, with many applauding associates on his right and on his left, who exhibited to him certain pencilled scrawls, on which he gazed with flushed and feverish delight. He had kept his wicket up two hours, and made a score of seventy-three. "I may thank my bat for it," quoth he, shouldering it as Hercules might have shouldered his club, "it is the best bat in the school." Alas, for the instability of human affections! The exquisite knot had been superseded. Mercandotti had been sold for half price; and the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was again to be eloquent, and again to be envied; he had still the best bat in the school.

I believe I was a tolerably good-natured boy. I am sure I was always willing to acquiesce in the estimation my companions set upon their treasures, because they were generally such that I felt myself a vastly inadequate judge of their actual value. But the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was exorbitant in the frequency and the variety of his drafts upon my sympathy. He turned off five hockey-sticks in a fortnight; and each in its turn was unrivalled. He wore seven waistcoats in a week, and each, for its brief day, was as single in its beauty as the rainbow. In May, Milward's shoes were unequalled: in June, Ingaltton's were divine. He lounged in Poet's Walk, over a duodecimo, and it was the sweetest edition that ever went into a waistcoat pocket; he pored in his study over a folio, and there was no other copy extant but Lord Spencer's, and the mutilated one at Heidelberg. At Easter there were portraits hanging round his room; Titian never painted their equal: at Michaelmas, landscapes had occupied their place; Claude would have owned himself outdone. The colt they were breaking for him in Leicestershire, the detonator he had bespoken of Charles Moore, the fishing-rod which had come from Bermuda, the flageolet he had won at the raffle—they were all, for a short season, perfection: he had always "the best bat in the school."

The same whimsical propensity followed him through life. Four years after we had made our last voyage to Monkey Island, in "the best skiff that ever was built," I found him exhibiting himself in Hyde Park, on "the best horse that ever was mounted." A minute was sufficient for the compliments of our reciprocal recognition: and the Honour-

able Ernest Adolphus Volant launched out forthwith into a rhapsody on the merits of the proud animal he bestrode. "Kremlin, got by Smolensko, out of my uncle's old mare. Do you know anything of a horse? Look at his shoulder. Upon my honour, it is a model for a sculptor. And feel how he is ribbed up; not a pin loose here; knitted together like a ship's planks; trots fourteen miles an hour without turning a hair, and carries fifteen stone up to any hounds in England. I hate your smart dressy creatures, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that look as if they had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken their turn with the poodle in my lady's lap. I like to have plenty of bone under me. If this horse had been properly ridden, Courtenay, he would have won the hunters' stakes at our place in a canter. He has not a leg that is not worth a hundred pounds. Seriously, I think there is not such another horse in the kingdom."

But before a month had gone by, the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was ambling down the ride in a pair of stirrups far more nearly approaching *terra firma* than those in which his illustrious feet had been reclining while he held forth on the excellencies of Kremlin. "Oh, yes!" he said, when I inquired after "the best horse in England,"—"Kremlin is a magnificent animal; but then, after all, his proper place is with the hounds. One might as well wear one's scarlet in a ball-room as ride Kremlin in the Park. And so I have bought Mrs. Davenant's Bijou, and a perfect Bijou she is:—throws out her little legs like an opera dancer, and tosses her head as if she knew that her neck is irresistible. You will not find such another mane and tail in all London. Mrs. Davenant's own maid used to put both up in papers every night of the week. She is quite a Love." And so the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant trotted off on a "smart dressy creature, as slender as a greyhound, and as tender as a gazelle, that looked as if it had been stabled in a drawing-room, and taken its turn with the poodle in my lady's lap."

An analysis of the opinions of my eccentric friend would be an entertaining thing. "The best situation in town" has been found successively in nearly every street between the Regent's Park and St. James's Square; "the best carriage for a bachelor" has gone to-day on two wheels and to-morrow on four; "the best servant in Christendom" has been turned off within my own knowledge for insolence, for intoxication, for riding his master's horse, and for wearing

his master's inexplicables; and "the best fellow in the world" has been at various periods deep in philosophy, and deep in debt—a frequenter of the fives' court, and a dancer of quadrilles—a tory, and a republican—a prebendary, and a papist—a drawer of dry pleadings, and a singer of sentimental serenades. If I had acted upon Volant's advice I should have been to-day subscribing to every club, and taking in every newspaper; I should have been imbibing the fluids of nine wine-merchants, and covering my outward man with the broad cloth of thirteen tailors.

It is a pity that Volant has been prevented by indolence, a doting mother, and four thousand a-year, from applying his energies to the attainment of any professional distinction. In a variety of courses he might have commanded success. A cause might have come into court stained and spotted with every conceivable infamy, with effrontery for its crest, falsehood for its arms, and perjuries for its supporters; but if Volant had been charged with the advocacy of it, his delighted eye would have winked at every deficiency, and slumbered at every fault; in his sight weakness would have sprung up into strength, deformity would have faded into beauty, impossibility would have been sobered into fact. Every plaintiff, in his showing, would have been wronged irreparably; every defendant would have been as unsullied as snow. His would have been the most irreproachable of declarations, his the most impregnable of pleas. The reporters might have tittered, the bar might have smiled, the bench might have shaken its heads: nothing would have persuaded him that he was beaten. He would have thought the battle won, when his lines were forced on all points; he would have deemed the house secure, when the timbers were cracking under his feet. It would have been delicious, when his strongest objection had been overruled, when his clearest argument had been stopped, when his stoutest witness had broken down, to see him adjusting his gown with a self-satisfied air, and concluding with all the emphasis of anticipated triumph, "that is *my* case, my lord."

Or if he had coveted senatorial fame, what a space would he have filled in the political hemisphere! If he had introduced a turnpike bill, the house would have forgotten Emancipation for a time: if he had moved the committal of a printer, Europe would have gazed upon the arrest of a peer of the realm. The minister he supported would have been the most virtuous of statesmen, when both houses had voted

his impeachment; the gentlemen he represented would have been the most conscientious of constituents, when they had sold him their voices at five per cent. over the market price.

Destiny ordered it otherwise. One day, in that sultry season of the year, when fevers and flirtations come to their crisis, and matrimony and hydrophobia scare you at every corner, I happened to call at his rooms in Regent-Street, at about that time in the afternoon which the fashionable world calls day-break. He was sitting with his chocolate before him, habited only in his *robe-de-chambre*; but the folds of that gorgeous drapery seemed to be composed in a more studied negligence than was their wont; and the dark curls upon his fine forehead were arranged in a more scrupulous disorder. I saw at a glance that some revolution was breaking out in the state of my poor friend's mind; and when I found a broken fan on the mantel-piece, and a withered rosebud on the sofa, Walker's *Lexicon* open on the writing-table, and an unfinished stanza reposing in the toast-rack, I was no longer in doubt as to its nature—The Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant was seriously in love.

It was not to be wondered at that his mistress was the loveliest being of her sex, nor that he told me so fourteen times in the following week. Her father was a German prince, the proprietor of seven leagues of vineyard, five ruined castles, and three hundred flocks of sheep. She had light hair, blue eyes, and a profound knowledge of metaphysics; she sang like a syren, and her name was Adelinda.

I spent a few months abroad. When I returned, he was married to the loveliest being of her sex, and had sent me fifty notes to inform me of the fact, and beseech me to visit him at Volant Hall with the requisite quantity of sympathy and congratulation. I went, and was introduced in form. Her father was a country clergyman: the proprietor of seven acres of glebe, five broken arm-chairs, and three hundred manuscript discourses; she had dark hair, black eyes, and a fond love of poetry; she danced like a wood-nymph, and her name was Mary.

He has lived since his marriage a very quiet life, rarely visiting the metropolis, and devoting his exertions most indefatigably to the comfort of his tenantry, and the improvement of his estate. Volant Hall is deliciously situated in the best county in England. If you go thither, you must go prepared with the tone, or at least with the

countenance, of approbation and wonder. He gives you, of course, mutton, such as no other pasture fattens, and ale, such as no other cellar brews. The stream that runs through his park supplies him with trout of unprecedented beauty and delicacy; and he could detect a partridge that had feasted in his woods amidst the bewildering confusion of a Lord Mayor's banquet. You must look at his conservatory: no other was ever constructed on the same principle. You must handle his plough: he himself has obtained a patent for the invention. Everything, within doors and without, has wherewithal to attract and astonish—the melon and the magnolia, the stable and the dairy, the mounting of his mother's spectacles, and the music of his wife's piano. He has few pictures, but they are the master-pieces of the best masters. He has only one statue, but he assures you it is Canova's *chef-d'œuvre*. The last time I was with him he had a theme to descant upon which made his eloquence more than usually impassioned. An heir was just born to the Volant acres. An ox was roasted and a barrel pierced in every meadow; the noise of fiddles was incessant for a week, and the expenditure of powder would have lasted a Lord High Admiral for a twelvemonth. It was allowed by all the country that there never was so sweet a child as little Adolphus.

Among his acquaintance, who have little toleration for any foibles but their own, Volant is pretty generally voted a bore.

"Of course, our pinery is not like Mr. Volant's," says Lady Framboise: "he is prating from morning to night of his fires and his flues. We have taken some pains; and we pay a ruinous sum to our gardener.—But we never talk about it."

"The deuce take that fellow Volant," says Mr. Crayon; "does he fancy no one has a Correggio but himself? I have one that cost me two thousand guineas, and I would not part with it for double the sum.—But I never talk about it."

"That boy, Volant," says old Sir Andrew Chalkstone, "is so delighted to find himself the father of another boy, that, by Jove, he can speak of nothing else. Now I have a little thing in a cradle too; a fine boy, they tell me, and vastly like his father.—But I never talk about it."

Well, well! Let a man be obliging to his neighbours, and merciful to his tenants; an upright citizen, and an affectionate friend; and there is one Judge who will not condemn him for having "the best bat in the school!"

Soon after this period Mr. Praed was called to the bar, and in 1831 was returned to parliament for St. Germans, in Cornwall. The two great speakers of the Cambridge Union, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, sat on opposite benches, when the oratory of sport had become a stern reality. The one has fulfilled all the hopes of his youth; the other, we can only speak of him with unbidden tears.

“But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise.”



Eton College.

INDEX TO FIRST VOLUME.

America, a Working man's recollections of, 97.

Axe and the Gibbet, the, 57.

Arago on the Weather, 74.

Benevolence, Economy of, 10.

Best Bat in the School, the, 251.

Books, free trade in, 54.

Brazen Head, Chaunt of the, 247.

Campbell, Lord, Lives of English Lord Chancellors, by, reviewed, 225.

Caricaturist's Portrait Gallery: I. John Wilkes, by Hogarth, 25; II. Churchill, by Hogarth, 135; III. Lord North, 223.

Carlyle's Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, 81.

Chatterton: a Romance of Literary Life, 161.

Churchill, Sketch of—his quarrel with Hogarth, 135.

Concerts, Shilling, 139.

Country, the, in the Sixteenth Century, 58.

Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by Carlyle, review of, 81.

D'Ewes, Sir Simons, account of the life and writings of, 209.

Daltonism: misappreciation of colour, 70.

Dancing-rooms, 139.

Debating Societies, 151.

Distress, Agricultural, 19.

Education at Home and in the Colonies; a pleasing contrast, 31.

Education, Mr. Oldlight gives judgment on, 55.

Employers, duties of, 152.

English cheer in the Sixteenth Century, 58.

English Love of Letters, 57.

English, the Perfidious, 57.

Enigmas.—I., 16; II., 64; III., 80; IV., 128; V., 160; VI., 192.

Evening Employments, No. I., 137; No. II., 150.

Exhibitions, 141.

Eye-Witness, the: I. Opening of Parliament, 65; II. A Visit to the Legislature; sketches of Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir R. Peel, 113; III. Individualities of Statesmen and Legislators, 188.

Feuerbach's German Criminal Trials, 177, 215.

Fleetwood, Sir Miles, anecdote of, 125.

German Criminal Trials, 177, 215.

Germany, the Country Gentleman of, 72.

German Village, Economy of a, 153.

Golden Age, the, 1602, 20.

Grosteste, Bishop, anecdote of, 127.

Harvey, Dr. William, anecdote of, 126.

Historical Scenes: I. Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 192; II. Deposition of Richard II., 145.

Hunt, Leigh; Stories from the Italian Poets, 193.

Imaginary Scenes—The Town and the People, 3.

Indian Corn, on the use of, 123.

Indian corn meal, 159.

Iron Age, the, close of 1845, 20.

Klaus Avenstaken—a legend of the old Sea-kings, 33.

Landlord's Sheeptold, the, 18.

Law and Lawyers, popular fallacies about, 59.

Lee, Mr. William, anecdote of, 126.

Library Table—Carlyle's Cromwell, 81.

——— Hunt's Stories from the Italian Poets, 193.

——— Campbell's Chancellors, 225.

Lines to a fair Absentee, 54.

Literary and Scientific Institutions, 140.

Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, sketch of, 113.

Maize, or Indian Corn, on the use of, 123.

Maps, on the cheap production and spread of, 221.

Martin, Henry, anecdote of, 126.

Milton, John, anecdote of, 126.

Modern Prophets, 183.

Monastic Libraries, destruction of the, 18.

More, Sir Thomas, anecdote of, 127.

Mother of the Mute, Stanzas to the, 214.

My First Folly, extract from, 246.

- National Hatreds, 57.
 New Year's Eve—Stanzas to, 9.
 North, Lord, Notice and Portrait of, 223.

 Old Authors and Old Books—John Skelton,
 26, 49.
 —————, Sir Simons
 D'Ewes, 209.
 Oldlight Judgments—On Trade, 14.
 ————— On Education, 55.
 Oregon Territory, Native Indians of the, 141.

 Parliament, opening of the Session of, 65.
 Peel, Sir R., sketch of, 115.
 Perlin's description of England in 1588, 56.
 Pews, 18.
 Points, extract from, 246.
 Popham, Sir John, anecdote of, 127.
 Popular Writer, requisites for the, 5.
 Potato Disease, the, 120.
 Praed, W. M., Specimens of the Writings
 of, 241.
 Public works, defective management of, 205.

 Quackery in the Seventeenth Century, 190.

 Rabble, brutality of the, 17.
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, anecdote of, 127.
 Reading, the Abbot of, 19.
 Reading-rooms, 150.
 Red Fisherman, the poem of the, 248.

 School-boy's Execration, the, 68.
 Scraps of the Day, 54.
 Shaksperiana: Pistol and Bardolph, 32.
 Shops and Houses in the Sixteenth Century,
 58.
 Shreds of the Past, 17, 56, 125.
 ————— Biographical anecdotes,
 125.
 —————, 190.
 Skelton, John, account of, 26; writings of,
 49.
 Statesmen and Legislators, Individualities
 of, 188.

 Taverns, 139.
 Theatres, 138.
 Trade, Mr. Oldlight gives judgment on,
 1670, 1.

 Vessel of the State, 191.

 War, expenditure of, 20.
 Weather, Arago on the, 74.
 Wellington, the Duke of, glimpse at, 114.
 Wilkes, John, Portrait and Notice of, 25.
 Wills, 18.
 Windsor Castle, 54.
 Writing for the People, 5.

 Yes and No, 241.

END OF VOL. I.